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# EIGHT WEEKS IN GERMANY:

COMPRISING

NARRATIVES, DESCRIPTIONS,

AND

DIRECTIONS FOR ECONOMICAL TOURISTS.

BY

THE PEDESTRIAN.

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## PREFACE.

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“I HAVE observed,” says Mr Addison, “that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, until he knows whether the writer of it be a black man or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author.” If this feeling required to be gratified in the readers of mere moral essays, much more so is it likely to hold in perusing the personal narratives of a pedestrian’s tour. To satisfy, then, a curiosity so natural, let this work be opened up in a prefatory way, with a short but somewhat particular description of THE PEDESTRIAN.

THE PEDESTRIAN is cousin-german of the imaginary character so well drawn by Sir Humphrey Davy in his *Consolations in Travel*, called THE UNKNOWN STRANGER, who, among many other good services,

drew with his fishing tackle the worthy baronet out of the river Traun, after he had been tossed over one of the best water-falls in the Alps. THE PEDESTRIAN is a descendant too, of that "certain odd and unaccountable fellow," mentioned in the Spectator, "who, having read the controversies of some great men, concerning the antiquities of Egypt, had his curiosity raised to such a degree, that he travelled to Grand Cairo, merely to take the measurement of a pyramid; and who, so soon as he had set himself right in that particular, returned to his native country with great satisfaction." THE PEDESTRIAN was born before phrenology came into repute; but when he was a child he happened to sustain a knock on the head, in creeping down the nursery stair, with the precocious intention of peeping into the world below. A small protuberance was in this way raised on his skull, which still remains. For many years nobody noticed it; but when his passion for travelling began to be developed his cranium was carefully thumbed over by a professor of the new science, who, mistaking the effect for the cause, denominated this accidental *lump*, the traveller's *bump*. Be that as it may, he had, like his cousin and forefathers, from the first an insatiable thirst after knowledge, which carried his desires into

all the countries of Europe, where there was anything strange to be seen. When he was a school-boy he devoted his holidays to making a grand tour on foot to all his relations; and when a student at college he saved something every winter from his limited allowances, that he might in summer visit some of the celebrated localities of his own country. During that period of mirth and activity, between the finishing of his studies and his professional establishment, which is exactly adapted for a jaunt to the Continent, THE PEDESTRIAN was unfortunately shut out from Germany, in as much as mirth without money would not carry him through a foreign land, unless like Goldsmith he could play his way on the German flute. Once fixed in life, his means became plenty enough, but then time began to be scarce; and these, namely, time and money, were thus like the two mathematical lines which always approach but never meet; or rather, they were, in the Pedestrian's circumstances, like the two electrical balls charged with opposing fluids, which sometimes seem to come near one another but only to start farther back than ever. In this way the Pedestrian was fixed between the horns of a dilemma, till at last the astonishing march of intellect brought into play the elements of air, water, and fire, along our levels,

both by sea and land, and at once removed almost entirely these and other hinderances.

So then **THE PEDESTRIAN** is a professional man ; of a somewhat liberal education ; of the middling ranks of life, and of a limited income ; and withal, not only from necessity, but from choice, he aims at economy.

Gentle reader, you are right in your sagacity. The Pedestrian is, moreover, described in his passport as being tall and somewhat gaunt, with stout limbs, and strong bones rather loosely jointed, but clothed with sinews, tough, and bellied like a carrier's whip. "His nose is said to be ordinary;" and "the colour of his hair" is after his own fancy, for he bought it. For a foot or two downward from the broad straw brimmer there is a lounging sort of stoop. He has a walk that is swaggering rather, and withal far more enduring than rapid. The Pedestrian does not spring as if upon wires, but his motion is diligent and docile. In his heavy step he imitates not the prancing and pawing of the ladies' Arabian, but the untiring speed and tame composure of the elephant. He walks a thousand miles, and his feet neither blister nor bruise, because he bathes them daily in cold water, and he



has his change of worsted socks every morning, and above all, because he wears a pair of very strong thick soled old shoes, well softened, and filled throughout with hob nails, and ironed on the heel and toe like the hoof of a cuddy. Foul day and fair day are almost the same to the Pedestrian, for he has his umbrella under his arm, and he bears a light Mackintosh cloak strapped upon the top of his knapsack; and moreover, he is rigged in a plain traveller's dress, fitted alike to endure every alternation, whether of wet, of heat, or of cold. His soldier's knapsack is well strapped round his shoulders, and although at first it looks large, and feels heavy, yet in two or three days it becomes to his accustomed eye and accumulated strength a thing of little or no moment. This knapsack contains a complete change of apparel of a rather more gentlemanly-like cut and cast, coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, a finer pair of shoes, with linens, flannels, and worsted socks, a portable dressing-case, a small piece of soap; and in fact, every article requisite to a gentleman's comfort. The Pedestrian being a hardy sort of fellow, has withal a tin for cooking, and containing his meat when cooked; but on these points he is utterly indifferent, unless it be to regulate the style of his living according to the standard of his

finances. Ever hungry, healthy, and happy, with delight he can seat himself on the bench in front of the *gasthof*, with a crust of brown bread in the one hand, and a crystal jugful of sweet milk or beer in the other. Such is the full length portrait of the author, with one feature more. Should the laundry maid have broken tryst with him and his changes, he may be seen of a forenoon (for there is a dash of the eccentric about him after all) with a wet handkerchief over his hat, and a pair of worsted socks slung to dry stride-legs over the shank of his umbrella. He has too, a hunter's flask hung round his shoulders by a green cord, and it is filled every morning,—but mark, it is only with wine, which is mixed with water.

And now, as to the inward furnishings and general habits of the walking gentleman. In his dispositions he is desirous to be kind and contented in the cultivation of that cool philosophy, which makes not the worst but the very best of every thing. He knowingly gives offence to nobody, and he takes offence at nothing short of an insult, which he never receives without trying to give a finisher in return. The Pedestrian is a man of so many resources that he sticks at nothing in the way of difficulties; in the prime of life, and pre-eminently active alike in body

and in mind, once started in a trip he follows his object with fire, force, and fortitude, till the sentiment be satisfied for the time. Nay, in these matters of travelling enterprise, his determination is so dogged, as to approach to an obstinate indifference as to whatever of weal or woe may befall him, short of high-way robbery, or a broken leg. When abroad, he makes it a point, as much as may be, to avoid any thing like the continued society of his countrymen. Knowing well, that if he does not, he may travel the whole of Germany, and yet never be out of England. So extremely particular is he on this point, that if he happens to be seen by half a dozen of his countrymen, speeding it along on a path so narrow that he cannot diverge, rather than be entangled in their company, and thus become harnessed to the customs he meant to leave at home, he manages to escape the annoyance, as if by putting on an invisible coat. But the German, whether he be the peasant, or the citizen, the artizan, or the aristocrat, he delights to make his companion, to talk and to walk with him from morning till night, and to pick from him all the local and legendary information he can. Nay, while others, lolling in their own carriages, behold the natives from afar, and judge of the outward forms of nature alone, the

Pedestrian delights to live among the people, to witness their fireside occupations, and to become in rustic reality one of themselves, that he may learn their vernacular tongue, study their temper, and mark their manners. He is passionately fond of ravines, and precipices, the wild and romantic pass, the tremendous Alp, and all that is sublime in natural scenery. He therefore prefers the bye-ways to the high ways, the glade, the gorge, or the glen, to the beaten military road or broad tracts, through which so many Englishmen rattle every summer in their close carriages. When he finds an opening in the thick interminable forest, he dives into it at once with his compass, as his solitary guide, and there, in the depth of it, he would rather eat his simple meal with nature, and nature only around him, to the song of the nightingale, than partake of a *table d'hôte* dinner, with its mountains of beef, mutton, fish, venison, fruits, and pastries, with the music of a whole band, rendered still more melodious by the report of corks, and the clatter of dishes. He prefers the remote inn, with its primitive hospitality, the Alpine *wirtshaus*, or the Bohemian *gasthof*, to the gaudy glittering hotels, with all the pomp and parade of kellners and kellnerines, in which there is nothing whatever that is national. He prefers the

Alpine *dorf*, where he can mingle with the characters, habits, tempers, and dispositions of the people, properly so called, to the busier haunts of Vienna and Berlin, where, as if in another London, he can only join in their public amusements, observe their modes of traffic, or listen to conversation, the object of which is rather to conceal than to convey their ideas. Again, at Innsbruck and Dresden he steps freely into the theatre to observe the manners of the country; but at home, although he pretends to be neither finical nor fanatical, he turns from a theatre as he should from any other haunt of profligacy. The pedestrian is sometimes to be seen during the heat of the day, stretched at full length, by the side of a brook, and under the shade of a tree, with his knapsack under his head as a pillow, and his hat over his face to protect him from the flies; but he is not asleep, for at the sound of your tramp he looks up to reconnoitre, and, if you are civil enough to pass on, he disturbs himself no further; but should you invade his territory, he buckles on his pillow, lifts his umbrella, wets his forehead with the cold water, and takes the road again. To him it is pure and perfect delight that his strange attire and foreign manner should excite a continued curiosity along the country,

and he laughs in his sleeve, when, at a time, even a little suspicion is raised by his oddities. Neither does he dislike altogether the discourteous reception he may meet with in capitals, or the leer with which he is eyed at the splendid portal of a dandified hotel, when he enters it rigged in his well-worn travelling garments, and covered with dust. To your surprize too, he is generally seen once in the day, probably between the hours of two and four, mounted on a car, rumbling along the road at the speed of five or six miles an hour; and in these cases he and the driver are the best friends in the world, and as a proof of it THE PEDESTRIAN keeps the whip in his own hand. Finally, it is the PEDESTRIAN's daily habit to start with the sun in the morning, and to take ten or twelve English miles before breakfast, which he is careful to obtain about eight o'clock. Here he rests an hour at his length. And by walking another ten or twelve miles he is brought on to dinner about one o'clock; but before he sits down to it, he bargains for a one horse conveyance to take him on another ten or twelve miles, and to start with him about two. Thus he and the horse feed at one and the same time, and thus for about two hours additional THE PEDESTRIAN both rests and rides with his umbrella over his head to shade him from the heat

of the sun. When the day has cooled down, and when he feels himself refreshed and up to his work again, without stopping a minute he starts once more to accomplish another ten miles, or perhaps twelve, according to his strength, and the locality of his resting-place for the night. Here, about sun-set, he sits down to a substantial meal, and having ordered his bed, he saunters up the eminence behind the inn to get a peep of the surrounding country, or over to the church or church-yard, at the summons of the vesper bell, to see the forms of worship and read the inscriptions on the grave-stones. On his return to the inn, he pays his bill for the evening and morning, he retires to his bed-room, on his knees he offers up a prayer to the Almighty, he turns into his "berth" for the night, and is asleep in a second, to be wakened only by the dawn of another day.





## INTRODUCTION.

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MIGHT not man be distinguished from all the other live stock in existence, as a TRAVELLING ANIMAL? The wood-lark and the swallow migrate north and south. The reindeer leaves the polar regions, and the salmon quits the deep sea. But such are mere instinctive motions, on particular occasions, to particular places, and for particular purposes. Again, of all the human beings on the face of the earth, ours is the nation of travellers, by sea and by land. Our navies watch or protect every coast round the globe; our merchantmen visit every corner of the world; and our travellers have explored the mountains and plains, with their deserts and forests, in both hemispheres. But since the peace, we have become to a man a nation of continental tourists. Thrust out from the continent of Europe, for twenty-five years, by a war that raged in all its provinces, we are now become as familiar with the European capitals as our fathers were with our own. All of us have our errand. One man goes abroad to qualify himself for his profession,—another to finish a gentlemanly course of tuition: One because he has more wealth than he can rightly enjoy at home,—and another because he takes a fancy for retrenching his expenditure without detriment to his comfort: One is consumptive, and he travels to lay in a stock of health and hardihood, and another has become fat or lazy, and he moves that his carcass may be brought down or trained to activity. And when we have

no other excuse for leaving our country, there still remain an apology, that it is genteel, and that we have got the travelling bump. And why should we not all take a summer tour, when an inhabitant of Edinburgh may now reach Berlin, Leipsic, and Dresden, in one week, and for five pounds,—when so many steam-boats attend at our bidding, to transport us from one shore to another, even in a few hours,—and when so many railroads have been constructed here, and every where else, to carry us for a few shillings from one capital to another in very little time?

Since the desire to travel has now-a-days obtained so much, it follows as a natural consequence, that every information which may tend to promote the comfort of tourists is greedily sought after. If this information be given in a plain and practical manner, and above all, by a writer who speaks from his own experience, of no remote date, it will certainly be the more useful. And should the work be something more than a mere abstract road book of dry details; should it be interspersed with some personal narratives, as living illustrations of the general rules laid down, it will thereby be rendered far more interesting. Should every difficulty a traveller is likely to encounter be pointed out, and the best way of overcoming these be minutely detailed—should all the blunders the author fell into be faithfully narrated, and the circumstances which led to them be minutely told—should the objects worthy to be seen, and those that are less so, be regularly mentioned—in a word, should this book afford all the instruction which a traveller along the same track may require, so as to render it the only one he needs purchase for the purpose, and should it be not half the bulk, or even a fourth part of the usual price of such productions, it cannot fail to be acceptable.

As nobody takes a jaunt without a professed object before him, so EVERY TRAVELLER SHOULD FIX HIS COURSE BEFORE HE STARTS. He should not only lay down two or three definite points, such as Frankfort, Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin, but before he starts he should fix and fill up the intermediate points, and he should not swerve materially from these in the course of the journey. But here he will find far more difficulty than he anticipated; and after all, when he has read much and talked more with other continental tourists, and when he has turned over his maps to wearisomeness, he may find that he has erred a little in some of the more minute details. How you are to reach these places, and by what routes you are to return, are points of very great importance, which are seldom duly considered. My object in penetrating into Germany was, not only that I might be able to boast of having traversed it north and south, but also that I might carry back with me some knowledge of the country, of the people, and also of their modes of thinking and acting, more especially in the remote regions. I soon saw, that as I could not visit every place within the compass of my route, however desirable that might be, several sacrifices behoved to be made; and I afterwards found, in common with all travellers, that every minute object, even at the places reached, could not every day be overtaken. I felt also, that it was still more impossible for me to get as if behind the curtains of German society, or to make myself master of the continental character. The externals, therefore, of the country were all that I could hope to accomplish. Keeping these general points in view, I traced my tract with great care, and tried to include in it as many of the different states as I could—as many of its great rivers, its cities, its battle-fields, its fortifications, its mountains, its

waterfalls, and watering places, and the seats of its universities as nurseries of education and strongholds of religion.

Of the states, I considered that I might see a portion of Holland, Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, Hesse, Darmstadt, Nassau, Wurtemberg, Suabia, Bavaria, the Tyrol, Austria, Bohemia, Saxony, Prussia, Hanover, and those portions of the Danish territories which stretch alongside of it, with the islands of Walcheren, Beveland, and others, in the province of Zealand, and Heliogoland, and others in the North Sea. Of its rivers, I considered that I might see something of the Scheldt, the Rhine, the Neckar, the Isar, the Inn, the Salza, the Danube, the Molda, and the Elbe. Of its capitals, Brussels, Darmstadt, Stuttgard, Munich, Innsbruck, Salzburgh, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, and Berlin, with the Hanseatic towns of Frankfort and Hamburg. Of its battle-fields and fortifications, Flushen, Antwerp, Waterloo, Mayence, Ehrenbreitstein, Ulm, Blenheim, Innsbruck, Salzburg, Linz, Wagram, Prague, Culm, Dresden, Leipsic, Magdeburg. Of its mountains, I judged that the Bavarian, the Tyrolese, the Salzburg, and the Austrian Alps,\* with the Riesengebirge, the Giant Mountains, and the Snowhead, as the chief of the chain at the sources separating Silesia from Bohemia, were few enough samples with the Kreml waterfall as the best in Germany. Of its

\* "I know no country," says Sir Humphrey Davy, in his *Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher*," more beautiful than that which may be called the Alpine country of Austria, including the Alps of the South Tyrol, those of Illyria, the Noric and the Julian Alps, and the Alps of Styria and Salzburgh. The variety of the scenery, the verdure of the meadows and trees, the depth of the valleys, the altitudes of the mountains, the cleanness and grandeur of the rivers and lakes, give it, I think, a decided superiority over Switzerland, and the people are far more agreeable, various in their customs and manners;—Illyrians, Italians,

watering-places, Aix la Chapelle, Spa, Weisbaden, Baden, Teplitz. Of its universities, Bonn, Heidelberg, Augsburg, Salzburg, and most of the capitols already mentioned. In planning my track I everly felt that I had certainly extended it too far, and that to have pervaded it properly would have required something more than eight months, instead of so many weeks; and sometimes I felt timid at going so far from home, with only a few pounds in my pocket; but I kept to it, and carried it through; and I say, advisedly, that the course was well traced and travelled.

And pray, says the reader, how much money may a round of this sort require? In answer, the writer has to state, not only that he travelled every inch of the ground he has mentioned, and counted well the whole cost; but more than this, he avers that he denied himself none of the comforts and conveniences which any reasonable tourist would desire. He took the best places in all the different coaches, and the first berths in the steam-boats. He occupied the second, and sometimes the first waggons in the railway trains. He always dined at the table d'hôte, and, quietly be it spoken, he drank as much wine as his fellow-travellers. He enjoyed the best of the travelling society in the most respectable hotels, and had a share of conversation with the aristocracy everywhere. He saw all the respectable sights, right and left, within the compass of his journey. He even stepped into several of the theatres, to see the company, hear the music, and guess at the man-

and Germans, they have all the same simplicity of character, and are all distinguished by their love of their country, their devotion to their sovereign, the warmth and purity of their faith, their honesty, and, with very few exceptions, I may say, their great civility and courtesy to strangers."

ners, for he had not German enough to be corrupted by what he heard. He bought a very few trifling trinkets. And certainly, with all that, he was careful of his means. In a word, he is proud to make it his boast that he brought home some little out of forty pounds, and in two days out of eight weeks, after remaining a few days at a time in such cities as might be worth the while. To such as can conveniently spare both, he would say, that while eight weeks and forty pounds will suit all well, ten weeks and fifty pounds would certainly do it better.

The next point of consideration came to be, what part of the continent I was first to touch. For some time I had made up my mind to land at Hamburg; and when at Hull I was almost prevailed on to make my first purpose good. But I was prevented, by remembering that much time would be lost in sailing up the Elbe, from Hamburg to Magdeburg, where there were nothing worth to be seen; and then, on this plan, I must also have sailed up the Danube, at a double expense of time and money, and again down the Rhine at a rate infinitely too rapid to enjoy its prospects, so rich, variegated, and grand. In a word, I felt this course to be decidedly a bad one, in as much as it was better to sail down than up rivers, which make the most tedious and difficult navigation in Europe. And the more so, that I entertained half an idea, by taking Hamburg in coming home, that if weather permitted, instead of crossing over to Hull I might go by land to Lubeck, and get home from the Baltic sea, where there is more to interest and improve the mind than many tourists seem to be aware of.

A different course altogether at times haunted my mind, that is by London to Southampton by the railway, and over to Paris, by sailing up the Seine, at an expense



for conveyance of about forty or fifty shillings; then from Paris to Geneva, Berne, Lucerne, Zurich, Schaffhausen, and down from the sources of the Danube to Ulm, leaving Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine for an after excursion, as now the least fashionable, as having been so long the most common portion of the tour of Europe. But I was finally driven from this line by the very prevailing consideration, that Paris and Switzerland ought not to be passed through hurriedly, as if on a journey to Germany. I therefore fixed my course towards the Netherlands, reserving Paris and Switzerland for some other future and far-off occasion, when an opportunity may also be taken of crossing the great St Bernard, going by Florence to Rome and Naples, and returning to Marseilles and Portsmouth by France.

Having thus far restricted the line, it next fell to be considered whether Rotterdam, Ostend, or Antwerp should become the landing place. Here it was considered that the Rhine, after it enters the Netherlands, divides itself into many insignificant streams, and loses nearly all its peculiar and interesting scenery. It was therefore resolved to reach its banks first at Cologne, a few miles below the gorge, where the river abounds with beautiful and striking objects of romantic grandeur, of which such seducing accounts are given. The only two alternatives still remaining were Ostend or Antwerp; and on a point so indifferent, it was resolved to take either of the two according as the steamers sailed first, for the one or for the other, after our reaching London. And to provide for both contingencies, the passport was taken, "*à Vienne et Muniche, par Bruxelles et Ostend, ou Anvers.*"

The next point is to CONSIDER WELL AS TO THE PROPER

**TIME OF STARTING.** There are just two seasons of the year when this jaunt should be taken. The month of May gives long days, and weather not so excessively hot. August, again, is the season when most people who are occupied for the rest of the year take a little relaxation, and when the regions of the Lower and Upper Rhine are swarming with monthly tourists. Either of the two months may do almost equally well, but perhaps May is the better.

But SEE THAT YOU HAVE HEALTH AND STRENGTH, AND AN ARDENT DISPOSITION, for a great deal more than time and money are requisite undertaking a jaunt of this extent. Indeed, the principal requisites of a continental tourist, whether the traveller goes for pleasure or profit, are health and strength, and an ardent disposition to be everywhere, and to see everything wherever he is. He must have a robust constitution to stand all weathers, and every variety and duration of fatigue by land and by water. He must possess some sort of calm courage, to overcome many considerable difficulties, and some transitory dangers. He would require some caution too, not to expose himself to more fatigue, and colds, and heats than his frame can endure. Amid fruits so abundant and so tempting, and in the bulk so different from anything he is accustomed to; with wines so cheap and acid; with breakfasts so slight and early; with dinners so enormous, and every dish of meat so unlike those of England; and with no more exercise for days than what a steam-boat, a diligence, or second-class carriage on the railroad affords, the stoutest and most active man must see the expediency of taking with him some simple medicines; and however much some people may smile at such a suggestion before they leave home, they will probably be

very thankful for it long before they return. But if any man has a weakly constitution, or if incipient seeds of disease be lurking in it, it would be suicide for him to undertake so long a trip in so short a time, or to take it at all; simply, because the south side of the Alps, and not the north, should be the destination of such. The high altitudes of Munich, the sweeping withering winds at Vienna, and the cold hars of the Isar and the Elbe, and even of the Danube, might be death to a consumptive constitution. But more than this, if the tourist be lazy, and loitering, if he be not a man in the morning, and an early riser from the wine-cup; if he be of that kindly, calm, contented disposition, which takes always care never to do anything to-day which he may put off till to-morrow; if he dare not climb up a hill because there is a chance of his falling over a precipice, or cross an arm of the sea because it seems to be stormy a little, or walk on a glacier because the brown ice is sure to be slippery; if his whole conversation be of sore feet and fatigue, or hard beds, or home, or heat, or cold, or rain, or hunger, or thirst, then he had better content himself with a sight of St Paul's, and a sail up the Seine, and argue ever after that London and Paris are better worth visiting than all the rest of Europe. But if he be as large in mind as he is stout in body; if he be ardent, enduring, and altogether indifferent about little conveniences and comforts, he will wend his way among the Alps of Switzerland or the Tyrol, both with pleasure and profit.

Another advice is, to MAKE YOURSELF AND KEEP YOURSELF HAPPY, WHETHER YOU ARE AT HOME OR ABROAD, BUT ESPECIALLY WHEN TRAVELLING. For a tourist may be possessed of money and time enough, and he may be very active

both in body and mind, and still altogether unfit to take or at any rate to enjoy a pleasure excursion to Vienna; just in the same way that health and wealth, with even wit to guide it, seldom secure happiness at home, unless they be accompanied with hearts which are naturally cheerful and grateful. The facility of making one's self and others happy, seems to be a faculty of the mind, the cultivation of which is too much, or rather totally neglected. Every man, both at home and abroad, has more comforts certainly than he deserves, and, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, than he requires; and why should he not feel it to be so? Let the tourist, then, from the moment he starts, resolve and re-resolve to keep his temper, and to be thankful and contented. Sea-sickness will, in spite of all his philosophy, make any man *wretchedly miserable* for the time; and against its power in this way we will not argue. But it is soon over, and very healthy while it lasts. "He," says Captain Hamilton, "whose good humour can be ruffled by every petty inconvenience he may chance to encounter, had unquestionably better remain at home." Mr Walker also says, "wherever you are, it is good to fall into the customs and habits of the place, for though this may sometimes be a little inconvenient, it is generally much more so to run counter to them." He says also, what every body may see every day, namely, "that *those who are determined to have their own way never succeed, but at a much greater cost than success is worth.*" Yet true it is and of verity, that this excellent practical remark is often forgotten at home, and still more outraged abroad.

DON'T BE SUSPICIOUS, OR TOO SAUCY. Some travellers, merely from want of experience, are afraid from the mo-

ment of starting, and become suspicious of everything, and of everybody everywhere. Others, because they have ever been held of inferior importance in their own country, snatch at the chance of looking big in another. These take along with them the heartless and half-witted impression, that because they go abroad with plenty of money in their pockets, they may command everything on their own terms, and at their own time. They have imbibed the senseless impression, that England and Englishmen are wonderfully superior to Germany and the Germans. These think that it is gentleman-like to be saucy, and that it looks mean to be civil to a foreigner; and that no man should be grateful to a servant for attentions which are to be paid for. With landlords, landladies, and the whole variety of domestics, they are as rough and rude as if they were in a dog kennel; whereas a traveller from France or Russia, or from any country but our own, treats all such almost as equals, with real kindness, and with the most respectful civility. When a large cargo of human flesh and blood is delivered at the main entrance to a foreign hotel, the landlord, his lady, and most of the servants, male and female, are there to receive them. In one minute the Englishman could, independently of his dress or language, be distinguished from the representatives of all the other nations in Europe. He looks stiff and solitary, and instead of asking anything, he demands it; and while the others are lifting their hats, shaking hands, and making polite bows, and paying and receiving compliments, from men, and women, and servants, none of whom they have ever seen before, John Bull has walked through the bustle without uttering a word, or without bending any thing but his neck, and he has already reached the second storey with his luggage at his heels, in search of the best

bed-room he can get. But does he find the best room? On the contrary, he learns in time, that courtesy, like honesty, is the best policy.\*

DON'T EVEN BE TOO KNOWING. Another tourist sets out for being a knowing one, and he gets the notion into his head, that all foreigners cheat the English. He devotes as much consideration to all his movements, as if he were playing at a game of chess. Morning, noon, and night he is on his guard against continued attempts to over-reach him. He carries his own luggage, for fear the porters make away with it. He never omits to lock his room-door, and put the key in his own pocket. He quarrels with every body about every thing. He is not ten minutes in his hotel, till he pronounces it to be a whited sepulchre, whose handsome exterior is deceptive, having every apartment within small, hot, and inconvenient every where. He rages, and well may he wonder at a breakfast being set before him, which is so scarce of everything, that a sparrow might devour it. He abuses the dinner, thinks of the two hundred and eighty guests, that there is not a gentleman but himself and his friends. He disputes the bill, and says he is a big fool for having trusted himself so far, and for so long among such savages. The relics he is shown are all downright impositions. And thus, while on a jaunt of pleasure, his own ignorance, suspicions, and self-

\* "I have invariably found," says Gleig, "that an influx of English travellers into any country, is sure to create in the tastes and habits of its occupants, a change as complete as it is deplorable. The keepers of hotels grow forthwith exorbitant in their charges. The peasantry become rude and mercenary, while from the dwellings of the upper ranks hospitality is banished. What a pity is it that we—not so much by our vices, as by our folly—should thus spread around us wherever we go, the very opposite of moral improvement.

created troubles, follow him like a shadow from his own door step till his return, and make him miserable.

Or perhaps the tourist is an invalid. He has made a fortune in India, and his liver is affected; or he is a man with a stomach, hale and hardy upon the whole, and often merry as much as most men, but at times his tongue gets furred. The whole nervous system, and especially the brain, begins to be affected. He sees, he tastes, and he touches everything like a man in the jaundice; and no wonder that he should find and manufacture fresh grievances everywhere. After a long journey through dust and under a powerful sun, he encounters the vexation of a late arrival at a hotel, large and crowded like a barrack. The district is remote, and the German provincial, so that after all his labours at home, with dictionary and grammar, his already troubled mind is sadly perplexed, and he in vain attempts at making himself intelligible. He finds his way into the Allee Saal,—he sees a table covered and crowded round and round, he is led to an empty seat, before him is a table napkin, a pint bottle of wine, a tumbler and a glass, and a roll of bread with a fork standing in it, which is as much as to say, know all men by these presents that this seat is engaged. No grace is said, the soup is handed round, and it is something liquid, but nobody can tell what, while everything, around except the bread is in a style exactly the reverse of all his home-born notions of comfort. There is not a joint of meat on the table, no rich reeking roast, or boiled, stewed, or jugged. But twenty attendants enter the room, each with cut meats on a dish,—the invalid has no liking to it: it is a dry, tasteless, withered-looking stuff, boiled to tatters. He refuses it of course, but every one of the twenty attendants tries and teases him in succession. They retreat from



the field of action, but return to the charge loaded with different armour; by and by the invalid fixes his eyes on something he would like to taste, but in a minute it vanishes from before him never to return. At last he tastes a dish, but it is sour; he tries another, and it is greasy; or he catches a third which is neither sour nor greasy, but it is so flaccid that a "cat from Grosvenor Square would not touch it with its whiskers." He calls for more bread, and pours out the wine into his tumbler, but it is poor, and sour as vinegar. In despair, he takes up the carte, which is as large as a newspaper, but being written in cramped German text, its names and prices are equally unintelligible. For more than an hour he gives up the matter in despair, when at length there comes nice salmon, then fowls, then pudding, then meat again, then stewed fruit, and then, after the English stranger has fallen back in his chair quite beaten, a leg of mutton majestically makes its appearance, and the invalid manages to get a morsel of meat after all.\*

But a pedestrian may sometimes get a start even when there is no tinge of disease either in body or in mind, and

\* In many parts of Germany there are almost no cattle bred for the table, but only for the plough and the waggon; and after many years of labour they are killed, not because they are fat, or fit to be eaten, (quite the contrary) but because they can work no more. In this way their beef is so dry and tough that no teeth can match it; but to mend this matter it is boiled to tatters, and when presented in slices it looks by all the world like bunches of candle wicks. And again, their roasts have nothing of the jolly English sirloin or haunch: it is a hard withered shred of sapless muscle, seared to the bone rather than roasted. The waiter helps you at dinner, not only to the viands, but to talk and topics, and in the end he in some places sits down and dines with you.

the circumstances may be such as to require coolness, and courage, and contentment too in no ordinary degree. The pedestrian is tired, and he is shown up to his bed at a very early hour. He knew before that it was a double-bedded room, and it was to no purpose that he remonstrated, because all the single bedded rooms were engaged. But he never dreamt of such a contingency as that now presented. The occupant of the other bed is a Tyrolese, he has an open countenance, and a fine forehead, but that hand which hangs over the bed, is like the hammer of death, and he wears a lump on his throat as large as a flower-pot. Early as it is, he is sound asleep, and he snores louder than a trumpet. But this is not all; for when the pedestrian folds up his trowsers, and lays them under his pillow because they contain the purse, passport, and watch, and turns into bed, he finds it too short by nine inches of actual measurement at least, so that his feet chap against the boards at the lower ends, and when he urges himself upward, his head knocks against the top. In despair, for want of room lengthwise, he tries to coil himself up, but he finds his bed to be a mere open box, like a second-handed coffin, so narrow that there is hardly room enough to turn. The pillow too encroaches near half way down, and forms such an angle with the bed, that you are compelled more to sit than lie. Instead of a good honest pair of blankets, there is laid over about two-thirds of your body, a light puffy feather bed, and below there is a very soft and full one, or a wretchedly stuffed mattress, or even an ill prepared sack of straw or Indian corn leaves. Thus, as if bit by a mad dog, and doomed to be smothered between two feather beds, the night is passed in the most uncomfortable manner, because where the covering of the feather bed is on you the body is too warm, and where it is off it is too cold,

so that there is nothing for it but a sort of perpetual ague, a shivering and a hot fit not only by turns, but in different portions of the body. And as to the sheets, they are little larger than a woman's apron. Well then might Mr Coleridge declare, that he would rather carry his blanket about with him like a wild Indian, than submit to sleep in such abominable beds. But being tired, you sleep after all.

By your own desire you are wakened at four; you are horribly hot, almost to suffocation; your knees are almost up to your chin, and in one night you are sweated down like a racer. Out of bed again, there is no basin-stand, or ewer, or basin, or any thing like soap. But there stands on the table a small glass jug filled with water, which is meant to serve the purpose; and perhaps, in addition to it, there is also a small trencher of earthenware, like a barber's bason, with a towel not much larger than an ordinary-sized pocket handkerchief. But in five minutes the tourist is off, taking all his own with him, and feeling somewhat stiff, from having walked thirty-six miles the day before. In half an hour, the rising sun tips with gold yon tremendous pillar of the Alps; music awakes, and the gentle tinkle of a hundred little bells, rung by the cattle whenever they move their heads, has never been silent. The woodmen, with their wives and families, are thronging, first to church and then to their work. "Gut Morgen" is spoken a hundred times, and the pedestrian bounds along the thal or through the wald, merry now as the lark, and wondering all the while where he is to fall in with a good breakfast.

But notwithstanding such incidents, most tourists will agree with the experience of Tristram Shandy, as he journeyed through France and Italy, that foreign customs

were not nearly so bad things as some people would make you believe, *provided a man keep his temper all the way*. There must, he says, be ups and downs, or how could we get into the valleys, where nature spreads so many tables of entertainment. Brockedon, in his Road-Book, says very justly, the comfort with which an Englishman is likely to enjoy an excursion in lands where the language, and manners, and customs, are so different from his own, will greatly depend upon his carrying with him a ready stock of good temper and forbearance, which have more currency than gold in the purchase of civilities and efforts to please. A man, he continues, will see more, enjoy more, and learn more by carrying with him his head and heart in good travelling trim, than can be obtained by having his pockets full of letters of credit, without this necessary state of mind and feeling.

Every tourist speaks highly of the German character : the Germans are honest, sober, and kind-hearted. Every thing in head and heart about a German is solid masonry. There is neither parade, nor pride, nor prejudice, flummery, nor finesse. But there is manly feeling open and sincere. And from the time of Tacitus they have been celebrated for bravery, good faith, good nature, and chastity. While they are fond of music, frank, and sociable, they are withal so sober, that a drunk man is never seen, and they are so serious, that they begin the common business of every-day life with prayer. A day-labourer goes generally to church by five in the morning, so as to be at work by six ; and again in the evening, he leaves his work and repairs to church after six o'clock, and before he goes home ; and then again there is family-worship at home, when all go to bed. Every good man, said a young English tourist to me among the hills in Saxon Switzerland, likes Germany

and the Germans; they act as fathers to the English.\* But still here and there a summer tourist is to be met with who talks of having been exposed to imposition on every hand. I was inclined to be somewhat particular in my inquiries on this head, and I never found anything like authority, but perhaps, a solitary instance of fraud, or may-be two. But surely the national character of millions is not to be tested so severely. But still, even in the general it is asserted that they have three rates of charges on their roads: one for a German,—another, the double of it, for a Frenchman,—and a third, the double of both, for an Englishman. While the different rates are not quite so much, it cannot be denied that they are extravagant, comparatively speaking, and ought assuredly to be brought more to an equality, now that so many Englishmen of the middle classes are crowding to Germany. Not to vindicate, but rather to account for such overcharges, be it remembered, that till

\* And for myself, I declare that in eight weeks I met only one person who seemed at all inclined to be rude. He flounced, and flustered, and foamed in three or four different languages, because I moved his mantle-sack a yard or so up the seat to get alongside of a gentleman from England. To every word he spoke, each more fierce and furious than another, I answered, I don't understand, and looked as smooth as possible. When the laugh from the whole company was turned against him, he put his hand to his sword, but even this flourish did not help him. Ten minutes after, I put his mantle-sack into its old position, and we became friends. He told me he was a Spaniard. In Leipsic, too, I found that my being an Englishman was obviously not in my favour. I thought this was so anomalous that I searched out an explanation, and found it originated in a story which the citizens had, that the British, in 1813, sent over military, with rockets, and other combustibles, to burn Napoleon out of their town, and that these actually arrived two days after the "Volker slaughter, when they were no longer required."

very lately no body from England but men of fortune traversed Germany, and might not these by their own extravagance and fuss after finery be the authors of this evil. Be it remembered, too, that the keeper of a German hotel has an enormous establishment to uphold, and that, in the bulk, he has only five or six months of the twelve to deal with people he never saw before, and never means to see again. Be it remembered, too, that notwithstanding both the charges and the overcharges, an Englishman can in Germany have his comfortable room and bed in one of the best hotels,—he can fare sumptuously every day, and have some wine too, all at five shillings and sixpence a-day, and in Berlin and Hamburgh, at three shillings. The imposition surely cannot be very enormous, where the charges are made in farthings; and when as splendid a dinner may be had for fifteen or twenty pence as any hotel will set down in London for as many shillings. I grant that I was imposed upon at Werfen on the Salzach, where a conveyance was hired to take us through the pass of Lueg to Golling; here, indeed, I became for once the victim of preconcerted villany, in which several individuals took a share. I did all any man could do to assert my right, by a quiet composed bearing, and if I could have stopped for a day or two, the parties would have been punished. But like another Master Faithful, I actually took it coolly, notwithstanding that it was during the heat of the day, and that one of the very hottest. The sentimentalism of Sterne helped me on the occasion; I remembered the story of the pistol tinder-box, which was filched from him at Sienna, and that of the two hard boiled eggs, for which he paid five pauls, once at Radicofani, and a second time at Capua. He observed, that “it is nonsense to suppose that they will lend you their voitures to be shaken to pieces for

nothing. And unless you pay twelve sous for greasing your wheels, how should the poor peasant get butter for his bread. We really expect too much, and for the livre or two above par for your supper and bed, at the most they are but one shilling and ninepence halfpenny. Who, then, would embroil their philosophy for it? for Heaven's sake and your own, pay it—pay it with both hands open." With all Sterne's faults as a traveller, he was void of meanness and prejudice. Here, too, Brockedon speaks to the same purpose, and with the same common sense: "Custom has established certain charges, and any deviation is soon detected; but it too often happens that things are demanded by the traveller which are very expensive or difficult to procure. The charge for these is protested against as extravagant, though the injustice is entirely on the part of the grumbler; firmness, in not paying more than what is customary, unless such extraordinary trouble has been given, will always succeed, and good humour will lower a bill more readily than violence." The propriety of these observations was verified in our personal experience, when dining in a hotel at Antwerp. There were three of us raw from Scotland, and these were partly under the guidance of the fourth, who spoke French, and who knew some parts of the continent well enough. This being our first repast in a foreign land, in his anxiety to astonish our ignorance he treated us to a specimen of French cookery, and he thought that the price would be lower than what had been charged on board the steamer. The soup, the dinner, and the dessert, were all excellent, and there was a dreadful carnage certainly; but when the bill was presented, instead of its being paid, the landlord was sent for by our friend, and a most eloquent altercation ensued in the French language; the landlord at once struck up, and stuck to

the argument, that the articles ordered were expensive and difficult to be had at the season. This could not be denied; and thus misled, we learnt lesson the first on dining. Once in the far south, I thought myself somewhat overcharged, but I got the matter rectified in a calm way, by showing the book-keeper the bills of the three last places where I had been. When Mr Gleig found his finances low in Silesia, he asked a German how he and his son could exist for three days on seven dollars. He was told, you will exist very well if you act with prudence. Don't let people know that you are an Englishman, for the most honest man among us considers it quite fair to charge an Englishman at least one-third more for every thing than he charges a German. He accordingly, therefore, struck up for being a Russian. An excellent general rule, given me by a Frenchman, who was on his way to travel in Britain, is to go to the commercial hotels, to look and talk in a mercantile fashion, and to take the traveller's room. Some English tourists in Germany hang out for being Yankees. They adopt the name of Thomson or Smith, and talk of New York, knowing well that the Americans enjoy the reputation of being sharp fellows in money matters. But this system of equivocation requires to be put in practice three or four times every day, and but few men could bring their minds to a subtlety of this sort; but finding that there often seemed to be an intense anxiety on the part of landlords to ascertain, before they presented the bill, whether I was from England, and finding also, in one instance, at a station on the railroad between Augsburg and Munich, that my rate of charge for breakfast was actually increased after it was first stated, and before I counted out the money, I stopped short, and demanded an explanation. I got for answer, that London was a rich



town, that Englishmen had plenty of money, and that Germans were charged *dreadfully* in Great Britain. From that moment I adopted the silent and simple device of allowing my beard on the upper lip to remain undisturbed with anything in the shape of a soap-brush, and I talked German as sparingly and as correctly as I could, till all scores were cleared. I can scarcely say that I was a profiter by my ingenuity, which was only meant for the provinces; but it was amusing sometimes to be told that I spoke German like an Englishman, but looked like a German. In other words, the voice was Jacob's voice, but the hands were the hands of Esau. Unless you are ambitious of being overcharged, have always plenty of small coin on hand when paying for any one meal in the country. Never parade coins of great value on such occasions, or in a coach. Never, if you can avoid it, give out a coin requiring change to be returned, but rather get what change you may require simply as such, and then settle the bills.

And these practical cautions, which crown the incidents in the last paragraph, naturally enough lead us to say something about coins, which are certainly the greatest perplexity of all the puzzling perplexities an Englishman meets with in that country. Let a man read as much as he can, and learn as much more, and remain for years on the continent, and he will find their coinage to be nothing but confusion worse and worse confounded. There are so very many different states or circles, some of them not so extensive as our Scottish counties; these are governed by dukes, or princes, or petty sovereigns, some of whom are as poor and proud as our Highland chieftains were wont to be previous to the last rebellion. Each of these must, forsooth, see his own pretty face on the coins of his own

country. Besides, coining of money is lucrative to a proverb. Even when there is nothing in it but fair trade, the manufacturer of the raw materials of gold, silver, and copper, realizes his profit like any other artificer; but in Germany every one of these metals, when about to be made into coin, is adulterated, in some instances, to an enormous extent, by the mixture of metals less valuable. This is a source of great gain to the state, which has often little else to uphold it but a scanty revenue from beer, and tobacco, and salt. But more than this, in reference to coins. A fictitious value is sometimes stamped on them, making them to pass in currency at ten times the price of their intrinsic worth. This was more especially the case during the severe struggles of the late war; hence copper coins are still to be met with having the number of thirty stamped on them, whereas, now that they have fallen to the real value of the metal, they pass in any shop for only three instead of thirty of the proportions which are marked on them. Paper money, too, has sometimes been issued to represent, say the amount of 5s., but when presented over the counter the shopman gives goods in return to the value of one 6d. In Bavaria there are some new and beautiful coins, and the Prussian dollars are substantial stuff, well manufactured, but most of the coins are small, and they are divided on no perceivable principles as to metal, or value, or relative proportions. Some of them, which pretend to be of silver are like herring scales in bulk, and they are brown, and black, and green, and grey, in colour, and like every other metal but silver in value. The copper coins are of all sorts and sizes, but of no intrinsic value in bulk and purity. There is a paper currency, too, about which I say nothing, because I uniformly refused to finger it, and in this I believe I was wrong. And then there is convention money

and shein geld, and good groschens, and silver groschens, and florins, and francs, and stivers, and gilders, and kreutzers, and cents, and zwanzigers, and marks, and thalers, and kron thalers, and Saxon thalers, and nominal thalers, and convention, or species thalers, and many others, whose names were never learned, or are now forgotten. But this a traveller soon learns, and never forgets, that scarcely one of them is what you expect it to be, neither is any of them for more than two or three days what you are told it was. Even the values marked on the coins are very often not the true value by which the coin passes; thus, there are gold coins marked X thaler, although they are actually 11 dollar and 10 silver groschens; and again, there are silver pieces marked 10 and 20 kreutzers, and these are worth 12 and 24. This results from changes in the currency. When you enter a new state, you begin to rack your brain among the new variety of coins. For a day or two you incur innumerable chances of being imposed on; at length you begin to acquire something like a knowledge of the names and value of some of these coins. Next day you are proud of your acquirements, and feel comfortable under them; but by this time you have crossed the frontier out of the territory where these coins were current—the lessons you learned have already become useless. Once more you are into another young confusion, and again over head and ears in all your former anxiety—liable as before to all the chances of being imposed upon, and subject anew to all the hardships of a dull scholar without a tutor to instruct him. But worse than this, there are in your pockets now perhaps five or six shillings worth of small coin, of no intrinsic value, and which is not current in the house where you now are, because you have crossed a clumsy wooden bridge some two or three hours before. And you

may either bring them home, throw them away, or cheat the poor by making them believe that you give them something, when in fact you have fed them with an empty spoon, unless they carry the coins to the country from which you brought them.

Many an acute and experienced tourist has been so perplexed in this way, that at once he gives away his own English substantial sovereign, and accepts what is offered him by way of change, and again, when called to pay, he has nothing for it, but to take from his pockets a handful of their money, and allow the natives to pick out the number, the quantity, and the quality. And to the honour of the German character, for sterling integrity, be it recorded once more on personal experience, as on that of thousands before, that this is a safe method in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred. When a foreigner finds himself thus, in an atmosphere so completely fitted for all the *hocus pocus* of a conjurer, and remembers the tricks of the London cabmen and watermen, he may well believe, that in holding out a handful of money to a postilion or a landlord in Austria, the word given will be at once *presto*, fly Jack and begone, and that there will be no need of returning the hand back to the pocket,—but no such thing. Look, on such an occasion, to the countenance of the man with whom you are contracting, and there is a proud and pleasant expression, as much as to say, you pay me and my country a compliment, and it shall not be misplaced. And see again, how circumspectly the tips of his fingers, and his thumb, walk amid the crowd of coins, how he holds up each to your view, then counts them all a second time, and with double care, then taking off his hat he makes a polite German bow, and walks away as proud as

possible in the *mens conscia recti*. And how gratifying to find, on testing the transaction afterwards by the help of a friend in whom you had confidence, that all is right to a farthing.

Only think of a Scottish clergyman arriving at Vienna, or rather at a poorer and less respectable part of its boundless suburbs. It was after dark, and the place was crowded with human beings of all nations, kindreds, people, and tongues. The clergyman needed change to pay the postilion: a little dirty and ragged urchin understood his position, and offered to procure him whatever he might need. "You sir," said the clergyman, "you will dart into the crowd like an arrow with my gold piece in your pocket, and I will never see either of you again." "I will not," said the boy; "I know where to find the change, and I will bring it to you." "Well," says the other, "I have often heard of German integrity, and now I will try it:"—he parted with his coin, which he knew to be worth eight shillings of English currency. In a moment the boy was out of sight with the gold, and for two or three minutes the gentleman looked on himself as having been regularly done for by a *boy*. But no, he came back panting for breath with both his hands full of small money. He thought himself amply rewarded with one of the coins, but he got something more. The driver took what he thought belonged to him. The remainder was put into a pocket by itself, and kept there till an opportunity occurred of auditing the accounts with the help of a German friend, when every thing was found to be correct to a farthing, on the part of both the boy and man.

Little need be said as to the different rates of exchange; these are sometimes in favour, and at other times against

England, which brings the result nearly to par. On the railroad from Berlin to Magdeburg, I became acquainted with two very gentlemanly English clergymen, who had at the Stadt Rome in Dresden got into an altercation with the landlord on this point; but by stepping across the square, to a bank, they got the matter adjusted quite to their satisfaction. And in all cases of the kind that is the plan.

But it is important to ascertain WHAT KIND OF MONEY IS TO BE TAKEN,—and how it is to be carried. The best mode of carrying money abroad, to defray the expenses of the journey, is simply a sufficient quantity of solid English sovereigns. There are general letters of order, and common letters of credit, to be obtained from any of the chief bankers in London, and circular notes to the amount of not less than one hundred pounds, addressed to a foreign agent; and these can be negotiated at the houses of nearly two hundred correspondents in different parts of Europe, and drawn in sums of twenty pounds or upwards, as it comes to be needed. The value of the notes is reduced into foreign money at the current usance course of exchange in London at the time and place of payment, subject to no deduction for commission, or any other charge, unless the payment be required in some particular coin which bears a premium. They are paid on presentation, and ought not to be indorsed till the traveller reaches the banker's desk. These may sometimes be of service, not certainly as private introductions, but as affording opportunities of procuring friendly advice, or even personal assistance in cases of difficulty. But as circular notes are not issued for a smaller sum than one hundred pounds, continental gold coins are sometimes recommended to those who mean to make only a short tour,—such as Napoleons, as bearing a high premium; Dutch pieces of ten and five guilders, as being current in Holland,

Belgium, and throughout the north and south of Germany; and Fredericks d'or, as being of nearly the same value as the ten guilder piece. But all these are troublesome to procure even in London, where the time of a man on his way to Vienna is precious. We repeat therefore, on our own personal experience, that a bunch of Scotch notes exchanged at any of the Edinburgh banks for English gold, will freely answer every purpose as long as they last. Let them be put into a secret pocket, made and kept for that sole purpose, and let one only be taken out a time, and that as seldom as possible; or safer still, let a belt of chamois leather, with buckles, be bought and bound round the body, for carrying the gold. They are made with about a hundred slip holes, each holding a sovereign, buttoned up by itself, so that not more than one of them at a time can be picked from the holder. This is necessary, in as much as a Scotch gentleman, not two years ago, had his pockets neatly picked of all his money on the night of his arrival at the honest city of Vienna, when standing in the crowd listening to Strauss' band, playing in one of the public gardens. English sovereigns are of the purest gold, and they bring their value everywhere. I was even assured by a friend who had been in the north of Germany, mainly, that a note of the Bank of England was well known, and would be received, in all the large towns. There are in all these cities, both north and south, a sort of German authorised money-changers, who are acquainted with the rate of exchange, and answerable for the transaction; whereas shopkeepers and landlords are not so responsible. Prussian dollars for the north of Germany, and Brabant dollars for the south, that is, from Frankfort to Dresden, are the best silver coins. From the time a traveller lands till he leaves the Rhine, French money will answer every purpose.

And here everybody knows, that 20 sous equal 1 franc, which is about  $9\frac{1}{2}$ d. English : again, 20 francs make 1 Napoleon, or about 15s. 6d. From the Rhine till you get to Austria, they reckon by the light or Bavarian gulden or florin, which equals 1s. 8d. English money, and when the heavy gulden is meant, they say, gulden menz. In the south of Germany, 3 kreutzers make a penny; 24 of these equal a zwanziger, that is 8d. English; 3 zwanzigers equal 1 gulden of Austria, that is 2s. English;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  zwanzigers equal 1 gulden of Bavaria and Rhine, that is 1s. 8d. English. In the north of Germany 1 groschen silver equals 1 penny English; 1 gute groschen equals  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. English; 24 gute groschens equal 1 thaler Prussian, or 3s. English. In Hamburg almost any money will pass.

Equally confusing as the coins, so are the distances. The marks and mile stones are so many, and so different from what are found in England, that great uncertainty often obtains in the mind of the worn-out pedestrian. The roads are computed by German miles or French posts, or German post stunde (hour), or the stunde zufusse, hour walking; these are often divided into minuter portions too tedious to mention. The larger spaces are distinguished by stones larger and higher, on which the distances to and from particular places are stated at length, and the smaller distances are marked off by small stones with figures merely, which in some instances indicate yards. A German mile is equal to four miles and three quarters of a mile English measure; or to about one French post. Two German miles make four stunden, and four stunden make one post, which comes to a fraction more than nine English miles. A German post, stunde, comes to about two English miles and a half. The walking stunde is as much as a man may walk with ease in an hour—say three English



miles. And of all the ways of measuring distances on a road, English, French, or German, this latter appears to be decidedly the most satisfactory, and easily comprehended by travellers of every country, and can also be most accurately computed by ordinary walkers who may have gone the road with a watch in their pocket. It is a curious coincidence on this point, that when a native of the very remote highlands is asked about distances, he answers not as to the length of the road, but as to the length of time a traveller may occupy in walking it.

**TAKE AS LITTLE LUGGAGE AS POSSIBLE.** Germans and Russians travel with an enormous quantity of luggage. It has been said that the American has invented a new method of managing himself and his luggage when he journeya. The Yankee puts all his luggage into a single carpet bag, of an ordinary size, and then he puts himself into it also; and still more wonderful, he takes it up under his arm; and lastly, walks away with the whole, and his umbrella too, at the rate of four miles an hour. In other words, no wise man seeks much accommodation either for himself or his baggage. There is nothing more contemptible on the whole continent, than a dandy with all his trunks, dressing, and hat, and ban-boxes, and mantle-sacks, and all the little conveniences and comforts of his own bed-rooms, and wardrobe, and dressing-rooms at home. Besides looking finical, it is so very troublesome. What a time too it takes every morning to use them, besides to pack and to unpack. But like Esop's burden they are always becoming less. Every now and then a portion of them is sure to be lost or left behind. And then, how irritating to see the rude and rough hand of the custom-house officer muddle its way at a canter through them, ruffles, and ringlets, and brushes, and toys, and leaving the

whole which was so neatly put up, crushed and confused at every corner. And there, again, you are too late for the steamer; by trying it like a racer you might be in time to a moment, but the porter can't move so quick with his load, and running comes to be out of the question, for no traveller in a foreign country parts company with his luggage. Most appropriately, then, did the Romans call their luggage *impedimenta*. But baggage is not only thus a source of anxiety and trouble, but on the continent it is attended with an expense and risk of which an English traveller can form little conception. Passengers by the Schnell post or Eilwagen, are limited to the quantity of thirty pounds weight or so; all that is over being "über-gee wicht," must be paid for over and above. Every article is weighed and entered in a book. They are not very strict, however, to a pound or two; on the contrary, although my luggage weighed forty pounds, they sometimes threatened, but never actually inflicted, any additional payment for over-weight. But more than this, if the weight of the luggage exceed fifty pounds, and the Eilwagen happens to be full, no money will induce the director of the post-office to take the baggage on any terms, and he cannot be compelled. In that case it is sent by the pack waggon, a slow conveyance which both starts and arrives at a different hour from that of its owner, at the risk of such mistakes and delay as will afford a free enough translation of the Latin *impedimenta*. The greatest care is taken of the baggage of travellers all over the continent, and instances of loss are after all very rare. When the would-be comfortable bachelor finds himself compelled to part with his heavier trunks, he should select such articles as are required for immediate use, and keep them by him in a carpet bag, taking care to forward his heavier materials a

day or two before. But by far the best way is to prevent rather than thus to remedy such evils. Every package must be distinctly addressed with the name and destination of the person to whom it belongs, and that even when you are travelling with it in the same conveyance. But should a tourist be so circumstanced that he must take a considerable portion of luggage, instead of having a large trunk, let him divide his baggage into two portions, putting the one into a portmanteau, and the other into a carpet bag. But on no account should the whole impedimenta consist of more in bulk and weight than a soldier's knapsack, which, by the bye, is one of the most suitable conveniences for travelling with. The gentleman is to be pitied as being by far too fine for the occasion, who hesitates to take his own luggage, like Jonathan, under his own arm.

We repeat, that in all cases the greatest care is taken of every man's property. Being properly addressed by the owner, and taken to the office,\* say an hour before the time of starting, the luggage is weighed in his own presence, numbered and labelled, and receipts are regularly exchanged. The luggage receipt must be preserved till the end of the journey, otherwise the tourist is sure to find himself in a puzzle. If the journey be by railroad, he should be forward in good time, because the confusion and hurry are greatly increased as the train approaches, and a stranger with little language and less local knowledge has no time to fall into blunders on such an occasion. If he be at Brussels, for instance, he must take care which line of railroad he runs to, in case he find himself at Ostend instead of Liege. He must see too that his luggage and he

\* Porters belonging to the post-office will convey the luggage to and from your lodgings at a charge fixed by government, and never exceeding fivepence or sixpence.

are after the same scent, and that they start fair together; and he must also take care not to step into the first class of waggons if his ticket only authorize him to occupy the second. And, finally, if he sees a long train of railroad waggons bearing the names of the places he means to go to printed on a board in front of the first, he must ascertain whether this be the train just returned from the place, or those about to start for it. And all this must be seen to amid a prodigious crowd and confusion, and in the twinkling of an eye. Once seated in the right place, all is well until the train stops at its final destination. And here a scene occurs altogether German. We shall never forget the first occasion of this kind. The daylight and the journey closed much about the same time. The sounding of the whistle, the steam literally coughing loud and long, with a sudden attack of asthma; the bell ringing as if it were in a fit of the hysterics, and the smooth jolt of the stop, with the glare of flambeaux, were all English. But the baggage waggon advanced within the barricades, and hundreds of passengers rushed forward and pressed on all sides of the railings. Within are men hauling and handling trunks of every colour, size, and shape. Without every one is anxious and ardent to have or see something of his own. The loud musical voice of the conductor telling over the number of every package, and the snell reply and fierce-like grasp of the owner, and the rapidity and regularity of the whole, is truly interesting. The stranger offers his receipt, but is refused after a mere inspection; luggage in hand he follows the multitude till stopped at another barricade by a body of police officers. These probably take your passport, slyly inspect your person, and carefully look at your luggage, comparing numbers and labels, and taking the receipt. Then what

a run to the omnibus, and scrambling for seats! Here is one man absolutely frantic amid the boiling cauldron of human beings and horse flesh, because the porter with a large black trunk on his barrow has disappeared. Another is rushing to and fro with a well filled mantle-sack under his arm, seeking for his fellow-traveller who alone can speak the language. Then there is a row between an outside passenger and the driver, about the payment of his fare. Another coachman having got his cargo on board, is cracking his whip as loud as a pistol, and driving his cattle at all risks through the crowd; and on all hands there are, as in England, porters, and waiters, and coaches innumerable, all rude and roaring after their own interest. Seated at last with your luggage on your knee, and your friend by your side, you are moved forward to a hotel, in the area of which the landlord, his better half, and all his followers, are ranked up ready to be civil.

At Munich I selected a very few indispensable articles from my wardrobe, and took the main stock to the post-office, with instructions to the government to forward it to Salzburg. I was careful to have my address at the custom-house there carefully put upon it. I was directed by the official at the post-office to prepare two letters of specification, called *frachtbreife*, which should bear the same address as the parcel, and state the nature and value of the contents, so that they might be identified at the proper time and place. I was directed to a publisher and printseller in the neighbourhood, who, for a farthing or two, furnished and filled up the printed schedules. On presenting them at the post-office, and leaving my luggage, I got a receipt, and was told that one of the *frachtbreife* would be forwarded by the post, and the luggage by a sure conveyance to await my arrival. With my bundle, about

the size of a quartern loaf, slung over my back, and a pair of old thick-soled shoes well filled with hob nails, I tramped through the Tyrol and down the Salza, and joined my baggage after an absence of nearly three weeks. I was astonished to see the German at Munich take a pen, and on the card at the top of my address, write the German words, Hoch-wohlgeboren, for high and well born, intimating, as I supposed, that this property was to be carefully attended to. The official, a kindly business-like gentleman, may have seen that I was moderately well bred and fed, and but indifferently clothed. But how my old shoes bespoke my birth and parentage, or if he merely guessed it, I could not tell. I was so well pleased with myself and his favourable opinion that I offered to pay him for his trouble in instructing me; but here I was at fault, and I felt sorry for it when I saw a flush come into his face. He looked at the letter of specification to ascertain the value and weight. He then turned round to a large printed sheet hung from the wall on pasteboard, and told me very politely how much I would require to pay at Salzburgh. Having shaken hands with me, he took up his pen, and a servant closed the door of the small opening through which we had managed the whole affair so satisfactorily.

And here let a hint or two be given as to the clothes a tourist should put on him, and take with him to the continent. If the rule be kept, as just laid down, that there is to be little luggage, then there can be no great variety of dresses, nor even many dozens of shirts, stockings, and flannels. Neither are these needed in anything like profusion. Six shirts, and a black neckcloth, four pair of thick knit worsted socks, and three shifts of flannel will do. A traveller in Germany will have every week ample opportunities of giving out his linens to be washed, at the

principal places where he must stop two or three days. This point settled, then, what of the every-day outward apparel? Shall there be two suits of clothes, the one coarse and warm for steam-boats, railroads, and dirty, dusty diligences, and another fine and fashionable, for the watering places and the capital, and the gentlemen of rank and fortune among your friends that you may meet with abroad. If so you must have a trunk; and this fixed, a man begins to argue that it may as well be large as little, and thus he may score out with a pen all the "wise saws and modern instances" of the pages just now perused. In other words, he may thus at once make up his mind for falling into a gross blunder at the first start. Tell, then, the nobility you expect to meet with, that they must either take you as you are, as a traveller, or invite you to dine with them when both parties have returned, and when your shoes, silk stockings, and dinner dresses, don't require to be carried quite so far. And as to the crowds at watering places; a tourist of your stamp don't go there to seek a wife, or to make a fortune; and if others make remarks about your dress, so can you make remarks about theirs, and here the matter will probably take an end somewhat as it began; and if it never begins at all, then of course it will never need to come to an end. Be civil then, and pay your way, and there will appear something about you better than a yard or two of fine broad cloth from the shop of a London tailor to testify of your rank and station at home. Nay, this will hold even after your dress has become somewhat the worse of the wear. And if you seem to be entitled to it, or can acquit yourselves in it, you will have plenty of intercourse with the aristocracy of every party, whether it be in the watering places, or in the steam-boat up the Rhine and down the Danube; and as to your old

and much respected friends, whether they be commoners or peers, they will give you a joyous welcome, were it only for auld lang syne, or for old Scotland. Will it be believed, then, that the writer of this had the hardihood to start on an eight week's trip with only one suit of clothes, and with no great-coat, cloak, mackintosh, blouse, or any other covering whatever from cold or wet. The frock-coat and trousers were of a cheap and warmish texture, purchased for the purpose. The only luxury in the way of dress which I treated myself to, was the taking with me a pair of coarse old shoes of the strongest make, with iron on the heels and toes, and a double row of hob nails driven into the soles. These, with thick worsted stockings, carried me neatly through the Tyrol, where I generally walked thirty miles a-day for more than a fortnight without getting either bruises or blisters on my feet. The only time I felt myself crippled was in the cities, where the streets are generally roughly causewayed instead of being paved, and where I so far, and very foolishly, personified the dandy by wearing a pair of calf leather shoes, and cotton stockings. But the grand remedy in this case is to bathe the feet very frequently in cold water, (taking care of course to cool the head in the first place), and also to put on a pair of clean stockings almost every day. On many occasions I felt too warm in the heat of the day, but this was balanced by its being just cold enough when travelling by night. In gliding down from Linz to Vienna, an English gentleman gave me an idea of an additional comfort in an easy way. Like myself, his whole wardrobe hung from his shoulders, but in the dawn of the cold damp morning he wrapt himself very snugly up in a Scotch pirny plaid, like a shepherd from the Grampians. It, he said, served almost every purpose, whether to roll round his feet, or



his body, or his luggage, or over his corpus in the night time, when the coverings happened to be scarce. Besides there was something so national in it, that I would have frankly given thrice the price of it to have had my own plaid which I had very sillily left idle at home. And to be taught such a lesson too by an Englishman;—but he was like all his countrymen, a gentlemanly, kind-hearted, and very clever fellow. By the time I reached the north of Germany, both the season and the climate had severely altered as to temperature. At Dresden a Scotch gentleman residing there for the education of his family, and to gratify his lady's taste for painting, recommended me to purchase a large, long kind of morning gown, of some sort of worsted lined with fine lamb skins, wool and all. It is a simple dignified robe flowing from the neck to the heels, with sleeves, and fitted to the body by a belt and buckle round the middle: it is to be had in Leipsic for thirty shillings. Most of the German gentles and peasants wear over their clothes a sort of blouse or smock-frock; it keeps the dress clean and free from dust, and may be bought anywhere in a minute for five shillings. Let it be brown to denote your *noble* birth, and not blue like a plebeian.

Akin to these hints as to luggage, a few practical remarks may be offered on the matter of searches by the custom-house officers. And here let it be stated, that little luggage is an immense saving of time on such occasions. A mere carpet bag sets suspicion asleep, and in many cases calls forth as the only question, "Nothing but clothes, Sir?" and the still more laconic reply, "Search and see, Sir;" whereas, whenever there is much bulk, these officials are on the alert. And now that your own mantle-sack has been chalked and locked up and got under your arm, look around you for a minute. These men of authority

are somewhat formal; certainly they are determined, but infinitely more civilized than those at Hull. Not a man can escape them. But there is a row with a new married couple from the city. The little gentleman has got into a rage. He has lost the key of the large box, and already there are two or three hammers at work, splitting the wood, and pulling out the nails. But see how intense and active that young and beautiful creature is in keeping her husband calm, and in eyeing her rich marriage dresses. But ah! they have laid their hands on the parcel of lace which was bought the other day in Brussels. The husband blusters again, and one solitary tear now sits on the death-like cheek of the fair lady, while the officers have already passed onward to examine the ponderous luggage of somebody else, with the contraband articles all in their pockets. In some countries an oath is first put to the traveller, and then after all his baggage is searched.—This is horrible. But in Prussia you are told from head-quarters neither to confess nor deny, as it is their business to find everything out, and the work is gone through in the most frank and gentlemanly manner. In bringing home table napkins from Dresden, I at once pleaded guilty on every occasion and paid the duty. They were bought on a Saturday afternoon, I was to leave for Leipsic on Monday, and the merchant kindly offered to have the dozen and a half all hemmed and washed and packed for me in the course of the *Sabbath-day*, so as to save the duty. But conscience smote me. Smuggling is neither a safe nor a very creditable speculation on the part of a traveller. It is like trying to cheat the evil one: a person very seldom succeeds.

The passport is the object of occasional perplexity, and of continued anxiety. Take, then, the few following

hints and facts, in illustration of what has or what may occur on this point, as examples of what is to be followed, and of what is to be avoided in such matters. A passport for Holland merely may be had from the consul for that country at Leith. But such is not worth the taking, unless the jaunt be confined to that country alone. A friend and fellow-traveller for part of the way furnished himself with a passport from the Lord Provost of Edinburgh. It was written on a sheet of stamped paper, and not exactly in the usual style. Besides being thus clumsy and costly, it had enough to do in serving its purpose even on the Rhine and at Frankfort on the Main, and it would have been utterly useless in the Austrian dominions, and especially at Vienna, where passports and persons, too, are very severely tested, and where mine was subjected to a most suspicious scrutiny, merely because one of the French words was said to be misspelt, and probably because I bore a particular designation, and came from a protestant country. Of course it is one of the grand secrets of travelling to save as much time, money, and trouble as possible, especially at the first outstart. With this view, when at Hull, after dropping a letter into the post-office, to say that the perils of the deep had for once been escaped, I procured a passport in fifteen minutes, and for five shillings, from the consul de sa Majesté le roi des Belges. On inquiry at the post-office I was directed to the spot. I stepped into a small counting-house, and told my story as to name, age, height, &c., to a very business-like man, who filled up the passport at my elbow, thanked me for the fee, as so much found money, and turning round to his ledger, wished me a good journey. Whereas in London, the distance I guessed to be much greater between your hotel and the minister or

consul of the country in which I intended to land, and, in the same way too, between his office and that of the ministers of those countries through which I was afterwards to pass. Besides, in London, you require two days at the least to adjust a matter of this sort, and maybe three, unless you are very active and punctual. First day, you give in a written application to the secretary of the ambassador, stating your Christian name and surname, age, height, and address. This requires to be left one day in advance at the house or office of the embassy. The applicant must appear the following day, and then he may perhaps find to his mortification that the office has been shut for the day only half an hour before, and that you had very thoughtlessly paid for your passage in a steamboat, which started next morning at six o'clock. Or again, you were old enough to inquire after their hours at your first call the day before, and you took care to be at the drum-head in plenty of good time, but it never came into your head to bribe the lazy and lusty porter with a shilling. Ergo, he puts you into a small cell off the main hall, and there you remain in solitary confinement for a whole hour. On sallying forth into the entrance hall, you find that the proud porter has been reading all the while one of the morning newspapers, and he tells you aslant the broadsheet that the official has just gone out, and did not say when he would return.

But if the tourist has time on hand, and knows how to go about the business, London is, after all, the best place to adjust the whole matter of the passports. If so, then let him first make his way with his written note, if Belgium be his route, to No. 3, Copthall Court, Throgmorton Street; or if Holland be his route, to No. 123, Fenchurch Street; or if Prussia and the Rhine, to No. 106, Fen-

church Street. An English traveller, about to proceed to Germany, through Holland or Belgium, up the Rhine, and through the Hanse towns, should certainly take his passport from the Prussian consul, and he should have it countersigned in London by the Belgian or Dutch minister. It is not liable to be taken away at the Prussian frontier. The Austrian signature is above all things absolutely indispensable, as their government is peculiarly jealous of foreigners entering their dominions, for fear of both their church and state; and a tourist may as well try to take one of their frontier fortifications as to advance into their country if there be a flaw in the passport. More than this, the Austrian ambassador in London will not countersign an Englishman's passport, unless he see the signature of the British secretary of state adhibited to it. The readiest way, then, of obtaining the Austrian permission is to wait till the traveller reaches Brussels, Frankfort, Munich, or any other of the great capitals on the continent where an Austrian minister resides. It cannot be stated too often or too strongly, that neither time nor trouble must be spared in adjusting these matters in the most full and accurate manner, in respect to every one country to be visited, otherwise the traveller is check-mated at the frontier, there to be sent back the road he came, or, as a favour, to be kept under the surveillance of the police until the passport be sent to the nearest place where an English and foreign ambassador reside, to be authenticated by the one and countersigned by the other. An English passport requires also to be signed by his own minister, at the first English embassy abroad,—say Brussels.

Having thus been at so much pains in procuring a proper passport, surely no traveller of common sense will in

any way part with this document, without which, in no country on the continent, can he move one step, either from or towards his native country, or in any other direction. As one of his richest and rarest treasures, let him carry it always on his own person, in an inside pocket of his vest, made and kept for that only purpose. Let him also make it his first care to have the passport regularly viséd at every place where it is so required. To show what vexation a single blunder in this way may lead to, take the following facts: A Scotch doctor of divinity took a trip to France and Switzerland. He provided supply for his pulpit for six Sabbaths, and he shaped his course so that he found himself at Dieppe on his return in plenty of time to reach his home to officiate on the seventh Sabbath, for the duties of which he had made no provision. But there the authorities detected the simple flaw that the passport had been neglected to be viséd at some place in the interior. There was no help for it. The worthy divine was prevented from leaving the port. He had to remain a sort of prisoner at large till the passport was sent back to get this insignificant link of the chain supplied. And from this trifling slip it came to be impossible for him to reach home at the appointed time, so that along with the rest of his comforts at Dieppe, he had on Sunday the satisfaction to think that his flock would be taking their seats in his church merely to be disappointed of a sermon and a sight of their minister after so long an absence.

A free-born Englishman knows nothing in his own country of the clutches of police agents, spies, and gens d'armes. He goes and he comes, and if he keep the peace no body interferes with him. But on the continent you must not only have a passport, and not only must be regularly viséd, but the moment you enter the gate of a town, the

passport must be given up to be examined, and a ticket is received to enable you to get it back. No sooner are you seated in the inn, than the waiter presents a large open book before you, ruled into columns, and methodically classed like a ledger, and there you must insert your name and surname, country, age, condition, and occupation; from what place you have come, where you are going, and even whether you have a wife at home or no, and also your motive for travelling. This is constantly reported to the polizie direction. If you mean to remain in the town for two days, you must seek permission to do so from head-quarters, and present yourself in person at the polizie direction. You must take with you the ticket received at the gate, to receive a permission of residence. If you purpose to go away, you must procure your passierschein, and inform the authorities by what conveyance, and at what hour the departure is taken, and this must be tabled at the diligence office along with the fare, otherwise the place in the diligence will be refused. This permit to depart, and the passport too, must sometimes be delivered up to the conducteur, to be given to the officials at the next destination, as his authority for having brought you. And more than this, in all the hotels on the continent, a traveller should take precious care what opinions he speaks about, either politics or religion; not so much for fear of giving offence unnecessarily to private individuals, but in case he be speaking all the while to a person who is sent there for the very purpose of spying, pumping, and reporting all you have spoken so very unguardedly. But in all this degrading and disgusting surveillance, there is also the most comfortable assurance, that a traveller will be protected should he be careful to deserve it.

A common method of getting into a scrape, is to carry

over with you to the Austrian dominions, the two very *sensible* notions that priests are hypocrites, and that a despotic monarch must of necessity be a tyrant. Rail at the clergy wherever you go. Teach the poor deluded people that they are imposed upon by a set of rogues, who live upon the fat of the sacrifice, preaching doctrines they don't believe, and enjoining a morality which they do not practise. When you enter a cathedral, never take off your hat, and when you see the humble penitent bending on the pavement imploring the pardon of his sins, laugh at him for being priest-ridden. Talk of the ambition of the clergy, and the corruptions of the church, and you will soon find yourself hated, perhaps hurt,—but never mind, you are in the right and they are all wrong, and you can easily fight your way among the bigotted German savages. Tell them too, in their coffee-rooms, that they are slaves, that they are totally ignorant of the blessings of liberty, and of the advantages of the British constitution. Boast of the liberty of the press, trial by jury, and the rights of Habeas Corpus, and Magna Charta. Speak of Runnimeade, and Hampden, and Charles the First. Or, in one word, as in the case of the idiot referred to by Mr Russell, take Paine's *Age of Reason* and *Rights of Man* in your pocket, and lecture from them as your text-book on all public occasions. But behold the end. "A young Englishman, apparently as harmless and affected a specimen of the dandy as ever emigrated from Bond Street, was ordered to leave the capital on a brief notice, because, according to his own account, he had been preaching the doctrines of Tom Paine in a coffee-house. If it was so, a piece of such egregious folly deserved no better treatment. Of all the exhibitions of English growling, few are more amusing than that of a sturdy Englishman compelled to undertake a long journey



in this unceremonious fashion, because he has forgotten the difference between the ministers of Francis I., and the ministers of George IV. Having received orders to depart, away he hastens full mouthed to his minister, with whom he can use his own language and his own feeling. He displays his passport and demands protection as a British subject,—perhaps hints something about responsibility to the House of Commons. But no excellency can prevent the laws of the country, such as they are, from taking their course. John must go.” Mr Russell observes very justly:—“It is not only an imprudence, but in general it is a piece of mere foolish affectation, for a stranger in any country to use language or behaviour which necessarily exposes him to the odium of the government, however allowable or laudable they may be at home. Our own countrymen, unaccustomed to bind their tongues about anything, fortunately trained to habits which give them a strong inclination to speak severely on such a state of things as exist in the Austrian capital, are peculiarly liable to fall into this error,” and therefore, they are warned against it. Every tourist speaks highly of the German character.

Be cautious of giving your passport to the valet de place to be viséd or countersigned. No doubt he knows the residences of the ambassadors, and it is fearfully annoying, especially if there be a lack of language, to traverse the streets of a large city, asking every hundred yards what very few are able to tell you. But still an active man makes his way, and it is more creditable to show your own face on these occasions. Besides, the valet de place charges two francs, and sometimes magnifies the difficulties of getting the passport viséd. In a difficulty of this sort it is needless to call in the landlord to your aid, because both

are in the secret, and their interests are the same, namely, to detain the traveller. And for this reason, be cautious, generally speaking, of giving your passport up to the landlord of any of the inferior hotels, in case he pretend some difficulty, merely to keep you at his table for another day. Be cautious also not to make any substantial arrangement for leaving a place, such as paying for your ticket, till you find your feet cleared from the public authorities, otherwise you may put yourself into a pretty fever if the day be hot. Be cautious about always dealing out coins to the subalterns about the public offices. It is not expected in many cases, and in some it is prohibited, and it becomes a serious item of daily expenditure. But whenever you find yourself in any serious difficulty of this sort, the quickest method is to buy your way out of it as calmly as may be. There is no necessity for giving much money even to the servants at the hotels, and none need to be given to conducteurs of diligences. It is not expected, or rather it is in general prohibited. German menials are from their nature, religion, and habits, kind-hearted and thankful; and they have not been spoiled by profusion like the servants in England. Servants abroad are evidently more gratified by being treated in a kindly respectful way, than when they are even well paid for being bullied. Whatever may be the matter in hand, and whether it be in an inn, with servants or landlord, or at the bureau de passport, or at a coach office, let no gentleman think that he degrades his dignity, by being not only polite and respectful, but also by being reasonably submissive when in a foreign land. For instance, at Vienna I found my way up a narrow back street, into a coach office, dark, dirty, and confined. I asked a single simple question as to when the Eilwagen started for Prague; the actuary at the desk stood sulkily

and silent. I waited a little, and repeated the question, but to no better purpose; but now he said, while the red flush covered his face and ears, "It is not German to address me with your hat on your head." I felt ashamed of my rudeness, because I should have known better by that time; but after obeying, and bowing, and blushing in my turn, I secured one of the corner seats in front, where I could see better during the day, and sleep better at night; and this, let me add, was no small favour, seeing that I was doomed to be two nights and three days on the road.

Should you prefer having a guide when in any of the capitals, don't engage idle persons who attack you on the street, or even those who are always loitering about the main entrance to the hotels. These, when they see a foreigner, flock to him like eagles to the carcase; and unless you are sharp with them, they will keep by you, telling you a great deal you don't need to know, and charging you far more than you require to pay. At once enquire for the Lohn-bedienter belonging to the establishment, who will serve your purpose for a franc or two. Don't have him by the day, but by the hour. Let a price be fixed beforehand, and the bargain made in presence of the principal waiter. But what with your guide-book, and a plan of the town, and a few directions, you may, if your eyes are not in the soles of your feet, do a great deal by yourself, and now and then you fall in with others going down the same stream, and these are always glad to take you into the current, and all goes smoothly on.

Of all the nations in the world, England is the country for speedy conveyances, and of all the sights a traveller can behold, the mail coaches on May day are the most splendid display of the wealth and enterprise of the kingdom. On such occasions, coaches have gone from Birmingham to

London at the rate of sixteen miles and a-half in the hour, that is 110 miles in seven and a-half hours. Before the railroad was opened, nearly 6000 horses were employed daily on that road alone. The distance from Shrewsbury is 160 miles, and even it, at the common rate of English speed, was travelled in sixteen hours. Not so on the continent.

There are in Germany, for the benefit of travellers, the *schnell posten* or *eilwagen*, that is quick posts; but they ought rather to be denominated snail posts than snail posts, for after all, they travel generally only at a rate of five or six hour miles an-hour. And then there are post wagons, called *fahr posts*, which are of a still heavier mould, and much slower in their movements; and generally filled to suffocation by an inferior class of people. There are railroads with travelling trains, luggage waggons, and steam apparatus; and "vapour" boats on the principal rivers. The steam machinery for public conveyance, whether by land or water, is so much in the English style, that nothing requires to be stated in regard to it. But the others are novelties now-a-days to a Briton. There are four horses; the harness is wretchedly bad; the traces are ropes generally; and the bracham is much after the fashion of a millstone, the broad rim being hung with a vast number of little bells, which can serve no other purpose, unless it be to ring the driver asleep. He too is a character of his kind. He wears a cocked hat, a very short blue coat laced with yellow, and having great worsted tassels, better adapted for a four post bed. He has buckskin small clothes, and huge Hessian boots which half smother him. There hangs from his shoulders, by a yellow worsted cord, a bugle which is occasionally turned to *beautiful* account in notifying the importance of himself

and his cargo. He holds unwieldy reins awkwardly enough in his left hand, and in his right he has a whip, huge beyond conception in all its dimensions. With it he commands not only his own charge, but every bestial from the one side of a street or road to another, to whomsoever it may pertain. The lash of this instrument is terrific, and the very crack of it is literally louder than the report of a pistol. But, for all that, he is very careful of his horses. When the carriage approaches a steep, he never fails to take the ground, and a traveller cannot pay him a more acceptable compliment than to walk up the hills and exchange a civility or two with him. And how superior he looks, if he can only manage to muster a single word or two in English; were it only to say, "Your time is up, sir." There is also a conducteur, who is a person superior not only to the driver, but even to our English guards. He knows every body and every thing on the road, and he is free to communicate. When the conveyance stops he is always at your elbow to do all he can for a stranger, to tell you the bill, teach you the coins, or to count your change, or to take your part should a squabble get up about your number.

The schnell posten or eilwagen is the best mode of being conveyed on routes where there is no railroad. But even this is clumsy and proverbially slow; not because the horses are inferior, but because the machine is in bulk and weight, more after the manner of an English caravan for wild beasts. As the seats are numbered, and passengers obtain them in the order in which they apply, whenever your arrangements are fixed for leaving a place, let not one moment be lost in having the passport revised and properly indorsed for the place where you are going. Then forthwith repair to the office, and secure a seat in the cor-

ner, which every body knows is better, especially in the night time, than those in the middle. You take the luggage along with you, see it weighed, and notice where it is put, that you may know where to find it at the end of the journey; you pay the fare beforehand, taking a receipt for the money and the luggage. This receipt bears the number which points out your position. But in addition to this, you must be forward at the place in plenty of time before starting, lest some bull-horned fellow sit down on your number and refuse to give it up. In the main streets of the great towns a foreigner is constantly accosted by coachmen (*Lohn Kutschers*) offering you conveyance for whatever destination you may be bound for; and in the courts of the hotels there are always to be found carriages ready to start; and they have generally boards hung upon them bearing the names of places to which they are willing to go. These are capable of being shut in with leather curtains and glass windows; and when four or five individuals join in hiring one of them, they afford a cheaper mode of conveyance than the *schnell post*. They admit also of a tourist stopping at night, or during the day, to see a place for an hour or two. But to a single individual, or two, this mode is unattainable; it is more tedious and inconvenient; it is dreadful for dust in warm weather, and dirt in wet. It generally stops at inferior inns on the road, where a person always fares worst and pays most. There is often a dust of the first magnitude at the settlement, when the coachman brings forward demands which a stranger never thinks of, such as drink-money, backfare, and grease money. If he compares notes with his fellow-travellers, if these be natives, it is ten to one but the Englishman has to pay on his own account as much as all the others united. In a word, unless you are master of the

coins and customs, and especially of the language, or unless you have to travel by cross roads where there are no regular conveyances, or unless you be pressed for time, and would have to stop a day or two for the eilwagen, have, on our word, nothing to do with any such methods of conveyance. The coachman will tell you, as many lies as will suit his purpose, as to his time of starting and arrival, and as to distances and speed. He will hang on for hours at every town, in hopes of picking up some other simpleton like yourself, and if you have once paid him his fare, he will tire you out or provoke you so as to get rid of you altogether before you arrive at the appointed place, and there is no remedy short of an action at law, which would detain you for a month, and that with a man who has neither cash nor character. Whereas, if you only have your passport taken, and your ticket, and be fairly seated in the schnell post, you there can have no altercation with any body by the way; you arrive to an hour; you are set down to every meal at a respectable place, where breakfast, dinner, or supper, is as ready as your appetite. At Prague I agreed to take a seat in a return carriage of this sort. Ten in the morning was to be the hour of starting, and I was to reach Toplitz to my bed: the fare was to be the same as the public coach. In all this I thought myself fortunate, as the hour for the coach was four o'clock in the afternoon. Breakfast on board, I sallied forth in search of my friend and his quadrupeds. When I found him, as I supposed, he told me he could not move till the evening, as his horses were tired. Smothering my rage, I turned in to the principal waiter, who had made the bargain for me the night before. No sooner did I state my grievance than he explained to me that I had mistaken my man in speaking to a coachman, who had just come off the

road, and that the right one would appear very soon. In half an hour, accordingly, he drove up, having the carriage already filled. But by this time I had fallen in with an English gentleman, who knew their tricks on travellers, and who, with the help of a handsome person, a good pair of mustachios, and whiskers, with a fluency of German, stepped out, and cross-questioned my conducteur, while I remained in the house. This finished, I appeared and asked him a few questions, as to the where and the when he was to stop, and how much he was to charge. It turned out that he meant to stop for the night about twenty miles short of Toplitz, and to take me there next day, so soon as he got his cargo made up. Luckily he had got none of my money as yet ; my friend therefore, without saying another word, put his arm into mine, and conducted me to the office of the schnell posten ; and as I had now several hours to dispose of, he directed me into the Jewish part of the city, one of the most interesting sights of the kind in Europe, and he promised to meet me at the table d'hôte. On my return to the hotel about one o'clock, I was right glad to find that the Lohn Kutscher had taken the road, after having vomited forth a competent portion of abuse. Neither should it be omitted to mention that we passed his conveyance as the sun was setting. It was standing empty at the door of a third rate ale-house ; and I doubted not but that the company were enjoying themselves within. Now had a matter of this sort occurred with any one of the public conveyances, a stranger had nothing more to do than to record the circumstance, and to state his address in the book kept for the purpose at each of the post stations.

Generally throughout Germany, when all the places in the main diligence are booked, additional carriages are prepared for extra passengers ; so that nobody can be disap-



pointed in that country as in ours ; from one to twenty or even thirty attached carriages thus set out, and travel in company. Even if there be only one person to be conveyed, a bye chaise will be forwarded at the same time, and for the same money. At all the places where the public conveyance stops, there is a room for the accommodation of passengers, where bread and butter, or a sandwich and coffee, may be had. Not only is the price hung up, but there is a book kept for entering complaints. And in all the inns, especially in Prussia, travellers are protected from imposition, by the government compelling a list of charges for lodgings, food, fuel, servants, &c. From time to time this is inspected by an official, who has authority to regulate the prices, and to correct and punish impositions.

But the best way to overcome every difficulty as to coins, custom-houses, luggage, conveyance, passports, and every thing else, is to acquire some sort of competent knowledge of the German language before you start. This is the true key to unlock every mystery. It is therefore indispensably the first and the best preparation for a journey to the continent. Without a tolerable knowledge of German there will be anxiety at times, and considerable disappointments often ; without the language, a third more money, and even time, may be expended without one-half of the pleasure or profit being gained ; without it, some expensive blunders will be fallen into, and a little ill-humour will be increased, especially among the German menials, who appear to be slow at readily or rightly comprehending a foreigner gaping out mere detached nouns and verbs. Discovering this from experience, whenever I found myself at a loss as to language, with any body in a crowd, I charitably scored him off in my mind for a blockhead, I

then marked out the most intellectual countenance I could find, and I uniformly observed that the little knowledge of the language I possessed, with a competent portion of telegraphic signals on the part of my two hands and ten fingers, made me quite intelligible almost to everybody. And to the credit of the country, be it said, that the moment a foreigner comprehends what you want, he takes care not only to put you right, but to guide you under his own eye till he ascertains that you have accomplished your purpose. At Brussels, in the large square in front of the theatre, I asked a gentleman, first in English and then in French, for the bureau de passport. He knew himself to be defective in English, and he heard that I knew very little of the French form or accent. But he knew what I wanted, and he said with one of the most anxious, and animated faces I ever beheld, "Go, go," "Allez, allez vous," and pointing to the end of a street for fear I could not comprehend his language, he suited the action to the word, and walked on before me like an actor in a pantomime ; and in case I might go wrong, he let me know that he was just on his way for breakfast, but that he would accompany me up the hill for at least a mile to the court end of the town. He was indefatigable in showing me every thing by the way, and even in turning round a corner to bring new objects of interest into view. He soon became more fluent in speaking English, as I did in murdering French. He was a gentleman in manner and in feeling, and above all, he seemed to be gratified beyond measure at my admiration of the splendid city. I therefore had made up my mind that he was a Belgian, and probably a native of Brussels. He had asked how long I had been from England, where I had been, and what course I intended to take in my tour. I simply replied, that I go to Waterloo in the after-

noon, and — “Vaterloo,” he exclaimed, making a leap back from me like a fencing master ; while his eye, beaming rage, and mortification, measured me from top to toe. “ *Vaterloo!* I am a Frenchman, sir ; vat do you mean ! am I not your friend ? ” I saw that I had got into a scrape, and I suspected that my guide had been wounded in the skull. I instantly made a leap in my conversation from Waterloo to Jena, and Austerlitz, and Friedland ; he became calm, but somewhat distant and dignified ; he accompanied me to my destination, and in parting gave me his hand, and kindly requested me to wait upon him in the forenoon. I marked this little ludicrous affair in my own mind, and learned ever after to avoid giving offence to the national vanities of anybody, especially of men to whom I was really so much indebted, and to whom I meant to be grateful.

It is an undoubted fact, to a certain extent, that an English sovereign may be made to speak all the languages in Europe, tolerably well, and that the words *mangez changez* may enable an active tourist to eat and sleep his way after a manner of his own through the continent. It is also true, that among the Tyrolese Alps many Italians are to be met with, marching with a wallet on their back and their coat over their arm, direct into the interior of Austria, with no more than ten or twelve German nouns and verbs on their tongue. And still more, there are meeting these in the face scores of German students and artists, crossing the Inn toward Verona, every month in summer, and not one in a dozen of them know Italian, yet they all get through astonishingly well. It is remarkable, too, that the bulk of the words in the German language most necessary for eating or drinking, for having and giving, and so forth, bear, with the uniform alteration of a single letter or so, nearly the same

meaning as the English.\* Indeed, the identity of many of the words is laughable; and well may they be so, for a vast proportion of our roots are Saxon, as every body has heard a thousand times. But more than this, it is a remarkable fact, that in many of the languages of modern Europe the words most indispensable to a first state of society very nearly resemble one another. Man's wants are very much the same in every country, and every traveller must remark that the words in reference to these are so too. But yet there are nations which, as such, acquire foreign languages with far more facility, and speak them with far more ease and correctness, than those of some other nations, in the same way that some languages are easier acquired than others. The Russians, for instance, seem to be born with every language at the tip of their tongue; whereas, when a German sets himself to speak English, the muscles of his face look very queer indeed. It is also true that our language has, since the peace, made its way in every direction on the continent. It is true, moreover, that the keepers of the hotels on all the main roads, down to Vienna at least, and through the north of Germany, find it to be their interest to employ as their chamberlain a person who speaks the English language with fluency. All the steamboat companies, too, not only up the Rhine, but down the Danube, and even along the higher portions of the Elbe, have captains well acquainted with the English language. In fact, most of the words used by the crew, on board of a foreign steamboat, as to starting, steering, and stopping of the vessel, are English words, which

\* There seems to be something peculiar in German language. You often understand the meaning of a man, or of a whole sentence, without knowing almost the exact meaning of any one word in it.

seem to have been imported into the German vocabulary by our English sailors and engine-men having been for a time brought over at first to manage their steamers. In the same way, the engines on land and water are all of English manufacture, and in many places the very coals are from Newcastle. The conducteurs of their public conveyances along their principal roads are, for the most part, either Englishmen, or cast-off servants of families of high rank in their own country, who have been over in England; and in this way they have acquired a part of our language. I found that some of these had even been as far north as Edinburgh and Inverness. Only once in my whole trip had I any serious difficulty as to language. The inhabitants of Salzburg are said to have been originally from Antwerp, and their language is provincial and perplexing. I gave out a damp shirt, desiring that it might be well aired, and when I asked for it again, I found that they had washed it. When I tried a Wexel changer with my sovereign, he could comprehend neither my language nor my money. At last he addressed me in excellent Latin; yet he would not take the coin. I told him that as the gold was pure, he might test and weigh it, and give me its intrinsic value accordingly. He did so, and told me, that it was the purest gold he had met with in coin, and gave me its value in weight.

Many a time afterwards did I strike up the Latin, and got on with great ease, but I uniformly found myself to be but the second best scholar. I addressed an English-looking-like gentleman on the streets of Vienna, asking something in German. He looked grave, and answered, "Nix forstand." I was certain, I thought, that my German was correct, for the dumbest scholar must have learnt by the time he reaches Vienna. I varied the expression, and asked him

still in German, how it came that in his own country and capital he did not understand his own native tongue. He now burst out into laughter, and said, in good broad English, "Try some other language, man, for there is not one in Europe which you may not speak better than German of that sort." I gave him a few words of Gaelic, and we had a hearty shake of the hand, and a long walk and a talk. During the military dominion of Napoleon, the French language flooded the whole of Europe, and it is still somewhat useful at a pinch in several parts of Austria; but so strong an ebb or re-action has of late years taken place, that even in Holland, and in most parts of Germany, French is, when spoken to the natives, entirely useless. And in Prussia, it is little short of half an insult to mouth one syllable of French; and as to being taken for a Frenchman, it is, in other words, to get yourself kicked. Deep, daring, and lasting is the hatred of the peasantry to every thing that is French. Let every traveller to Germany, then, buy Weber's Dictionary and Pinnoek's Grammar, and set to work. German is a manly expressive language, and it is the mother tongue of Holland, England, Switzerland, Denmark, and Sweden, and affords a rich quarry of literature. But more than that, let him accustom himself with German text, that he may write as well as speak the language. And moreover, let him be able to read all manner of ordinary hand-writing of the Germans. All this may be mastered by taking an hour or two to it in the day, for six or eight months. And then the sign-posts on the road, the carte at the hotel, are all come-at-able, whereas, even to a tolerable German scholar, these are often as unintelligible as Hebrew. In Prussia, English is not only understood and spoken, but at the custom houses and hotels, and coach offices, printed directions and prices,

as to every thing wanted, are hung up in our own language, even to advise you not to take a sum of money to the theatre, as the streets are infested with pickpockets, who follow and fasten on foreigners.

Be sure to make all your arrangements as to luggage, and every thing else, in plenty of time, before you start, that you may have a day or two to consider yourself even after the packing is over, so that there may be no possibility of forgetting any thing of importance, and also that you may be enabled to take leave of home without being in a bustle.

Little more now remains to be said in this introductory way, to afford general information to intending tourists. Much of what has already been written may, to a person sitting at his ease by his own fire-side, appear rather too minute, and at times somewhat unusual. But let the same individual convey his own precious person, which has as yet, in all likelihood, never crossed the Channel, to the interior of a foreign country, and his experience will probably teach him, that all that has hitherto been mentioned is well worth the learning, and very probably he will ere long regret that such directions had not been extended in the same plain practical way to many points which have been herein omitted. At any rate, the writer of this, in his own person, fell into a world of difficulties, loss, and blunders, and oversights; and in those sheets he makes it his endeavour faithfully to tell when, where, and how these befel him, that his friends and followers may have the benefit of them in each and all of these matters. And dead or dull as these details may appear in print, he is still nevertheless convinced that he would have been right glad, when he started, if he could have been benefited by the experience of some such similar person of his own rank, to tell things

as he would find them, to point out difficulties as they would occur, and to guard him against blunders into which every inexperienced traveller is sure to fall.

Every effort to be smart and racy in our details has been avoided, while the desire to be understood and to be useful, by giving every information new to Englishmen, and useful to know, has rather been cultivated. The writer seeks no literary celebrity. But he experienced many difficulties in the course of his own tour, and he feels a kindly sympathy for those who may take it into their head to follow his footsteps; and surely there can be nothing improper in his endeavour to make the trip of every one of them even more pleasant and profitable to them than he found it to be to himself. And if these sheets contribute in any way to this point, the author will consider himself fortunate.





# EIGHT WEEKS IN GERMANY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### BELGIUM AND THE RHINE.

#### STARTING SCENES.\*

HAs the reader ever stood, of a summer's evening, in front of the London post-office, for a quarter of an hour, exactly before seven o'clock, and marked for a while the slow, business-like pace of him who is in plenty of time with his letter; then the quick march of him who has not more than three minutes to spare; and then the run for it to drop the letter into the box just before it closes; and lastly, the mortified look, and puffing and blowing of him who is little more than arm's-length from the slip when it shuts? If so, such a reader need not be told of the gathering of

\* Steamers go from London to Antwerp every Sunday and Thursday at twelve o'clock. The fares of the chief cabin are L.2, 2s., and that of the second L.1, 12s. 6d. The distance is about 210 miles, and occupies twenty-four or twenty-five hours. It takes about seven hours to each river, and ten or eleven to cross the Channel.

passengers, and porters, and trunnels, and trunks, for the starting of a steam-boat. Men of experience in this way are on board in good time, without putting themselves in a hot fever. With others, the paddles of the steam-boat are actually in motion by the time they reach it, others hurry across the plank, and are scarcely off the one end of it when the other falls splash into the water. Later still, passengers are to be seen, but only seen to be laughed at, chasing the vessel in boats.

We were of the last class, partly from our own sagacity, and partly from a common trick which the bargemen play upon travellers, when these are raw enough to give them an opportunity. The Leith and Hull steamers were nearly an hour after their appointed time in starting, and most of the Scotch steamers are so. Hence the slow pedestrian and his friends were in no unusual hurry to move from the Tower stairs, so as to be on board at the exact minute, according to true time. It might be three or four minutes before twelve, when all were seated in one of the barges, each with his luggage at his feet. A voice from an old sailor, at the top of the wall, roared out, "You are too late, gentlemen," but nobody cared for his counsel. The hollow shuttle moved its way but slowly through the web of small craft, which was sorely ravelled by the planks and cables of the larger sorts. When in the midst of that dense and almost boundless forest of masts, and when the difficulty and danger of rapid motion was at the greatest, the bells of the city told

twelve, and the Antwerp steamer, which hitherto had only threatened well, by smoking and steaming at no allowance, actually began to move, not its fins only, but its whole porpoise of bulk. The barge was only about fifty yards behind, and by this time there was no want of either rowing or roaring, but the voice of thousands, each for himself, drowned the one, and the 400 horse power soon distanced the other. Thus, by a minute or two every thing was exactly in time to be too late. While the landmen were foaming with rage and despair, the men of the river kept themselves as cool as cucumbers. They had probably known from the first what was to be the result, and they kindly enough offered to take us back, on being paid for it. They also affirmed that a railway train would take the party down to Blackwall in plenty of time to overtake the steamer. In one-half of the time spent in going off all were landed, again to be disappointed. On enquiring after the railway train, twenty voices cried out at once, in ecstasy at our embarrassment, that the train had, like the steam-boat, started exactly at the hour, and that there was not another till one o'clock. When looking round to vent our rage on the two amphibious monsters who had thus beguiled us a second time, it was found that they had slipped away in the crowd; but a cabman, who perhaps was in the plot, or, at any rate, understood what would be required, drove forward at the full gallop, and offered to take us down in time for five shillings. Instantly, two of us got

into the inside of his machine, which was something in shape and size like a very large spoony creel, set on wheels. The other two jumped on the top, and crack went the whip, and round went the wheels, after a fashion, but still the speed was more after the manner of a slow and solemn funeral than of a race of steam *versus* horse-flesh. And more awkward still, the old springs intimated, by their hollow, tremulous groans, that we were to receive another check-mate by our enormous weight breaking their back. The two outside riders, seeing the hopelessness of such an effort, jumped down and got on board of another better conditioned conveyance, and passed along as quick as a sky-rocket. After passing many a street, and turning many a corner with creditable rapidity, all things considered, one of the avant couriers returned with his contented like face to tell us we were in plenty of time, as the steamer was only coming round the bend of the river. When Mr Cabman was offered his five shillings, he said, very determined like, "Look at the state of my horse, and only think of the weight of you and your friend." In a moment he got another half-crown, and all was mirth once more with every one but the poor horse, which stood still in silent suffering. When on board, the items and proportions of the expenditure in this fight by sea and land were adjusted, and it turned out that this blunder of a mere minute or two cost about two-thirds of a sovereign. Besides, the whole circumstances were calculated

to impress the passengers in the steamer with the belief that we were fugitive bankrupts at least, in as much as Blackwall happens to be the place where vagabonds of every sort find it most convenient to embark *incognito* to the continent. Be that as it might, the lesson was so well learned that it would not likely soon be forgotten, nor will so bad an example be followed by any tourist who may happen to cast an eye on this page.

The day was remarkably fine, and the deck was covered not only with portmanteaus, cloaks, and carpet bags, but also by gentlemen and ladies, all assuming to be, in language and looks at least, persons of the first quality. But already, in several respects, the society on board could be seen to be of different grades. It was apparent at the first glance that those who were dressed in silk and satin, as if they had returned to their drawing-room after dinner, were mere novices, notwithstanding that they were necessarily speaking bad French, and still more barbarous German; while those who were well prepared, whether to contend with smoke, spray, or sea-sickness, by having dresses clean enough, but coarse, to keep them warm at any rate, were in fact the real English gentlemen and ladies of fashion and beauty in the best meaning of the term. There were also a genteel mixture of foreigners, Jews, bagmen, with two or three Dr Syntaxes greedily snuffing up the very east wind in hopes of smelling something picturesque. There was a little stout-made mahogany-faced sort of citizen, with a

head like a hatchet, and a nose like a bunch of ripe rowans. He was full of travelling exclamations, and excelled very much in making remarks of common-place importance. He annoyed the captain by asking and marking the name of every town, village, and hamlet his eye could catch. There was not a steam-boat that passed up in the afternoon but his eye picked out a friend or two; and then what roaring and shaking of hands or handkerchiefs. Then again he opened out his German map on his knee, held Murray's Hand-Book under his arm, or his eyes doated on his passport as an interesting article of furniture he had never possessed before; then he would start to his feet and hold up the ship's spy glass as an apology for showing off his ring; and again, he would order a cup of coffee, by and by a basin of soup, and then he would devour a very substantial lunch. And after all, what a dinner and tea, and how many muffins! But by the time the steamer had paid her respects to Margate in the distance, to the Downs, and the Goodwin sands; when the light-houses began to set forth their lamps like so many stars in the distant horizon; and when the river and its gentle waves had given place to the deeper and broader swell of the ocean, each billow being crested with a slender ruffle of foam, about this time the countenance of the poor Cockney began to change, his loquacity failed him, his little quick step became slow and solemn. And after much silence and apparent serious meditation, he rose quick as lightning and reeled his

way like a drunken man to the side of the ship. And then, what a picture of all the comforts of sea-sickness!—one hour of it is more horrid far than a whole month of the night mare. But the best preparation for it is to eat sparingly and to eschew fluids.

Tourists to the continent have always a paragraph at sea, and it is generally somewhat foaming, and tossing, and tumbling with bombast,—bombast in every sentence—and why not? Now for it, then. The new-born moon had gone to sleep in the bosom of its parent the sun, and both had been curtained with a rich drapery of cold scarlet clouds. The twilight, brief at the best by the month of August, had given way to the dusky white darkness of a harvest night. The breeze was fresh and favourable upon the whole, but a stubborn tide and a heavy swell contended against us. But the furnace-driven vessel steamed and struggled in its course onward from the mouth of the Thames towards that of the Scheldt, with a speed and strength mightier far than the greatest leviathan of the deep. The paddles, crushing every wave after another into foam, and striking fire out of water on both sides at every blow, afforded an interesting exemplification of Lord Bacon's well-known observation, that knowledge is power. Around the sides of the steamer, millions of floating phosphoric sparklings continued to dance for a moment and disappear for ever, and pale shining sheets of light ran rapidly behind us and ranged themselves in long lines by the rope and



box which had been flung from the stern to tell the log-book the ship's rate. But, to be serious, the ship gave a lurch at a time, and occasionally there was a stop in the ship's motion as if her machinery had begun to hesitate, and then there was a large and sudden dash of salt spray, to remind a landsman of danger; but still he had confidence in the brawny arm, in the granite frame, calm and steady eye, and rough red countenance of the Aberdeen man, feebly illuminated by the light in the binnacle. But, above all, he had confidence in the presence, and power, and protection of Him who holds the ocean itself in the hollow of his hands. And to adopt, not the "hackneyed," but hallowed feelings of a pious and powerful writer, it may well be said that "the ideas which rush into the mind on contemplating by night, out of sight of land, the sea, are as dark, as mysterious, as unfathomable, and as indescribable, as the vast ocean itself. One sees but little, yet that little caught here and there, so much resembles some of the attributes of the Great Power which created us, that the mind, trembling under the immensity of the conceptions it engenders, is lost in feelings which human beings cannot impart to each other. In the hurricane which one meets with in southern latitudes, most of us have probably looked in vain for the waves which have been described to be mountains high; but though the outline has been exaggerated, is there not a terror in the filling in of the picture, which no human artist can delineate? and in the raging of

the tempest, in the darkness which the light makes visible, who is there among us that has not fancied he has caught a shadow of the wrath and a momentary glimmering of the mercy of the Almighty?" Impressed as we were with sentiments of this cast, of which no good man is ashamed anywhere, the company were invited down to the cabin, and one clergyman read with great effect the 107th Psalm, and another offered up a short and appropriate prayer. The whole of the passengers did not indeed attend, nor could they all: some were sea-sick, some were Jews, some were Roman catholics, and many of them were episcopalians, yet nobody found fault; on the contrary, all approved, although they could not in conscience take a part in a presbyterian form of devotion.

We could get no berths, because, like fools, we had neglected to engage them, and they were all secured before we came on board; but this being the pedestrian's first blunder of the sort, care was taken that it should also be his last. A comfortable bed, that is for a healthy and hardy member of society, was had on the floor of the cabin, with the help of a pillow and blanket, amid sixty or seventy gentlemen and ladies all lying in promiscuous innocence. The pedestrian had long been anxious to catch a glimpse of the light-house at Ostend, as the morning star and harbinger of all the rising varieties of the mainland. He had gone down, and had just fallen into a warm and comfortable sleep, when a friend who had been

pacing the deck, awoke him to come up and see something new to a landsman; a hankering hesitation had just begun to obtain, when a bluff countenance was dimly seen by the glimmer of the cabin lamp, and a still rougher voice announced that the lights from the ramparts of Ostend were to be seen four miles off the starboard bow; and that a foreign steamer was about to wish us all good morning. Many remained as they were, but some started to their feet, and on reaching the deck, the lanterns at the mast head of both vessels, like stars of the first magnitude, were just about to come into conjunction. The eye was turned towards the coast of Belgium, to catch a glimpse of life in the glare of the light-house at Ostend, when suddenly the whole atmosphere, the sky, and the water, were illuminated by two blazes of blue light, as signals given and answered by both ships. There was something so very startling and sublime in the whole scene and sight of the sea, as not only to make ample compensation for the trouble, but also to teach a young traveller uniformly to attend to any intimation of the kind from one of the crew, who will never interrupt the sleep of a passenger, unless it be to gratify him perhaps more than he may be at first inclined to believe.

The dawn of day brought us alongside of Flushing, familiar to the recollection of Britons, as having been the destination of the largest and most stupid expedition which England ever equipped. Thirty-seven ships of the line, twenty-three

frigates, and eighty-two gun ships, with an effective force of one hundred thousand men, in 1809, bombarded and took this strongly fortified town, of seven thousand inhabitants, with its dockyard and naval arsenal. Antwerp was the particular aim of the expedition; but that city was never disturbed, owing to the inactive and procrastinating spirit of the commander-in-chief, combined with the dissention among the British naval and military officers, and contrasted with the activity of Fouché, and the military talents of Bernadotte, who inundated the whole country by opening the sluices, and erected on both sides of the Scheldt such a line of batteries, as set our navy at defiance. The final objects of the expedition were abandoned, and a splendid army, which should have been sent to Spain or the North of Germany, were concentrated among the marshes, stagnant canals, and unwholesome trenches of the island of Walcheren, where a deeply pestilential and malignant fever destroyed a great portion of the troops, and shattered for ever the constitutions of the survivors. Whether it was the effect of a sympathetic recollection of these circumstances, or from having been out of bed for most part of the night, or really from the climate, the pedestrian certainly felt a shivering feverish ague creeping over his whole frame; and for hours even after the sun rose, the deep and dense morning mist was seen still resting on the flat and unhealthy surface of Walcheren and Beveland, and the other islands which form the province of Zealand. A

pilot and some passengers, all of course regularly Dutch built, came on board from Flushing. The island next to Walcheren is Zuid Beveland, and that opposite to Walcheren is Cadsand, memorable also in the cruel exploit of 1809. On the opposite side of the Scheldt, which is here nearly three miles broad, are the forts of Breskens, which, with Flushing, completely command the entrance of the river. Below Zuid Beveland both banks of the Scheldt belong to Holland; but above the very strong fortification at Batz, both banks belong to Belgium. Thus far up, the river is like the sea flowing among islands, and the traveller is fifty or sixty miles from Antwerp. Many anxious and useless questions were put by every stranger to the pilot, as to when Antwerp was to be reached; but faithful to his trust, he moved not even an eye from the immediate turn of the water; sometimes he looked as if he had never been spoken with, and at other times he only nodded his head so gently, as scarcely to shake his ear-rings, all being as much as to say, "Don't disturb me." The river, even far above Antwerp, is very deep, but its navigation is very difficult, and the right to it has given rise to many a fierce war in Europe.

Vast, indeed, are the capabilities of the Scheldt for commerce, but more important still has this river been esteemed from the earliest times, as the natural rival of our mighty Thames. Of equal magnitude and depth with its renowned competitor, flowing through a country excelling even the midland counties of England in wealth

and resources, adjoining cities long superior to any in Europe in arts and in commerce, the artery at once of Flanders, and Holland, and of Brabant, and Luxemburg, it is fitted to be the great organ of communication between the fertile fields and rich manufacturing towns of the Low Countries, and other maritime states of the world. If it is not equally celebrated as the Thames in history or romance—if all the vessels of the ocean do not crowd its quays, and its merchants are not sought by the princes of the earth—if it does not give the law to all the quarters of the globe, and boast a colonial empire on which the sun never sets,—it is not because nature has denied it the physical advantages conducive to such exalted destinies, but because the jealousies and perverseness of man, have in great part marred her choicest gifts.

In good time one of the most magnificent spires in Europe began to be dimly seen in the far and flat distance. We were at no loss to know that one of the most renowned cities in Europe was now about to be approached, and one from which for centuries Great Britain had apprehended imminent danger in all its wars. When the attempt was made, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, to overthrow the liberties of England and the protestant faith, it was in the Scheldt and at Ostend that all the preparations were made. It was from the Scheldt, that Napoleon, after his profound naval combinations of 1805 had been defeated, intended to invade the British Isles. Antwerp was the

stronghold in which sixty sail of the line were to be prepared, for the centre of that mighty squadron, which was to strike down the mistress of the seas. His eagle glance at once discerned the vast natural advantages, and incalculable political importance of this city. He therefore made it one of the greatest bulwarks of his dominions—the grand naval and military arsenal of northern Europe—the advanced post from which he might launch the thunder of his arms against the existence of England. “Antwerp was to me,” said he at St Helena, “a province within itself. It was one of the great causes of my exile to St Helena, for the required cession of that fortress was my principal reason for refusing peace at Chatillon. France without the frontiers of the Rhine and Antwerp is nothing.” In fact, it was for Antwerp, “that William fought and that Marlborough conquered, that Nelson died and Wellington triumphed, that Chatham lighted a conflagration in every quarter of the globe, and Pitt braved all the dangers of the revolutionary war.” Well then may historians lament the infatuation of the English government, which led it lately to abandon an object of such importance, after having secured it by a struggle of a hundred and fifty years’ duration.

The partition of the Netherlands into two separate states in 1831, and the part which England took in it, was a natural enough topic of discussion in ascending the Scheldt, and in speaking of it to the Dutchmen, it was easy to see that

they felt sore on this point. Several very interesting incidents in the war were mentioned to help away the time, of which take the following instance as a sample of patriotic devotion.

Van Speyk was an orphan, and he had been educated at the public expense in an orphan house at Amsterdam. When the war broke out, he was actuated by a generous desire to pay back his debt to his country. He was a brave and a prudent sailor, and his king entrusted him with a gun-boat. The moment he took the command he expressed his determination never to give it over to the enemy. In sailing during a heavy gale from fort Anstruweel, to the citadel, the boat missed stays twice. In spite of all the exertions and skill of the crew, she stranded close in front of the dock and guns of the fort. The moment the Belgians saw the helpless situation of the vessel, they leapt on board, and, with the voice of triumph, called on the young officer to haul down his flag. There was no chance of successful resistance; but Van Speyk was true to his promise and his country. He retired to the powder-magazine—he set his lighted cigar into one of the open barrels of gunpowder—he fell on his knees, and implored forgiveness of his sins—in a few moments the explosion took place; the Spartan hero and about thirty of his men were blown into the air, and the whole city was shaken as if by an earthquake. The Dutch point out the spot with pride; they have erected a monument to his memory, and it has been decreed that so long as



their navy exists, one of the ships shall continue to be called the Van Speyk.

In sailing up the Scheldt, and especially in looking to the islands at the mouth of it, nothing of the villages is seen but the tops of their spires, because the river and the sea itself are embanked on so stupendous a scale, that the mainland is far below the level of the water. To prevent the Scheldt and the ocean from finding their own level, enormous waterproof dykes are raised along the coast and banks of the river, so broad, so strong, and so high, as to set the stream, wind, wave, and tide at defiance. They are curiously thatched with willow twigs, interwoven like wicker-work, having the interstices filled up with puddled clay. The base is generally faced with masonry, and protected by vast piers of stones, brought from Namur, and other places far in the interior. The dykes are also planted with trees, which, by the spreading and interlacing of their roots, serve to bind the whole together. The upper part is neatly finished, and covered with turf. And in this way these massive and costly bulwarks are carried to the height, sometimes of forty feet; and the one at the western extremity of Walcheren measures about three hundred miles in extent, and costs more than two millions of florins yearly to keep it in repair. A vast number of men, superintended by engineers of science, are appointed to watch the state of these dykes, both by day and by night, lest the water should break through. In particular states of the

wind and tides, the whole body of the ocean falls back upon the coast of Holland, and leans against these ramparts. In such cases the utmost energy and skill are required, because not the wealth merely, but the existence of the Dutch are at stake. As the ruin is instantaneous and inevitable, alarm-bells are rung, and at a moment's notice, men, magazines, and machines start in a race of life and death. And well may they run, for it is a fact that the whole of the Zuyder Zee was the result of one single inundation of this sort, in the thirteenth century. In fact, the inhabitants bordering on the sea are said not to be more secure from the dangers of inundations than they who dwell on the sides of Etna are from the volcano heaving beneath them. A stranger passing along the coast of Holland in a steamboat forms a very inadequate conception of the magnitude and value of these dykes. He can only have a full impression of this when he walks at the foot of one of them, when he hears the roaring of the raging sea thirty or forty feet above him, while the wind and tide are ever and anon lashing the waves over upon him, and when the fears of all are as great as if it were an approaching earthquake or a tornado. This country is also exposed even to greater dangers still, from internal inundations arising from the stopping up of the rivers by ice, and the melting of the snow when the thaw sets in. Very appropriate, then, is the arms and motto of one of the united provinces, viz. a lion

swimming, with the words *luctor et emergo*—I strive and keep my head above water.

There was an interest or novelty at least when we first landed at the capital of the Dutch Brabant. The strength of the fortification, especially in the citadel, rendered so formidable by the art and industry of the veteran Carnot—the magnificence of the quays along the river—the grandeur of the streets—the houses splendid as palaces—the steeple one of the loftiest in the world, and so delicate in its Gothic workmanship, that the emperor Charles V. proposed to keep it in a case, and Napoleon compared it to Mechlin lace—the cathedral of Nôtre Dame, with its masterpiece by Rubens, the descent from the cross—the recollection that at one period this place was the chief mart of Flemish and European commerce, where two or three thousand vessels might have been seen at once lying from all parts of the world; that five hundred waggons entered it every day from the country, and that five thousand merchants, all princes in wealth, met twice every day on the exchange—the remembrance, too, of terror from invasion, with which Antwerp impressed the mind in our boyhood, when Bonaparte laboured so much, by commencing a new city, to be called after his own name, to make it the rival of London in commerce, and of Portsmouth in its docks, yards, basins, arsenals, and magazines—and, though last not least, the high reputation which Antwerp has long enjoyed from its encou-

ragement of the fine arts, and the eminent artists it has produced, such as Rubens, Vandyke, Teniers, Jordaens, Quentin Matsys, and others. These recollections and impressions all rushed on our mind like a torrent, and floated it along as if on a spring-tide of triumphant joy.

The day was bright and burning. The pedestrian had, when coming up the river, stored his pockets with Belgian coins, and accurately learned their value from the captain and steward. The carpet bag had in one minute passed the custom-house officers without any cruel or searching civility on their part. The passport had been taken away politely enough at the end of the plank on board the steamer. The quay was crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen of beauty and fashion, and there was a prodigious bustle in shaking of hands, and lifting of hats, and elbowing of porters, and whole flocks of clamorous agents from the different hotels, roaring out the names and properties of their own establishments, laying hold of your luggage, and nearly scratching your face with their cards; but all this, excepting the language, is common in England. We were in the leading-string of one who imagined he knew every thing, and every practice, and place. He led us past all the genteel and convenient hotels, with a dozen of hotel commissaries still around us, till after a long journey a second-rate sort of a place received us, where we were uncomfortable, and of course over-charged. But after all, whatever may be the first impressions made by a distant view of the mere exter-

nals of the place, on a nearer inspection it appears to be dirty, inasmuch as the magnificence of its palaces, the grandeur of its churches, and the spaciousness of its streets and places, are strangely intermixed with the dwellings of the lowest classes of society. If it be the result of the levelling system of revolutionary times, that nobility and mobility are to occupy not only the same street, but even the adjoining houses,—why not? but it is offensive to the eye of a foreigner. Neither is it good taste to have their noblest edifices encased in the lower story with a covering of mud, instead of a sunken area. Far less agreeable is it to stalk along a rough dirty causeway without one square inch of pavement, and to find that while the eye has been rivetted by the sumptuousness of a building 460 feet in height, the ankles have been immersed in a mass of clay mortar, which has been left to accumulate, since the last flood helped to wash it down the gutter. But Antwerp is not only dirty in this way, when compared with other German towns,—its inhabitants seem to be, in many cases, somewhat deceitful. At any rate, there is little care or kindly feeling on the part of the inhabitants towards foreigners. Their only consideration seems to be how they can manage to make the most of a stranger, whether it be by over-charge, imposition, or downright fraud. It is not meant that this is a city of sharpers, but many of the well-dressed are uncivil, and some of the shop-keepers are not more upright in their dealings than honest Jago was: For instance, two re-

verend brothers from Britain bought a pair of shoes in a shop. They gave the merchant a gold piece. He retired with it to bring change, and he returned to say that it was a base coin, and when the Englishman looked at it, he found that the one brought back was not his own money at all, but a counterfeit gold coin of another country. But the scoundrel by this time held both the shoes and the good money, and he kept hold of them in spite of every effort of the stranger, who was not very well assisted by third parties to whom he applied for redress. More trifling indications of this sort were noticed by the pedestrian in Antwerp, than in all the cities he visited in Germany. Let the traveller, then, be on his guard here, and let him be thankful if he notice no facts in corroboration of this somewhat harsh verdict.

An active man may, under good guidance, see enough of Antwerp in six hours. On landing, let him take any one of the hotels on the quay, and there deposit his luggage. Let him then turn round to what remains of Napoleon's dockyards, which when entire cost him two millions sterling, but which were demolished after the peace in 1814. Two basins still remain for commercial purposes only, but they are capable of containing about fifty ships of the line. Having seen this, let him call as he returns at the bureau de passport, when three minutes will suffice to get the document countersigned, if it has not been already done to his hand. Let him find his way to the cathedral. If he finds Rubens' pictures shut up, let him as-

cend the steeple, and if alone, let him pay two francs, and if there be a party, let him pay his proportion only: let the bargain be struck beforehand in case of imposition. Let him remain on high longer or shorter, not only as he feels inclined, but according to the inquiries he has made as to the period of seeing the pictures.\* Let him next go to the museum, or the academy of paintings, in the Rue des Fagots, to see the chair of Rubens, and many other paintings of Rubens and Vandyke, Quentin Matsys, Francis Floris, Titian, and others of the older masters. Dine when and where the proper time comes:—if in the Place de Meir, at H. du Grand Laboureur; if near the cathedral, at H. St Antoine; if in the Place Verte, at H. du Parc. Pay  $2\frac{1}{2}$  fr., and 1 fr. 50 c. if you take half a bottle of wine. Up and off to the church at St Jacques, more splendid within than the cathedral—see the altar piece by Rubens, and also his tomb—see also the whole marble statue of the Virgin, executed by Du Quesnoy, and brought from Italy by Rubens. If there be time, go to the Dominican church, the representation of Calvary, and Teniers' Seven Acts of Mercy, and notice the wood-work of the church. But remember that plenty of all this awaits you afterwards: there-

\* One of the best methods of acquiring a quick and accurate notion of a city and the surrounding country, is to ascend any one of the eminences or steeples, with somebody to point out the most interesting objects. In this way a comprehensive view of the whole gives impressions more accurate, and also more enduring.

fore reserve time for visiting the citadel. Get a boy to carry your carpet bag, for the distance is rather too much, and having ascertained the hour that the railway train starts for Brussels, cross over from the citadel to the station. Be sure not to be too late, that you may have to wait two hours and to go down in the dark; and also not to pay your ticket for the second class of waggons and take in the hurry your seat in the first, that you may nearly double the outlay and obtain the respectability only.

In crossing the Channel from England, the pedestrian fell in with a member of the Scottish bar, who had been often on the continent, and who in an hour's conversation gave a more practical, and plain, and judicious instruction, than all the books he had read. In everything he said there was a mixture of the clever, the kind, and the sarcastic, with a thorough knowledge of every conceivable blunder likely to be committed by an inexperienced traveller. He kindly offered his services to guide me to the citadel. Arrived at the main entrance, there was already a fearful combination displayed of the terrific instruments of self-defence and of destruction. In fact, there is nothing to equal it in Germany, unless it be at Magdeburg. The narrow level and naked approach—the deep broad ditch filled with water—the solid perpendicular mound of stone wall and earth—the many batteries all pointing to the same place—the draw-bridge constructed so as to be lifted up in one minute, converted into a portcullis, of



adequate strength fitted into the main door-way, so as to close it up like a part of the rock,—afford a good enough impression of a first rate continental fortress. There had not been time to provide a ticket of admission, and it was resolved that an entrance should be made *à coup de main*. But in due time a challenge from a sentinel made us stand, and it was in vain to remonstrate with gun-ball and bayonet. Not a word would the soldier on duty deign to utter either in French, English, or German, but the position of his musket told us plainly enough what we were to do. A superior functionary appeared, and some sort of momentary free masonry was struck up between him and my friend, which seemed to terminate unsuccessfully. We accordingly retired to the bank of the river, which is here about five hundred yards broad, and deep enough to float a whole fleet, as if to enjoy the novelty of the scene for about ten minutes, when to my surprise it was proposed to make another attack on the citadel, which was carried in a free, easy, and independent sort of a way. A regular permit was now presented to the guard on duty, who passed us at once and paid us military honours to the boot; a proper guide or perhaps guard, took us in charge, and in one moment, by policy and politeness, my experienced friend placed me quite unexpectedly in a position which a hundred thousand men could not have reached in a month by mere force.

Dinner over, and the bill paid, all started in a carriage, *via* the citadel, for the railway station for

Brussels. Time was up, and there was another hard canter, with heavy weights on board, to be forward at the start. But here again the time was too short, and the distance too long. The train had gone eight minutes at least, and besides, it was now found out that the six o'clock train did not go to Brussels, so that if we had known what we were after, we would have been on the spot two hours and a few minutes at least before the time we reached it, and we might have been, had it not been the dinner. As it turned out, there was nothing for it but to dottle about till eight o'clock, when the last train started for the celebrated metropolis. The night was splendid, and coffee, and lemonade, and music, and mirth, and dancing, and fine friends, and hundreds of fair faces soon killed the hours. To make sure work of it, our places were taken very deliberately, in the second class train, and paid accordingly. But in these cases the gate is kept shut till the alarm bell be rung, when it is unfolded, and a rush of hundreds is made for a seat. Fairly seated, and in motion, with the falling embers appearing redder and redder, as the dusk of darkness increased, the conducteur creeps along the side of the train, and enters the door, to take and test the tickets. Ours was presented and found to be for the second class, while, in the hurry to reach a seat of some sort, we had generously entered one of the first class carriages, and thus a third more behoved to be advanced on our part. Thus, as if having been *detected* in a wrong position—having taken a

French leave of our landlord at the inn—having been first mistaken, and then too late at the railway station—and with the satisfaction that the road from Antwerp to Brussels was to be traversed in the dark, there was some occasion for being on all hands somewhat surly. Add to the calamity, that Murray's Hand-Book had been left by mistake at the inn, and the reader may have a fair enough specimen of the comedy of errors which befel us on this the first of our days on the continent. But there was sun-light enough to enable us to swear that we had seen the city of Mechlin, most picturesquely situated, *we were told*, on the Dyle.

Brussels is a splendid town, and must not be hurried through in six or eight hours. It is quite continental, full of levity and life, crowds and crushings, with its opera, its cafés, palace-gardens, its fountains and boulevards, all in the miniature style of Paris; while the salubrity of its atmosphere, the beauty of its situation, its spacious parks and airy streets, and its agreeable variety of pleasing yet uniform architecture make it still more similar to the French metropolis. And besides, the tourist in Germany must here embrace the opportunity of adjusting his passport in every particular. The English language is very generally spoken here, not only by landlords, but by every third man to be met with on the streets. A traveller may, therefore, make his own way to the principal places, which are, after all, neither very numerous nor of very great interest. The town-hall, situated in the principal square, may be

noticed in passing, as one of the most beautiful Gothic edifices in the Low Countries. The palace of the fine arts, near the Place Royal, the museum, public library, cabinet of natural history, the botanical garden, the imperial court, the park, the Rue Royal, the king's palace, St Michael's Square, and the great market place, as one of the most remarkable in Europe, will naturally be looked after by the tourist; and of course, wherever a splendid church is to be met with, every stranger will enter its open door, and enquire, and see, and hear, as may be.

Without attempting description in detail which every body has read twenty times, and which most people may have seen oftener than once, let a few plain hints be offered, as they were found by the pedestrian to be a great desideratum. For an economist the hotels at the higher or court regions of the city are not to be sought after. At the railway terminus, wood and walls are painted with intimations as to hotels and lodgings, of all varieties, for Englishmen, and if there be any hesitation, a step into a shop, or up to a passing stranger, will resolve the doubt. We found splendid, comfortable accommodation, and moderate charges—that is for Brussels—at the Hôtel Imperial, near the theatre and square. Take a seat in an omnibus, more especially if you be fool enough to reach the city in the dark. Brussels is a costly resting place, and at this period of the trip there is an intense anxiety to move onward. On the first morning after the arrival, having

breakfasted early, sally forth up one of the steep streets, and inquire for the park. Having come to the corner of it, there is a street, forming one noble façade, stretching up to the left hand, and with houses only on the left, looking over to the main entrance into the park. Nearly half-way up there is an entrance with the words Bureau de Passport painted at the far end of it. Take the first door to the right, and in giving in the document say the single words, "Aix-la-Chapelle," or whatever next principal town may be your destination. Retire for an hour to the park and palaces, and by the time you return, the Belgian stamp and signatures will have been adhibited. Next, ascend this street to the upper side of the square, and cross over to the corner house, taking the entrance still from the street, and not from the square, and then you are once more in England:—porters, servants, clerks, and attachées, and the ambassador himself, all from Britain. Take the first door, after entering the gate, to the right, and ring the bell, if nobody appears. Produce the passport, and in three minutes all is right again. Having thus obtained the Belgian and English signatures, get, before you stir one foot, the address of the Prussian embassy written on a piece of paper; then cross the street, with your back to the square and the park, and then be sure to inquire often, and to lose no time in making your way to it before the place shuts at twelve o'clock. The pedestrian had great difficulty in finding the place, and when he at last reached it, after all,

the officials were gone; here, too, he was not aware of the necessity of keeping to an hour, and he thereby subjected himself to much additional trouble and anxiety. Should the traveller need the Austrian signature before leaving Brussels, he must *on no account* omit to procure it. And he need not leave Brussels, unless he means to be sent back again, without having his passport regularly viséd by the Belgian, the English, and the Prussian authorities, and these must be obtained in the order here pointed out.

This adjusted, the traveller is a free agent: he may go to see or hear, or eat or drink as he lists, and he may make his arrangements for remaining or departing as he feels inclined. Suppose something like enough of Brussels has been seen by night and by day, and that the next grand object of attraction is to be arranged, viz., the visit to Waterloo. Now is it to be best accomplished on foot? No; the distance is only nine or ten miles, but strength must be here kept in reserve for traversing the field itself. Should the tourist intend to leave Brussels by the railroad to Liege, there is nothing for it but to hire a carriage to make the run out and to return. To lessen this expense (about a sovereign) he should join with other three individuals, and procure a conveyance with two good horses. Let the bargain be made to set you down at the farm of La Belle Alliance. Fair promises will be made on this point in Brussels, but by the time the conveyance reaches Waterloo, which is more than

a mile short of the edge even of the battle-field, an effort will be made to set you down, and facts and arguments will be adduced in great plenty. These are simply to be resisted in firm composure. The attempt will be renewed at Mont St Jean, and here it may be so far complied with, that the party may leave the conveyance opposite that cleanly little inn, and order it to go forward to La Belle Alliance. But if the traveller be alone, or even whether or no, the better way is for him to take his place in the Namur diligence, which starts in the afternoon, and to set himself down at Mont St Jean for the night. In this way three or four hours at night and two or three next morning may be devoted to the field, and then breakfast may be had all in time to catch the morning diligence, which runs from Brussels to Namur, a seat in which should be engaged before leaving town. In this way not only Waterloo, but Quatre Bras, Fleurus, Wavre, Ligny, Genappe, and the little village of Ramillies, where Marlborough gained one of his most famous victories over the French, may also be seen at leisure, with Namur at the junction of the Sambre and Meuse. From Namur there is a pretty little trip on the Meuse to Huy, a small fortified town in a bold and picturesque situation, having not only its citadel crowning the rock, but no less than sixteen churches and monasteries, for the accommodation of only five thousand inhabitants. The main road from Brussels to Aix-la-Chapelle is joined in this way at Liege.

In our utter ignorance of the right course, we hired a carriage for the far-famed field of Waterloo. Out by the Namur gate, at a rattling pace of six miles an hour, and a few steep ascents and descents, brought us to the skirts of the forest of Soignies, a deep tangled impervious wood of tall raw-boned trees left standing so thick that a man may scarcely work his way among them. For eight miles the road has a dark sulky-like appearance, being freshened neither by the sun nor the wind. The monotony is occasionally relieved with a few scattered hamlets, and some immense stores of wood, cut and piled up for the stoves at Brussels. Emerging from the forest, the village of Waterloo, containing nothing at all remarkable of itself to attract attention, is passed through. Like the village itself, houses and hamlets are straggled on both sides of the road for a mile. Here the heart of a Briton begins to swell, and silent and somewhat intense anxiety appears in every face. The road here divides, the left branch conducting to Genappe, and the right to Neville, but still the field of Waterloo is totally concealed. The carriage takes the road to Genappe, and in half a mile reaches the farm house of Mont St Jean, in the immediate rear of the British position. The road rises somewhat suddenly, and by an easy ascent leads to a kind of ridge; and in one moment the whole scene of the murderous conflict comes into view. The traveller stands as if rivetted to the spot, and his eye picks up one position of the armies after an-



other. There, about half way down in the hollow which separated the two armies, is the farm of La Haye Sainte. Close to the roadside on the right, again, the German legion was cut to pieces; and there too Shaw of the Life Guards, who killed nine men with his own hands, now sleeps in his still and peaceful grave. Near by, on the opposite side of the road, the crop on one fatal spot waves greener and ranker far than the rest of it. Here was it that the Highlanders withstood the tide of hostile power, received its weight with resolute strength, and stemmed and turned the flood. There is the spot where Ney led on the attack in person, and Picton was killed, and Ponsonby wounded. Across the valley, and up the opposite slope yonder, stands a solitary white house on the left of the road. Yes, that must be the farm of La Belle Alliance. There Napoleon stood during the latter part of the battle, and there in person he marshalled his imperial guard for the last charge of hundreds he had made; and there, too, is the very descent from which he led them when he spoke his last speech on the battlefield, and when his troops for the last time cried, "Vive l'Empereur." And by the by, where we now stand must have been the very centre of the British position, and the spot where the Duke was posted during the greater part of the day, when his genius directed the decisive movements which defeated Bonaparte. But where is the Wellington tree? "It has been cut down and sold to the English," said the guide, who had now come

up. "But let us go to the mound of the Belgic Lion: that is by far the best station for viewing the field." A run up the steep first on the one side of the road and then on the other, brought us to the monuments raised to the memory of the Hanoverians who fell, and also to that of Sir Alexander Gordon. Then off we marched to the stupendous mound piled by the king of Holland over the spot where his son the Prince of Orange was wounded.

In passing along, as we thought of the thousands and tens of thousands who breathed out their souls on this battle ground, our feelings gradually subsided into a heavy and somewhat melancholy sort of temperament.

"For never braver blood was spent in fight  
Than Britain here hath mingled with the clay;  
Set where thou wilt thy foot, thou scarce can tread  
Here on a spot unhallowed by the dead."

But see how proudly that magnificent monster, cast from cannon taken in the battle-field, looks towards France. A cold, comfortless cottage, with a half formed garden, from which I bought the root of a rose, being passed, brought us to the foot of the pyramid, which is 250 feet high, and employed 200 men for three years. Here our names were entered in a book, and all mounted by steps rudely cut to the top of the mound. On turning round to overlook the whole field, I felt startled that the corn was again waving over the plain, which was then died with blood, and I was surprised that almost all the dreadful traces of

slaughter had ceased to appear. The scene seemed now, not tame, certainly, but I felt as if I had seen it all long ago. Behind and below us, the whole British forces, drawn up in two lines, extended along the ridge, about a mile and a half from the ravine of Mirbie Braine on the right, reaching to the farm-house called Ter la Haye on the left. The foremost line occupied the brow of the eminence, and was partly protected by the hedge still existing; the second stood a little way behind on the reverse of the slope. On the opposite ridge, separated by a shallow valley, 600 or 800 yards in breadth, the French were posted. On looking at the two positions, and remembering that nearly 200,000 men were there exposed, each man to the point blank range of his opponent's cannon, the wonder rose in my mind how a single man could have escaped. And again, in looking over the long, level, leafless tract, across which the routed armies of Napoleon had to fly, the idea started what would their general have given for the forest of Soignies, or of Friechemont in his rear, to shelter his army. But the Prussians were in front of the one, and the British in that of the other, and both were advancing to slaughter his hopeless and helpless troops. In front of the right flank of the British centre, about four hundred yards, stood the house of Hugoumont, which, from the top of the mound, looked like a village. This we had not seen before: first it was surrounded by a wood; then there are strong thick hedges about it. Within

these, at the distance of two or three yards, there is a garden wall and orchard trees, and without these there is an old-fashioned Flemish chateau as strong as a citadel, with a large wooden gate. As this was the most interesting point of any, we resolved to visit it. It was the key of the British position, the possession of which would have enabled Napoleon to turn the English flank. Here Jerome, with 12,000 men, made attack upon attack, which, through the whole day, were still renewed and still resisted, and in front of this, for several hours, stood Napoleon. When his attacks were transferred to the centre, he rode up to near La Belle Alliance, and from this point he took his flight. From the top of the mound, far to the left, were seen the heights of Wavre, and the roads by which the Prussians advanced. In the same quarter, and somewhat in the rear of the French, is the village of Planchenoit, which the Prussians took from the enemy. Having gazed at every point and position, and looked towards Quatre Bras, and Ligny, and Fleurus, in the distance, and amused ourselves by trying to ascend the old rotten broken ladder, which reached up to the lion, all descended again, and two of us repaired with the guide to Hugoumont to see the battered wall, with the loop-holes still standing, and which, on the outside, presents a broken surface, crumbling to the touch from the effect of shot; the dismantled chapel; and the crucifix which remained unscathed in the midst of fire and flame. The walls of this chapel are

scrawled over with a thousand names, among which the autographs of Byron and Southey were once conspicuous, but these have since been carried off to London. Here we had bread, and butter, and milk, set down to us in abundance by a woman, who, in the native simplicity of her heart, seemed to wonder what it was that strangers could see at these habitations; and again, the farmers, working in the field, seemed actually to laugh in their sleeve at our anxiety to ask questions about a matter which had long ago ceased to be interesting to them. Having pulled up a few roots of creeping ivy from the old walls to bring home, we started along the French position to La Belle Alliance. Here I got a dirty piece of paper, and, sitting in the white-washed parlour where Wellington and Blucher met, wrote a few lines to my son, and dropped it into the post-office at Waterloo. We walked back to Mont St Jean, and took the carriage as far as the church, where we spent half an hour. Then we saw the foolish affair of the buried leg, and returned in the dark to Brussels excessively tired, but highly gratified.

Having spent a portion of three days, enjoying all the agreeable varieties of what Mrs Trollope truly calls one of the prettiest little capitals in Europe, we mounted a fiacre, at the door of the imperial hotel, where we had as fine a bed as ever man lay in for twenty pence a-night, and every thing else in the same style of comfort and economy, and drove up to the Prussian embassy, where we for-

tunately at last obtained our passports, and then to the railway station, where we arrived in good time. But by way of being consistent, a quantity of cigars, which had been bought to enable some of our friends to look somewhat German on crossing the Prussian frontier, were left by mistake in the corner of the coach, and carried back to the heart of the city as a prize to some other person. Here we managed to get on the right train, and into the proper waggon, otherwise we might have found ourselves at Ostend, instead of reaching Liege in four hours and a half.

Liege is the Birmingham of the Low Countries, and it is like Birmingham, in as much as the murky atmosphere, the clouds of dense black smoke, the dirty houses, the earth, the air, and all that is connected with either is coal and iron, hot and cold; black smoke and ashes everywhere in every variety; roads, walks, and streets, are all crunching with coal; the atmosphere is filled with it; and the face and linens of not only the unwashed artificers, but of the upper classes, are stained with it. "And, in short, not all my anticipations of pleasure from becoming acquainted with a place so famed in story, could prevent me as I drove into the town, from earnestly longing to drive out of it again."

The mines are worked on the most scientific principles. Below the earth miners are working their galleries under the streets and beds of the rivers Meuse and Ourthe. And above there are the manufactories of spinning machinery, and steam-

engines, and fire-arms, and cannon founderies, all producing better articles, and at lower prices, than those of England.

But Liege has its bishops, who were once raised to the ranks of sovereigns, and one of whom even declared war against France; and its university, and its celebrated caverns, and above all some of the richest prospects in Flanders. The junction of the three valleys of the Meuse, Ourthe, and Vesdre, here form a landscape of extraordinary beauty. This scenery is as beautiful as the most devoted lover of landscape can desire. "There are points near Liege that may challenge comparison with any scenery of the same class in the world; and I think that I have not yet seen the valley which could be preferred to that of Chaud Fontaine. In addition to all this, the glorious fertility of the agricultural districts well deserves to be mentioned. Were there nothing else to reward a traveller for going thither, I think the sight of the rich fields of Flanders would be enough to do it. It is surely a fair subject of curiosity, to see what may be the largest quantity of grain that can stand in any given space, and this I think may be satisfactorily decided in Belgium. England has noble fields of grain, and her herbage is rich and abundant; but in Flanders the soil is crammed with produce, and the corn stands on the ground like a solid mass. In short, Belgium is a beautiful little kingdom:" So says Mrs Trollope very justly. I would only remark in addition, that nothing is more absolutely astonishing to a Briton, who

knows something of these matters, than to see the quantity of cattle feeding for the knife in a very small grass park. Their number, condition, and the bulk of herbage wasting among their feet, are not to be told, because not to be believed.

The journey from Liege to Aix-la-Chapelle by Battice, occupied about six hours. On quitting Liege we ascended the steep heights of the Char-treuse, surmounted by fortifications and commanding a fine view. We passed over an elevated ridge through Argenteau and Herve, overlooking all the sloping, down on the one side to the vale of the Vesdre, and northward to the valley of the Meuse, and commanding a distinct but distant view of Maestricht. At Henri Chapelle we had our first specimen of crossing a frontier. The one headed black eagle, and the alternate black and white stripe on the toll bar, the door, and the sentry box—the douanier, an old soldier invalided, his weather-beaten countenance full of health and contentment; his stiff and starched neck, his military step, his strict but honest and polite discharge of duty, all personified in this Prussian official, inspired in our informant a respect for and confidence in the government of the country we were entering. Of course everything comes to a stand, and passports and baggage are all examined, and when these are found right, the authorities return to their bench, their beer, and their pipe, evidently thankful that there is nothing unpleasant or suspicious, and thus they dose away the time till another cargo sets them up again.



The railroad is now completed from Ostend to Cologne, and although the traveller may pass Liege by way of saving a change of linen, he must not pass the celebrated city of Aix-la-Chapelle, were it only from respect to the memory of Charlemagne and the years that are so long gone. Here it is said that great man was born, and here without doubt he died, more than a thousand years ago. We reached the Rheinischer Hof in the dusk of the evening, and instantly forwarded our passports, as in duty bound. Next morning, with an early and substantial breakfast on board, we sallied along the main street to the great market place, where the crowd and variety of persons, and parcels of everything of different bulks, with the well-known founts of gurgling water, surmounted by a bronze statue of the great emperor, rivetted attention for a while. Then the vast and old imposing Rathhaus caught our eye. Here the Roman tower of Granus was first erected; then it became the site of the palace where Charlemagne was born, and in the history of modern Europe, it is mentioned as the place where kings and their ministers have held some important congresses. But here let the traveller not forget the present when dreaming over the past. Enter the door on the right wing, up the stair, and forward and settle the affair of the passport. Then out to the street again, and ask, "Vo ist Dom Kirche?" Then off round the right-hand corner, and up a narrow dirty street, in at the open door, and there you are within decidedly

one of the oldest buildings of Germany. The chapel which gives name to the city, was first erected in 796, in imitation of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. It was consecrated by Pope Leo III., assisted by 365 archbishops and bishops, two of whom, it is alleged, had risen from their graves at Naestricht to make up the number! Forward now under the dome of the cathedral, and see what a building! Look not to the massive silver gilt chandelier that hangs above, gift though it be of an emperor, and curious as it is as a specimen of art in the twelfth century, but look to your feet: they are standing over a tomb covered by a large slab of marble, with the inscription "CAROLO MAGNO." "The sacristan," says Mrs T., "who went over the church with us, told me he had accompanied Napoleon and Josephine into every part of the building. They were followed by a numerous cortège of the staff. When Napoleon read these words, he retreated from the verge of the stone rendered sacred by such an inscription, and having remained for a moment to gaze upon it, walked slowly round its limits, but with his eye fixed on the venerated name."

Such were not the feelings of awe which inspired the emperor who was well called Barbarossa. After Charlemagne had rested for three hundred years in his grave, this barbarian opened the vault to take the body from the tomb. He found the embalmed hero still seated on his throne as one alive, clothed in the imperial robes, bearing the sceptre in his hand, and on his knees a copy of

the gospel. The glittering crown was over his fleshless skull. The imperial mantle covered the skeleton from the shoulders down. His sword was by his side—the pilgrim's pouch which he had always borne while living, was still fastened to his girdle—and there was at his feet a small casket containing a portion of the earth which received the blood of the martyr St Stephen. These remarkable relics have now been taken to Vienna, and have been used at the coronation ceremonies of eleven emperors. The throne and an elegant antique sarcophagus of alabaster, in which the body is said to have been deposited for a time, are all that now remain to testify the truth of these legends. In the gallery running round the octagon and facing the choir, this sepulchral chair still stands, and on it the emperors of Germany have been seated.

This church is very rich in relics of first rate sanctity; such as a locket of the Virgin's hair, a piece and a nail of the cross, the leathern girdle of Christ, and the sponge which was filled with vinegar. The arm too of Simeon, the bones of St Stephen, and bits of Aaron's rod. The emperors of Germany swore upon these relics at their coronation. But they are only shown once in the seven years, for about twelve days, and so much importance is in these catholic countries attached to the sight, that one hundred and fifty thousand pious visitors have been attracted to Aix in one day on this occasion. Among the rest of the wonders is the skull and arm bone of Charlemagne,

but unluckily anatomists affirm that the bone shown is no arm at all, but a leg bone. The chief mineral spring rises in the centre of the town. It contains large quantities of sulphur, and has a temperature of 143° Fahrenheit. This is the only town in Prussia where public gaming tables are tolerated. Independent of relics, and romance of history, and of all the minerals, Aix is a beautiful and interesting town. The environs abound in beautiful walks. The view from the bold and sandy hill of the Louisberg, which rises abruptly above the ramparts, overlooks the whole city and the rich valley beneath, and stretches over the neighbouring hills and fertile pastures, to a range of mountains which bound part of the horizon towards Germany. The forest of Ardennes makes an interesting feature in this fine landscape, while there are scattered at your feet various memorials of Napoleon and his family. The beautiful walks were the joint work first of Bonaparte, and finally of the king of Prussia.

There is nothing to be seen between Aix and Cologne, but the dull and damp-like fortress of Juliers, with immense forests in the dark distance, in which the wolf and the bear are still said to roam. A few miles from Cologne, on the right hand, far in the distance, there is seen in mist the grand and wild outline of the Siebengebirge, which form a magnificent portal to the scenery of the Rhine.

Cologne is full of the highest historical remains. It is the *civitas ubiorum* of the Romans—the larg-

est city of the Rhine—the Rome of the north. It abounds in interesting associations. Its pictures are monuments of a distinct class, similar to the paintings of the early Italians. The architecture of many of the oldest of its thirty-five churches is the same as that of Italy. Its carnivals are celebrated with the same pomp and spirit as those of Rome or Venice. Wherever the ground is turned up, Roman coins and vases are found. The very blood of the inhabitants is said to be hereditary, and certainly their complexion is altogether different from that of the Germans. So proud were they of their origin, that till the levelling system of France destroyed all such distinctions, the higher classes were styled patricians. The two burgomasters were attended by lictors, and wore the consular toga, and the town banners bore the ancient inscription S. P. Q. C., and well they might, for Roman personages of distinction and several of their emperors were born here, others were proclaimed emperors, and others died or were murdered. In the dark ages it was one of the most flourishing cities of Europe, concentrating the whole trade of the east. It had 30,000 fighting men, 2500 ecclesiastics, and 365 steeples. But nowhere did the French revolution produce such havoc as in Cologne; its foundations were plundered, its convents secularised, and its churches turned into barracks and stables. It is full of narrow streets, sinks, and sewers, and looks altogether gloomy.

Here, as everywhere else, the Dom Kirche, the

St Peters of Gothic architecture, first claims the attention of the traveller, on the top of which the crane employed by the masons to raise the stones for the building still remains. It is well worth while to ascend the scaffolding raised for the purpose of repairing and advancing the edifice, for the sake of the view. See also the celebrated church of the three Magi, who came from the east with presents for the infant Jesus, should you be willing to pay one thaler and sixteen silver groschens, which admits a party. See also in the church of St Peter the altar-piece, which Rubens says was the best picture he ever painted. See also the very perfect Roman tower, which was originally part of the outer defences, and the numerous specimens of early Gothic, in more purity and elegance of proportion and decoration, than those of even England or Normandy. Here we were nearly torn to pieces by porters and commissioners for the several hotels, but we selected the Cour de Cologne as good and moderate, and near the Rhine; but the porter, in spite of our teeth, took our luggage to a place of his own choice, but to no purpose.

Off the rail on to the river road, and in both to be moved by vapour, is an easy mode of travelling. From home now to Frankfort on the Maine, or to Berlin, Leipsic, and Dresden, there is no other choice. Having been roused by three o'clock in the morning, and having had coffee and dry bread, and having also paid a most exorbitant bill, including a franc and a-half for not more than an inch or two of wax candles, we sallied forth to

the main court. Here passengers and porters were busy packing and roping their *impedimenta*, all in the highest spirits. A fair start, and in plenty of time, and half a score of barrows all tumbled along towards the Rhine. Having left my former friends sound asleep, and to come up by the next steamer, I kept by a London friend with whom I had spent the greater part of the former day. He was a fine specimen of the English gentleman, of a polite mould, and full of fun and frolic; and he had with him as a sort of toy, a little smart carcase, most prim and erect, yet very shrewd and kindly-hearted. From the capital of England they were bound for Hungary, partly to see the country, and also to look after some suspension bridge proposed to be cast over the Danube. Five minutes' walk brought us to the banks of the Rhine, and never shall I forget my own impressions, on seeing in the grey dawn of the morning, the broad, steady, and downward flow of the clay-coloured Rhine,—the exulting and abounding river. But there was no time for philosophising, because everything was full awake on board, and I had not learnt the lesson on the Thames in vain. But Cæsar and his commentaries, Marcus Agrippa, and Tiberius as spoken of by Tacitus—the mother of Nero, and the wife of Claudius, and Trajan's summons to assume the imperial purple—the proclamation of the emperor Vitellius, and the murder of the emperor Sylvanus, events which happened all on this very bank of the Rhine, passed over “the blackened memory's blighting dream,” and

flitted before my mind like so many ghosts of the morn. But some scientific remarks about the fortress of Deutz, on the right bank of the river, and a look at the bridge of boats, which crossed the stream, with an inquiry from a fellow passenger, whether that was like Cæsar's bridge he had been told about, with a prodigious rushing and running, at last set us fairly afloat. Scarcely past the bend of the river, which shut out Cologne from our view, when every eye on deck was turned to behold the extraordinary splendour of the eastern drapery. The very edge of the grand luminary shone over the rim of the horizon for a minute, like a star of the first magnitude. In a little it rose brighter far than the fine brass burning in the furnace. And just as on all other occasions, it brought for a time with it a chilly sort of shivering; for every traveller must often have felt, that by far the coldest ten minutes in the whole twenty-four hours, is exactly after the sun has risen. There was nothing peculiarly interesting on the flat banks of this part of the Rhine, but the broad and beautiful stream itself, which in the copious volume and immense rapidity of its waters, yields to so few rivers in Europe, afforded plenty of scope for enthusiastic admiration. To the Germans of every age this great river has been the object of an affection and reverence scarcely inferior to that with which an Egyptian contemplates the Nile, or the Indian the Ganges. It is the burden of a hundred songs. In the street, at the convivial board, their father



river is their boast; and even on their snuff-boxes, views and verses point out the estimation in which it is held. On New Year's Day 1814, Blucher and his brave band of Prussians reached the heights above Caub. There the view of the Rhine, their ancient landmark, first burst upon their eye. Feeling that they had thus achieved the rescue of their native soil, thousands and tens of thousands knelt down, and shouted in gratitude and gladness, "The Rhine, the Rhine," as with the heart and voice of one man. They that were behind, hearing the cry, rushed on in expectation of another battle. Of the Rhine they say, "there are rivers whose course is longer, and whose volume of water is greater, but none which unites almost everything that can render an earthly object magnificent and charming in the same degree. As it flows down from the distant ridges of the Alps through fertile regions into the open sea, so it comes down from remote antiquity associated in every age with momentous events in the history of the neighbouring nations." About twenty miles up from Cologne, the gorge of the seven mountains is entered, and from that point there is a continued succession of scenery so bold, and beautiful, and variegated, as to defy description. Every turn of the paddles presents the objects in a new and more interesting light.

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground;  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round.

A blending of all beauties, streams, and dells,  
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,  
 And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells,  
 From gray but leafy walls where ruin greenly dwells.

And there they stand as stands a lofty mind,  
 Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
 All tenantless save to the crannying wind,  
 Or holding dark communion with the cloud.  
 There was a day when they were young and proud,  
 Banners on high and battles passed below,  
 But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
 And those which waved are shroudless dust e'er now;  
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 But thou exulting and abounding river,  
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow,  
 Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever,  
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,  
 But these and half their fame have passed away,  
 And slaughter heaped on high his weltering ranks.  
 Their very graves are gone, and what are they?

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long delighted,  
 The stranger fain would linger on his way,  
 Thine is a scene alike where souls united,  
 Or lonely contemplation thus might stray.  
 And could the ceaseless vulture cease to prey  
 On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,  
 Where nature not too sombre nor too gay,  
 Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,  
 Is to the mellow earth, as Autumn to the year.

Adieu to thee again, a vain adieu !  
 There can be no farewell to scenes like thine;  
 The mind is coloured by thy every hue;  
 And if reluctantly the eyes resign

Their cherished gaze upon the lovely Rhine,  
 'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise.  
 More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,  
 But none unite in one attaching maze  
 The brilliant, fair, and soft, the glories of old days.

The day was burning and brilliant, the whole company had faces happy as the scene, the band of music was excellent, the viands and wines all first rate. Castles and villages, palaces and watch-towers, churches, convents, and vineyards beyond number, were passed on every hand. The deck was one continued babble of different nations and tongue, all alike determined to enjoy and admire on both sides of the water. Every village, hamlet, and hearth, seemed to participate in our joys as we passed them. Even far up among the vine-clad rocks, labour ceased and laughter awakened the surrounding echoes. Often bells were rung, and guns were fired, as if life on the Rhine was meant to be only a jubilee of mirth. Bonn, the mouth of the river Seig, on whose banks the Sicambri lived in the days of old, Weissen-thurm as the spot where Julius Cæsar led his army across the Rhine against the Sicambri, and where he constructed his bridge for the passage and for the *pons asinorum* of Latin scholars, the junction of the Moselle and the Rhine where the monument of General Marceau stands,\* are to be noticed, before reaching Coblenz, which stands

\* He was killed at the battle of Alten Kerchen in attempting to check the retreat of Jourdan, 1796.

Brief, braye, and curious, was his young career,  
 His mourners were his hosts, his friends and foes;  
 And fitly may the stranger linger here.

on the left bank of the Rhine, and right of the Moselle. Coblenz is the capital of Rhenish Prussia, the Gibraltar of the Rhine, and the bulwark of Germany on the side of France. A day should be spent in this city, were it only to survey some of the scenery on the Moselle, and Ehrenbreitstein and its vast defences, which form a fortified camp capable of containing an army of 100,000 men. Altogether this is one of the most important military stations on the continent, from its being the centre of the great highway up and down the Rhine, and the point where the roads to Frankfort, and by Treves to Paris meet, and the confluence of the two rivers. Here it was, in the church of St Castor, that the grandsons of Charlemagne met to divide his vast empire into Germany, France, and Italy. Here it was that our Edward III. met the emperor of Bavaria, who installed him vicar of the empire. Here it was that Napoleon erected a pillar in 1812, bearing an inscription to commemorate his invasion of Russia. It was here also that the Russians, instead of demolishing the proud monument, humbled it to the dust, when, on their road to Paris, they made their biting addition to the inscription: "Vu et approuvé par nous, commandant Russe de la Ville de Coblenz, Janvier 1er, 1814." By all means ascend one of the most elevated points on the banks of either the Moselle or the Rhine, all of which are literally bristling with cannon.

Pass over the bridge of boats, with a commis-

sion from the military commandant, to the majestic fortress of Ehrenbreitstein,

“ A tower of victory from whence the flight  
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain.”

The scenery between Coblenz and Mayence is by far the best. The gorge closes in upon the river—the mountains cast a deeper and darker shadow—the feudal castles frown from higher pinnacles over the turreted towers, which seem to cluster on the margin of the Rhine, sheltering themselves at the foot of the precipices like shells on the face of a rock. The historical recollections and the charms of romance are said to be brighter too, while the number of dismantled towers and dilapidated fortresses, perched on every pinnacle, increase so much that they are not to be numbered, far less named. But there is an appetite in the mind as well as in the body. And as with the stomach, too many substantial dishes, finely flavoured and cooked, if all indulged in, produce surfeit, so there seems to be only a certain portion of the sublime and beautiful, which the mind delights to relish. Besides, to a traveller who has seen most of the Scottish highlands, there is a tameness and a sameness in the scenery of the Rhine, which soon palls the taste. With all its beauty, its pastoral, and even its biblical associations, a vineyard, when once become familiarized to the eye, is but a naked and lifeless prospect compared with any of the extensive forests on the banks of the Tay, the Tummel, or

the Spey. On the Rhine, there is nothing hid or even half concealed, so as to be left to the imagination. Nay, if we durst, we would even venture to write it down, that there are to the full as much of the picturesque and native ornament as to woods and water, within a given distance about Dunkeld, as there is in the vicinity of Coblenz. Granted, nothing there can compete with the surrounding ramparts; but, after all, one glass of mountain dew, diluted with hot water and sugar, is no less palatable or wholesome either, than a pint of their Rhenish or Moselle wine. And as to beauty, there is not less of it in the full flower of the heather bell, or a steep bank of whins, with larks and linnets whistling, and hovering, and hopping around, than there is even in the clusters of grapes, and in the solitary and stately personages who are seen here and there moving among them, with a basketful of stuff perched on their head. Above all, every thing is too near. It wants distance to give enchantment to the view; and more than this, it is infinitely better to look down upon the Rhine from the heights above, than up to them from a passing steamer below; for this purpose, side excursions should be made on foot, and, at any rate, a walk should be taken to the Drachenfels, which affords a noble view of the lower portion of the Rhenish scenery, and also from Ehrenbreitstein, over the tops of the hills to Ems, and its vicinity.

The Rheingau is the district most famous for the

best wines. It is called the Bacchanalian Paradise. It is bounded by the Taunus hills on the one side, and the Rhine on the other, and extends along the right bank of the river from Lorch to near Biberich. It is so very steep in many places, that the vines are planted sometimes in baskets, and these are set in a succession of terraces, rising one above the other for a thousand feet from the side of the river to the tops of the hills. Nothing but extraordinary industry and perseverance in scaling the precipices, in hanging from the face of the rocks, and in carrying up every particle of manure, could make places of the sort productive. Like steps of a giant's stair, scores of vines may be counted, supported by walls of masonry in front, and surmounted by vineyard-grounds so very narrow as scarcely to be measured by feet. Against these the meridian sun shines in full power, and as they are protected from the cold north, and as the slaty soil of these precipices both reflects and retains the heat, the grapes are brought to great perfection. There are three slopes or lawns on which the vine is cultivated, and these produce a similar variety of wine. The higher produces a stronger body of wine, but the flavour is far inferior; the lower is said to taste of the soil; while that which grows between the two is the best. The wines produced from the vineyards on the banks of the Moselle are light, but neither so hard nor so acid as some of the superior Rhenish wines; their flavour is peculiarly delicate. The Johannisberg and Steinberg are the most

exquisite of all the Rhenish wines. These are sometimes miscalled Hock in our own country. Hockheim is not in the Rheingau, but extends for six or eight miles on the banks of the Maine, above Frankfort, and produces wine said to be the best of the second class. The Reisling is the wine generally cultivated on the Rhine, and it has a superior flavour. The best of this sort grows at the chateau of Metternich, called Johannisberg. The monks of the convent of St John have the merit of finding out and improving to the uttermost this celebrated vineyard. Napoleon laid his hands upon it, and gave it in charge to Marshal Kellerman. But he had to renounce his grasp of this as of all his German conquests, and it was finally presented by the emperor of Austria to his favourite minister, whose steady and acute policy had done so much to win it back. Great is the care with which the grapes are trained to grow, not only to ripeness, but even to rottenness, that they may obtain the fruity strength and body. There is about sixty acres altogether of the vineyard, and its value is about 80,000 florins. The Steinberg vineyard, which originally belonged to the convent of Eberbach, once the most considerable monastic establishment on the Rhine, lies on the slope of the hill near the convent. It is now the property of the Duke of Nassau. In 1836, a single cask of this wine, vintage 1822, was sold by public auction to Prince Emile of Hesse for five hundred pounds. It contained six hundred bottles, which brought the price to the enor-



mous sum of sixteen shillings and fourpence a bottle.

The setting sun brought us to Biberich, the palace of the Duke of Nassau, which is remarkable for the splendour of its interior, and of its prospects up and down the river. Omnibuses not a few waited our arrival to convey us to Wiesbaden. Mounted on the top of one of these, to enjoy a view of another portion of the Paradise of Bacchus, with my two London friends at my side, the driver was just in the act of sounding his magnificent crack of the whip, when they suddenly determined to start for Frankfort, in preference, by a railway train, which was also about to move. Sorry was I to part company with them, for never had I spent, while from home, more joyous hours than in their presence, sailing up the Rhine; but it was Saturday, and I had heard so much of the disgraceful manner in which the Sabbath was spent at a German watering-place, and I felt so very desirous once more to meet with as benevolent and virtuous a baronet as ever my own country produced, that I resolved at all hazards to go to Wiesbaden, which was distant about half a dozen of miles. The night was excessively hot and sultry, and as the twilight deepened towards darkness, large sheets of lightning gleamed around us in a variety, at first amazing, and latterly amusing. It was quite innocent, and so very playful that it seemed to dance about the horses' ears, and to give us no offence but by its sulphureous smell. Our pace

was slow in ascending the steeps, but these we at last surmounted; and the lights of Wiesbaden gleamed from a thousand points in the distant hollow. Then crack went the whip, and off went the caravan, with a rumbling noise, which served as a tolerable substitute for the thunder, of which there was none. I now felt as if all connexion had been cut in the mean time with my own country and my countrymen. I heard nothing but German, and saw nothing but Germany all around. I therefore resolved from sheer necessity to make a trial of what of their language I could muster. When the wheels of the omnibus were in the very act of moving, a smart gentleman-like personage mounted the box, and took his seat by my side. He seemed to be known to every body, and to be much respected by all who knew him. He laughed and talked German right and left with much spirit. To him I ventured to break silence, which I had maintained since I felt myself as if deserted, and to mouth my German in the necessary interrogation, "Vo ist Gast hous sum Weisbaden." In a moment he replied, "Then I am right in my conjecture that you are an Englishman?" "No, you are wrong," said I, "for I am from Scotland." "Then so much the better," said he, "for so am I." On presenting him with my address, he exclaimed, "Better still; I am the son of a minister, and my brother is minister of the parish of ——."

On further conversation, Sir James —— told me he was in the medical profession at Wiesbaden,

and that he had been down to Ems on a professional visit to the king of Hanover, who was at the waters there for the benefit of his health. Here again I was once more at home. I was led to the hotel of the four seasons, the landlord of which is member of parliament for the place. It is a very large and elegant hotel, forming almost one of the sides of the Grand Place, fashionable, comfortable, and not very expensive, and in one half hour I was so sound asleep in bed as to bid defiance to the dreadful noise made by the thunder and rain, which came on at night in grand style.

Next morning I was out of bed by six, and began with intense anxiety to run my eye along the printed lists of arrivals and departures from the several hotels, and amid hundreds of names, French, German, Italian, and Russian, there, to my delight, did I find those of Sir Thomas —— and the young laird. Out to the street, with the paper in my hand, I at once found myself in the Grand Place, which is the most striking object at Wiesbaden, and alongside of a very large building, from the interior of which there proceeded the sound of a human voice, as if preaching. Being Sunday, I, in my simplicity, inquired if that was the church, and if service commenced so early in the morning. But I was told that it was the theatre, and that the actors were rehearsing for the play which was to be performed in the evening (of Sunday, viz.) One minute more brought me to the hotel I sought, and to the

door of his breakfast parlour. A rap on my part was answered by the German invitation to come in. On presenting myself, three gentlemen sprang from the sofa in a state of the most beautiful amazement ever witnessed. A momentary silence, and the worthy baronet said, with a healthy and hearty expression of countenance, "Can it be possible?"

Breakfast ordered and over, "Now you know I always go to church both morning and evening, at home and abroad, but there is time to go round by the wells, and between sermons you and my son should take a walk to the castle of Sonnenberg. Then, after dinner I will take you round to show you how the Lord's day is spent in Catholic countries. It will tell you better than ten volumes would, the blessings of our reformation from popery. "But," said the stranger, "the protestants in catholic countries, whether Calvinists or Lutherans, make the Sabbath as much a holiday of mirth and music as the papists do, and most of the people here are protestants too." "True, sir, but that is the effect of bad example, and that should teach us at home to remember the whole of the Sabbath, and on no account to allow the least infringement of it in any way, for such needs only a beginning, even in Scotland." In these wholesome remarks all heartily concurred, as we did in the conviction, that the sight of a Sabbath spent at Wiesbaden would not fail rather to strengthen than to weaken regard for the fourth commandment.

The service was in English, and after the Episcopalian form of worship. The congregation was pretty numerous, and very respectable indeed. Among the others I recognised the Cockney who had been so talkative and so sick on board the Antwerp steamer. He was now looking red as the rose, and primmer than the peacock. The walk to the ruined castle of Sonnenberg, for a distance of two miles from the Kur Saal, through the strawberries and orchards, is one of the pleasantest to be found either here or any where else, and the view from the tower is really superb. After dining privately, in a Sabbath-like manner, but with a number of Russian and German aristocrats of the highest grade, we crossed the great square, with its long line of pretty little shops, forming a sort of bazaar in the open air. There we admired not only the fantastic costume of the venders, who were Savoyards, Tyrolese, and Swiss, giving to the whole scene the air of a fancy fair, but at the corner nearest the Kur Saal we actually stood still to wonder at what we conceived to be the handsomest man in dress, manners, and mould, our eyes ever beheld. A few steps brought us to the Kur Saal, which is said to be the largest room in Europe, being 170 feet long, 60 in breadth, and 50 in height. It is superbly fitted up with 32 pillars of Lemburgh marble, with busts and statues between the niches in the wall under the colonnade. It was filled with persons of all ranks, from sovereigns, princes, and dukes, down to the Frankfort merchant. There might be 300 in num-

ber, and they had just finished a German dinner, which, to say the least of it, is no trifling matter. Most of them had sipped in their wine, and some were already in the act of moving out to the garden, to take coffee, to hear the band of music, to smoke, to revel, and to chat. The first impression of my mind, in seeing this characteristic display of life at Wiesbaden, was the recollection of a picture exhibited some years ago in London, of Belshazzar's feast. There seemed to be nothing of the profanity, but there was the circumstance of horror that it was Sunday. But as to this, there was no hand-writing on the wall, nor any compunctions of conscience whatever. We walked along the pass, and I felt a greater timidity than when I once ventured to traverse a street in Spitalfield, inhabited solely by pick-pockets, yet the people around us were the élite of continental society. Our friend of the citadel at Antwerp, who, like ourselves, had come there more to see than to admire, greeted us from the crowd. In fifteen minutes the room was empty, and the scene of Sabbath desecration shifted to the garden. Vauxhall of a summer's evening was a mere joke to this; the disposal of walks, and water, and shrubberies, was so extensive and beautiful; the evening was so bright, and the atmosphere so rich and balmy. The space was so completely occupied, the tables so crowded, the company so gay, the faces so glad, the amusements so various, the fruits, the cakes, and the coffee so delicious, the conversation so animated,

that the Sabbath seemed, as if by universal consent, to have been entirely forgotten. To a calm observer, on reflection there appeared to be two redeeming traits in the picture. In all the thousands present, mingled as they were from many different nations, and, still more, mingled as they were from every different class of German society, there was not to be found one single indication of inebriety, far less of indelicacy of look, word, or action. Any other night in the week but on Sunday it would have been one of the most becoming sights on the face of the earth. What might be going on elsewhere, or in the theatre, we took no opportunity of inquiring; but here we glided from corner to corner, recognising very many of the faces we had seen in church, till the crowd began materially to diminish, when I was led back into the large room, which had again become the centre of gaiety and attraction. On the left hand of the Salle were the supper-rooms, in which that meal was served up *à la carte*; of this we slightly partook, merely to have an opportunity of witnessing the *modus operandi*. During this part of our investigations, I noticed a sort of telegraphic intercourse passing among my three friends, who were acting as my guides and guards. I observed, too, that the controversy was settled affirmatively, and ere long I found what it referred to. When we arose and crossed the saloon to the right side, we were introduced to a scene of horror, one feature of which I had never witnessed before, either at home or

abroad, and one feature of which I desire not to witness again either in this world or the next. But I am glad I have seen it once, where and where alone it is to be seen in all its satanic reality, more than in any other part of Europe perhaps. It was a suite of gambling rooms, with roulette and rouge-et-noir tables, where balls were rolling round, and heaps of untold gold were glittering, and the lips not only of men but of women were quivering, some in the intenseness of their anxiety, and others in the agony of despair. Here was selfishness, and avarice, and villany all personified in a thousand fiends and faces. Here desperate adventurers were staking their last ducat with calm and collected countenances, in which there was just a perceptible agitation of the muscles, indicative of the hateful passions which were boiling within. In each of these side dens a single lamp with a circular reflector hung over a table which was covered with a green cloth. On the one side of this table there sat, "in shape a beast," Beelzebub himself with a heap of money before him, a round ball in one hand, and a small metal drag in the other. Like others of the wicked, there was no rest for his hand taking and giving out money, and in keeping the untiring ball and wheel in constant motion. Around him there were gamesters of all ages and of both sexes, bending with horrid features of anxiety over the square piece of wax cloth, which were chequered and numbered, and covered with many a gold and silver coin, all of which were changing hands every



half minute. The dull, dim, but steady light shone dismally down on their dark determined faces. All was silence, still as the grave, but the monotonous call of the coupier, and the rattling click click of the ball rolling and stotting round its rim of ruin. We were walking along silently in a slow and solemn pace, when a person who had come up the Rhine with us pressed himself through the crowd with shame and confusion of face. One word, and a point with his forefinger to the gambling table explained the cause. There stood his fellow-traveller at one of the tables, cool and calculating as Prince Metternich himself. A momentary flush had just crossed his features, and twelve sovereigns were in the act of being drawn from under his hand in a very common-place sort of way, to the general treasure on the other side of the table. In another moment fifteen were put down by him on different corners of the oil cloth. As if to prevent him from going over the falls of the Rhine at Schaufhausen, all of us made a simultaneous rush round the table to the place where he stood, firm from toe to top, and while he was in the act of drawing in his prize, we literally lifted him up and took him from the table. A word or two of kindly remonstrance brought him to his recollection, and to a sense of the danger he was in of losing every farthing he had. Thus humbled and convicted of the depravity, and convinced of the dreadful danger of being in the way of temptation, and utterly disgusted with such objects of utter detestation, we all came

at once away from the whole iniquity, and my friend led me home to my bed-room without even giving me a knowledge of the fact, that a public ball was to commence with music and dancing at ten o'clock, that is of the Sabbath evening. "When I got into the fresh, cool air, though I was fully sensible I had not spent my Sunday evening exactly as I ought to have done, yet in the course of my very long life," says Sir Francis Head, "I think I never felt more particularly disposed to repeat—as in England we are, thank Heaven, still taught to do—Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day." For my own part I reflected for an hour in bed on what I had seen, and so far as may be judged from the feelings of a heart which is well said to be deceitful above all things, it may be believed that I fell asleep with sentiments more pious and grateful than those with which I awoke in the haste and anxiety of the previous morning. One other fact in regard to the incidents of this day. The Englishman afterwards told me, that he had been a gainer to the amount of seventy-five sovereigns. "Aye," said I, "but remember that the wages of sin is death."

One practical observation was impressed on my mind above all things, from the enormities I had witnessed, namely, that Sabbath desecration needs but a beginning, whether at home or abroad. The inhabitants of Wiesbaden must have been led bit by bit, and during a long course of years, to their present most deplorable condition. From small

beginnings one scene of desecration after another must have been familiarized to their minds, till their Sabbaths have become a day of riot, destructive of piety and practical godliness—a day not of heavenly-mindedness but of gross earthly enjoyment—a day not of sanctification but of sensuality—a day, in fact, in which every precept of God, and of Christ, is to be forgotten or set at defiance, and in which the temptations of the world, the devil, and the flesh are to be set in most enticing colours before the minds of a whole population—a day, in a word, of selling souls to destruction, in time and eternity, by the thousand. What inference, then, should and did a Scotchman draw? Obviously this, that in our own country a stand must be made, or rather be continued to be made, in regard to railroad travelling, and all the other apparently more innocent and expedient commencements of Sabbath desecration. Every pious man will by his every effort, support and promote the late endeavours of our church on this point—every statesman who deserves the name will reach forth the arm of policy and power to enforce the fourth commandment in all its branches—and every benevolent well-wisher of society, of whatever religion, or denomination, or rank, will throw his influence into the proper scale—and all will do it in time, and continue to do it in the face of every opposition, and of every discouragement, however disheartening in the meanwhile.

Up again next morning at five, round the cor-

ner of the square, and through a long avenue of acacias, and there is a large cloud of hot vapour seen rising out of the earth on all sides, as if from the crater of a volcano. Forward still and there is an immense cauldron, called the great Koch-brunnen, in violent ebullition, and actually boiling hot, with fourteen others in different spots adjoining, all gushing out from one fountain-head, and all heated by the same central furnace below. "As I stood," says Sir Francis Head, "before this immense cauldron, with eyes staring at the volume of steam which was arising from it, and with ears listening to a civil person who was voluntarily explaining to me that there were fifteen other springs in the town, their temperature being at all times of the year about 140° of Fahrenheit, I could not help feeling a sort of unpleasant sensation similar to what I had experienced on the tops of Etna and Vesuvius; in short, I had been so little accustomed to live in a town heated by subterranean fire, that it just crossed my mind whether, in case the engineer below from laziness should put on too many coals at once, or from carelessness should neglect to keep open his proper valve, an explosion might not take place which would suddenly send me, Koch-brunnen, Wiesbaden, and Co. on a shooting excursion to the Duke's lofty hunting seat, the Platte. The ground in the vicinity of these springs is so warm that in winter the snow does not remain upon it; and formerly, when these waters used to flow from the town into a small lake, from not freezing

it became in hard weather the resort of birds of all descriptions; indeed, even now they say that that part of the Rhine into which the Wiesbaden waters eventually flow, is observed to be always remarkably free from ice."

Take also the following comical description from the same powerful pen:—"After having made myself acquainted with the geography of Wiesbaden, I arose one morning at half-past five o'clock to see the visitors drinking the waters. The scene was really an odd one. The long parade, at one extremity of which stood smoking and fuming the great Kochbrunnen, was seen crowded with respectably-dressed people, of both sexes, all walking (like so many watchmen carrying lanterns) with glasses in their hands, filled, half-filled, or quarter filled, with the medicine which had been delivered to them from the brunnen, so scalding hot that they dare not even sip it, as they walked, until they had carried it for a considerable time.

"It requires no little dexterity to advance in this way without spilling one's medicine, to say nothing of scalding or slopping it over one's fellow-patients. Every person's eye, therefore, whatever might be the theme of his conversation, was intently fixed upon his glass; some few carried the thing along with elegance, but I could not help remarking that the greater proportion of people walked with their backs up, and were evidently very little at their ease. A band of wind-instruments was playing, and an author, a native of Wiesbaden, in describing this scene, has senti-

mentally exclaimed,—‘*Thousands of glasses are drunk by the sound of music!*’

“Four or five young people, protected by a railing, are employed the whole morning in filling, as fast as they can stoop down to the brunnen to do so, the quantities of glasses, which, from hands in all directions, are extending towards them; but so excessively hot is the cauldron, that the greater proportion of these glasses were, I observed, cracked by it, and several I saw fall to pieces when delivered to their owners. Not wishing to appear eccentric, which, in this amphibious picture, any one is who walks about the parade without a glass of scalding hot water in his hand, I purchased a goblet, and the first dip it got cracked it from top to bottom.

“In describing the taste of the mineral water of Wiesbaden, were I to say that, while drinking it, one hears in one’s ears the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one’s eyes, I should certainly grossly exaggerate; but when I declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken-broth, I only say what Dr Granville said, and what in fact everybody says, and must say, respecting it, and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from Nature’s great stock-pot—the Koch-brunnen of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer or winter, the temperature of this broth remains the same; and when one reflects that it has been bubbling out of the ground, and boiling over, in

the very same state, certainly from the time of the Romans, and probably from the time of the flood, it is really astonishing to think what a most wonderful apparatus there must exist below—what an inexhaustible stock of provisions to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth, always formed of exactly the same eight or ten ingredients, always salted to exactly the same degree, and always served up at exactly the same heat.

“One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted; in short, to speak metaphorically, that the chickens would at once be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals; but the oftener one reflects on these sort of subjects, the oftener is the old-fashioned observation forced upon the mind, that, let a man go where he will, Omnipotence is never from his view.

“As, leaning against one of the columns of the arcade under which the band was playing, I stood with my medicine in my hand, gazing upon the strange group of people, who, with extended glasses, were crowding and huddling round the Koch-brunnen, each eagerly trying to catch the eye of the young water-dippers, I could not help feeling, as I had felt at Langen-Schwalbach, whether it could be possible for any prescription to be equally beneficial to such differently made patients. To repeat all the disorders which it is said most especially to cure, would be very nearly to copy the sad list of ailments to which our creaky frames are subject. The inhabitants of Wiesbaden rant, the hotel-keepers rave, about

the virtues of this medicine. Stories are most gravely related of people crawling to Wiesbaden and running home. In most of the great lodging-houses crutches are triumphantly displayed, as having belonged to people who left them behind."

Take also the following as descriptive of the bath:—"By about seven o'clock, the vast concourse of people who had visited the Koch-brunnen had imbibed about as much of the medicine as they could hold, and accordingly, like swallows, almost simultaneously departing, the parade was deserted; the young water-dippers had also retired to rest, and every feature in the picture vanished, except the smoking, misty fumes of the water, which now, no longer in request, boiled and bubbled by itself, as it flowed into the drains by which it eventually reached the Rhine.

"The first act of the entertainment being thus over, in about a quarter of an hour the second commenced: in short, so soon as the visitors, retiring to their rooms, could divest or denude themselves of their garments, I saw stalking down the long passage of my lodging-house one heavy German gentleman after another, whose skull-cap, dressing-gown, and slippers, plainly indicated that he was proceeding to the bath. In a short time, lady after lady, in similar dishabille, was seen following the same course. Silence, gravity, and incognito, were the order of the day; and though I bowed as usual in meeting these undressed people, yet the polite rule is, not, as at other moments, to accompany the inclination with a gentle



smile, but to dilute it with a look which cannot be too solemn or too sad.

“There was something to my mind so very novel in bathing in broth, that I resolved to try the experiment, particularly as it was the only means I had of following the crowd. Accordingly, retiring to my room, in a minute or two I also, in my slippers and black dressing-gown, was to be seen, staff in hand, mournfully walking down the long passage, as slowly and as gravely as if I had been in such a procession all my life. An infirm elderly lady was just before me—some lighter-sounding footsteps were behind me—but without raising our eyes from the ground, we all moved on just as if we had been corpses gliding or migrating from one churchyard to another.

“After descending a long well-staircase, I came to a door, which I no sooner opened, than, of its own accord, it slammed after me exactly as, five seconds before, it had closed upon the old lady who had preceded me, and I now found myself in an immense building, half filled with steam.

“A narrow passage or aisle conducted me down the middle, on each side of me there being a series of doors opening into the baths, which, to my very great astonishment, I observed, were all open at top, being separated from each other by merely a half-inch boarded partition, not seven feet high!

“Into several of these cells there was literally nothing but the steam to prevent people in the houses of the opposite side of the street from

looking. A very tall man in one bath could hardly help peeping into the next, and in the roof or loft above the ceiling, there were several loop-holes, through which any one might have had a bird's-eye view of the whole unfledged scene. The arrangement, or rather want of arrangement, was altogether most astonishing; and as I walked down the passage, my first exclamation to myself was, "Well, thank Heaven, this would not do in England!" To this remark the Germans would of course say, that low, half-inch scantling is quite sufficient among well-bred people, whatever coarser protection might be requisite among us rude English; but though this argument may sound triumphant, yet delicacy is a subject which is not fit for noisy discussion. Like the bloom on fruit, it does not bear touching; and if people of their own accord do not feel that the scene I have described is indelicate, it is quite impossible to prove it to them, and therefore "the less said is the soonest mended."

"As I was standing in the long passage, occupying myself with the above reflections, a nice, healthy old woman, opening a door, beckoned to me to advance, and accordingly with her I entered the little cell. Seeing I was rather infirm, and a stranger, she gave me, with two towels, a few necessary instructions,—such as that I was to remain in the mixture about thirty-five minutes, and beneath the fluid to strike with my arms and legs as strenuously as possible.

"The door was now closed, and my dressing-

gown being carefully hung upon a peg; (a situation I much envied it,) I proceeded, considerably against my inclination, to introduce myself to my new acquaintance, whose face, or surface, was certainly very revolting; for a white, thick, dirty, greasy scum, exactly resembling what would be on broth, covered the top of the bath. But all this they say, is exactly as it should be, and, indeed, the bathers at Wiesbaden actually insist on its appearance, as it proves, they argue, that the bath has not been used by any one else. In most places, in ordering a warm bath, it is necessary to wait till the water be heated, but at Wiesbaden the springs are so exceedingly hot, that the baths are obliged to be filled over-night, in order to be cool enough in the morning; and the dirty scum I have mentioned is the required proof that the water has, during that time, been undisturbed.

“ Resolving not to be bullied by the ugly face of my antagonist, I entered my bath, and in a few seconds I lay horizontally, calmly soaking, like my neighbours. Generally speaking, a dead silence prevails; occasionally an old man was heard to cough,—sometimes a young woman was gently heard to sneeze,—and two or three times there was a sudden heavy splash in the cell adjoining mine, which proceeded from the leg of a great awkward German frau, kicking, by mistake, above, instead of (as I was vigorously doing) beneath the fluid. Every sigh that escaped was heard, and whenever a patient extricated him or

herself from the mess, one could hear puffing and rubbing as clearly as if one had been assisting at the operation.

“In the same mournful succession in which they had arrived, the bathers, in due time, ascended, one after another, to their rooms, where they were now permitted to eat—what they had certainly well enough earned—their breakfast. As soon as mine was concluded, I voted it necessary to clean my head, for from certain white particles which float throughout the bath, as thickly as, and indeed very much resembling, the mica in granite, I found that my hair was in a sticky state, in which I did not feel disposed it should remain. I ought, however, most explicitly to state, that the operation I here imposed upon myself was an act of eccentricity, forming no part of the regular system of the Wiesbaden bathers—indeed, I should say that the art of cleaning the hair is not anywhere much encouraged among the Germans, who, perhaps with reason, rather pride themselves in despising any sort of occupation or accomplishment which can at all be called—superficial.”

For my own part I did not bathe among the chicken broth, but I drank of it, and bore testimony to the undoubted fact that it is neither more nor less than excellent chicken soup served up boiling hot, and in prodigious profusion. Probably therefore, men below keep the rice and the fowl to themselves. I accompanied Sir Thomas——to the door of his bath, and heard him de-

clare that Wiesbaden had been the mean under Providence of saving his life.

Having satisfied myself that I had seen enough of the capital of the duchy of Nassau, and of the manners of the most agreeable and best frequented watering-places in Germany, I paid a moderate bill at the hotel of the four seasons, one of the principal buildings of the place, and bid adieu to this city of lodging-houses, with its gay crowd of 12,000 strangers. My friend of the citadel at Antwerp, and his companion, a captain in the army, came with me by the railway to Mayence and Frankfort. The Duchess of Hamilton, and the Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale, were also of the party. We passed through a sunshiny scene, where vineyards, hop-gardens, apricots, peaches, nectarines, walnuts, plums, pears, apples, hemp, tobacco, rhubarb, Indian corn, and the like, grew in the great luxuriance of nature on every hand. We stopt at Mayence, the seat of eternal wars, the cradle of the printing-press, and of moveable types, and the grave of many archbishops and electors, who lie here in great magnificence. This very interesting old city, with its multitude of Asiatic-looking domes and minarets, is said to be one of the most important fortresses of the Germanic confederation, and as such is garrisoned by the soldiers of Prussia, Austria, and Hesse-Darmstadt. We passed onward by the railway train, through a country remarkably fertile, and through one continuous avenue of fruit trees, to the lively city of Frankfort, so remarkable for its neatness, beauty,

venerable antiquity, and modern splendour, and ever to be remembered by the writer of this as having been the most suffocating, sultry, and absolutely burning city the sun ever shone on. From the moment I entered the town till I left it, I was in one broiling fever, first with the overpowering heat of the day, and the warmth of my clothing; next with the obstinacy and pride of a fiery finical little body at the bureau de passport of the town, a mere Scotch baron-bailie, with jurisdiction over a territory of about ten miles; next with my own inexperience in taking out my ticket in the schnell waggon just before I had adjusted my passport with the higher continental authorities, whose signatures were here indispensable; and last of all, with a dinner at the table d'hôte of the Weisse Schwan, said to be the very best in Germany. I have often thought that if my friend had not given me the benefit of his experience as a continental tourist, with his persevering discretion and dexterity, I must actually have stuck in the mud at Frankfort, but by his aid I saw all in this city, got everything adjusted with the officials of the passport offices, always excepting the baron-bailie of this free town, whose pedantic authority I had the hardihood to brave, having resolved that I would rather run for it out of his little dominions than gratify the creature by waiting on him a second time. The other passport affair was a far more serious matter, and arose from my simplicity in looking at streets, squares, and public buildings at the town, old and new, Jewish and

Christian, the river Main, the saal of Judengasse, the cathedral, the town-house, the statue of Ariadne; then taking out my ticket for Stuttgart, and then going to the Bavarian passport office after it was shut for the day—the matter however was after all managed by bribing the under officials, and we sat down in great glee to a German dinner at the White Swan.

I had often heard that the Germans are naturally gourmands, and that they spend an undue portion of their means on food and tobacco, and I had read several descriptions of their dinners. Those were so extraordinary that I looked on them as caricatures merely, but after what I witnessed at Frankfort, I think they come of any thing short of the truth. The guests seated themselves according to the priority of arrival, the last comers being placed at the foot of the tables; scarce seated when there marches in at least twenty sturdy waiters with tureens of different kinds of soup. These are ranged alternately along the tables, and it is curious to observe how little of it is swallowed, however inviting it may be. Away goes the cargo, rank and file, and a glass of wine or two, each by himself, fills up the pause. Tramp tramp, comes the whole troop again, each carrying in his hand boiled beef sliced into fragments like sole leather, and ranged on ashets. It is succeeded by roast veal, and then the tug of war begins in good earnest. The pace of the waiters, which had been hitherto at that of a pompous funeral procession, quickened into the

full trot, and there was reaching and running from place to place, that the demand and supply might be balanced slice after slice. Trencher after trencher disappeared and the whole was swallowed in with a steady voracity more like a thrashing-mill than a man's mouth. Veal, mutton, venison, fowl and fish, fruit and puddings, were brought up in gross, and each and all were eaten in the same style. "The meat alone which was offered to me, if it had been thrown at my head raw, would have been not only a most excellent bargain, but much more than any one could possibly have expected for the money; but when it was presented to me, cooked up with sauces of various flavours, attended with omelettes, fruits, tarts, puddings, preserves, flesh, &c. &c., served with a quantity of politeness and civility which seemed to be infinite, I own I felt," says Sir Francis Head, "that in the scene around me there existed quite as much refreshment and food for the mind as for the body." "Nothing," he remarks, "which this world affords, could induce me to feed in this gross manner. The pig who lives in his sty would have some excuse, but it is really quite shocking to see any other animal overpowering himself at mid-day with such a mixture and superabundance of food." The company was by no means select. The ladies were dressed as if they had been seated at their own tables. I recognised several faces which I had seen the previous evening at the gaming table, and I could not help, as if instinctively, putting my hand to the pocket which contained my



sovereigns, in case one of the scamps might have come across it as by mistake. I also observed several individuals lay their carcase back on their chair, with their eyes vacantly fixed in their head, and with that dark, stupid expression indicative of an approaching fit of apoplexy. In talking with Germans of this extraordinary exhibition, as the most unaccountable trait in their national character, I was reminded of what took place in England after dinner, when rational men sat still, as if with the deliberate purpose of beastifying themselves with drink, and I was shown some caricature prints, probably copies from Hogarth's, which certainly placed John Bull on these occasions in a very disreputable point of view. I was also told, that one object of their being covered with their puffy feather beds was, that the grosser materials of their mid-day meal might be sweated out of them, so as to enable them to enjoy a similar repast of delicacy every day with impunity. The dinner at Frankfort lasted for about an hour and a half, but the moment it was over every one proceeded slowly and silently his own way.

## CHAPTER II.

THE BERGSTRASSE, WURTEMBERG, SWABIA,  
AND BAVARIA.

THESE are daily communications between Frankfurt and Heidelberg by Darmstadt, the Bergstrasse, and Odenwald. There is not any thing comparatively interesting in the flat, partly forest land as far as Darmstadt, nor is there any thing worthy of even an hour's delay in this capital of the Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt. The old town, besides being deserted and grass-grown, seems to be too dark and confined, and in the new the streets and squares are too wide and open in the spaces. Splendour has departed from this once lively little capital. Its mansions have still a noble air of spaciousness, its gardens are ample as ever, and its vasa not the less gay, yet all seems to be deserted and somewhat mournful, since the death of the late sovereign, who was the very life of the place. Although there are upwards of 22,000 inhabitants in the town, they have no commerce to enliven them, depending as they do in a great measure on the court. Travellers generally go in the evening to see the wild boars

fed, which are kept in the preserve near the town for the ducal chase. The road from Darmstadt to Heidelberg, called Bergstrasse, along the base of a range of hills, forming the eastern boundary of the valley of the Rhine, has been celebrated for its attractions. If fertility and high cultivation—if rich luxuriance of vineyard vegetation, all enlivened by glimpses of the Rhine, glittering in the sun, and meandering through its vast sandy flats, and bounded by the heights of Mount Tonnerre and the outline of the Vosges mountains in France—if wooded and vine-covered ranges of hills, with their old castles towering on high, and their villages nestling at the foot, overhung by vine-covered slopes, and embosomed in orchards—if cheerful avenues along the road, diversified by fruit and flower, can add charms to a landscape not by any means destitute of antiquity and of chivalrous associations, the Bergstrasse may compete with any district in Germany.

The dress of the peasantry here is somewhat fantastic. That of the women is large white sleeves pushed high above the elbow, coloured bodices, and full and short petticoats, with the hair sometimes fastened up in a net, and sometimes plaited in long braids, as the girls of Switzerland wear it. A few among them have enormously large straw hats. The men, too, all look like pictures out of a book of fancy dresses, with their large cocked hats, long strait-breasted coats, and showy waistcoats.

In the village of Neuenheim the traveller must notice the humble habitation in which Martin Luther was sheltered on his retreat from Worms, after meeting the convocation assembled there in 1521 by order of Charles V. Two windows are pointed out as being those of the chamber which he occupied.

The approach to Heidelberg, along the right bank of the river, with the majestic ruins of the castle overhanging the town, and direct in front, as you cross the bridge, opens to the eye with a degree of splendour quite unequalled by any other view in this part of the country. This celebrated city is placed on a ledge between the river and the castle, at the point where the Neckar emerges from the narrow valley through which it has run from its source, and whence it flows through a flat rich plain till it joins the Rhine at Manheim. At the entrance of this valley, hills, or rather mountains, covered with dark forests, rise suddenly from the water's edge, on either side, and you are still in the midst of the wild heights of the Bergstrasse. Perhaps no town on the face of the earth has suffered more by the horrors of war, than Heidelberg has. But for its having been five times bombarded, twice laid in ashes, three times taken by assault and delivered over to pillage, it would have displayed a splendour worthy of the Elector Palatine of the Rhine. Amidst buildings, public and private, for the accommodation of 12,000 inhabitants, one house only survives the destruction, to tell of the architecture of the

days before the thirty years' war. In the market place, near the church of the Holy Ghost, where the French in 1793 acted a scene of indescribable sacrilege and slaughter, and where many electors and counts palatine are buried, stands an inn called the Zum Ritter, which is richly decorated with a façade, and ornamented with statues and coats of arms. No stranger fails here to visit the church of St Peter, where Jerome of Prague, the companion of Huss, posted up on its door his thesis; and where, in the churchyard, he explained and defended the doctrines of the reformation to a dense crowd of attentive listeners standing around him. The university, notwithstanding the very great celebrity of several of its professors, and also the antiquity of the establishment, has fallen off very considerably ever since the foolish affair of Frankfort, in which some of the students took part. In fact, the authorities in Prussia and other portions of Germany are naturally so very apprehensive of the contamination of revolutionary notions, that they have forbidden their subjects to study at Heidelberg. The library, once the most valuable in Europe, containing 20,000 volumes, besides manuscripts, has been sadly plundered during the ravages of war. When Tilly was in want of straw after taking the castle, he littered his cavalry with manuscripts from the library of the elector. The castle, with its immense wine tun, has ever been an object of universal admiration. The scenery around it is grand, magnificent, and wild, and the view of the Rhine

and the Neckar valley from the Gussberg, contains almost every conceivable beauty in a landscape.

On leaving the town of Heidelberg, going towards the Black Forest and the sources of the Danube, there is just room enough for the stream to pass, with a road on each side of it. We kept the left bank of the Neckar. "The drive through this narrow valley is as full of beauty," Mrs Trollope observes, "as any two or three leagues which any of us remembered. Here and there a hollow recess gives space for a little villa, with its hanging garden; and now and then a few vines find room to grow, but these oftener give place to rocks, with their frequent quarries. Each one is divided from its neighbour by jutting crags, too beetling, perhaps, to be worked, but diversified by a beautiful sprinkling of dwarf oak and beech. The operation of launching the stones down to the river's edge adds no trifling charm to the scene. The large masses, sent from a great height, roll, bound, spring, and rattle, as they descend, till they finally dash into the water. The pretty village of Neckargemund hangs like a trinket from the hills, and a bright little mountain brook comes dancing down among its cottages. The Neckar makes a turn here, and the view almost suggests the idea of a fairy land, so much did the bold unexpected objects exceed all we had seen or hoped to see. In looking towards the country we had passed, we observed that the river assumed the appearance of a lovely lake, surrounded on all sides by towering cliffs; and on turning the eye

forward, a lofty, conical, forest-covered hill presented itself, crowned by a circular tower, which covers its summit completely. A ruinous embattled wall surrounds the whole, and a mighty tower, of size most disproportioned to the town it guards, rises magnificently against the sky."

From the banks of the Neckar, we saw several of the enormous rafts which had passed us on the Rhine. As yet they were but in a state of infancy, being but a paltry collection of logs of timber, brought down by the stream from the Black Forest. At first they are hurled down in single logs from the inaccessible heights where they have grown. They are next committed to the mountain rivulet, when its waters are swelled by the melting snow. At stations appointed for the purpose, these are caught and bound together with other logs, and thus they become gradually enlarged, till they assume the appearance of a floating village, with hundreds of men and their wives to navigate them, and four or five hundred children. Although these rafts be 600 or 700 feet in length, and about 250 in breadth, they do not draw more than two or three feet of water. The timber, sold at the end of the voyage, which is sometimes the property of a great number of shareholders, produces from L.20,000 to L.30,000. The consumption of food is almost incredible: 20,000 or 30,000 pounds of bread, 10,000 pounds of fresh flesh, besides a quantity of salted beef, with butter, cheese, and vegetables of all sorts in proportion. The road to Stuttgart leaves the valley of the

Neckargemund, and goes south along the vale of the Elsing, which has nothing of the beauties already described. After passing Sensheim, a town of nearly 3000 inhabitants, the territories of the king of Wurtemberg are entered. The Neckar is crossed by a wooden bridge, and the city of Heilbonn is entered. It was long a place of importance, and, till lately, received the privileges of a free town. It has still about 10,000 inhabitants, and must ever be interesting, as holding an important position near the frontiers of Swabia, Franconia, and the circle of the Rhine. The tourist should, if possible, ascend the Watch-tower hill, where another beautiful view of the lovely Neckar, still clothed with vineyards, is to be obtained. We spent no time in the lonely and dull town of Ludwigsburg, one of the residences of the king of Wurtemberg, neither did we enter its deserted palace, which is said to be one of the largest in Germany, or its once celebrated gardens, now falling into disorder. The streets, however, are long and broad, and lined with avenues of trees; the people and houses have a genteel court-like appearance, and the numerous garrison stationed here, with its seven thousand inhabitants, gives the place an air of importance; but it has no pretensions to rival the actual capital. After a long drive over many a high and commanding ridge, where the drag on the wheel was many a time called into requisition, and through thousands of trees, loaded with the richest of fruit, and where, when sitting on the top of the coach, nothing more was required than



to pluck and eat, we fell down on the royal villa of Rosenstein, and entered the small valley of the Nesenbrook, a summer residence of the king, which is situated on a promontory between the two valleys, with a view of the capital on one side, its vineyard-slopes, and of the Neckar, still as lovely as before. In fact, the whole country, seen as if at your feet around Kaunstadt, may be said to be one vast garden, filled with corn, and wine, and fruits, and backed by a firm ridge of hills. And not until we were just about to enter it, did we see the capital of Wurtemberg, the residence of the court and foreign ambassadors, the seat of the chambers. It is entirely surrounded by hills, which are covered on their slopes with vineyards, so close to the town as to impend over it.

I had undergone much fatigue since leaving Wiesbaden, and I had now promised myself a rest for a day or two. But my resolutions were upset in five minutes by an English gentleman, who persuaded me that I should rather push on to Munich by Ulm and Augsburg, where I would find my time much better employed than in Stuttgart, so remarkably deficient in collections of works of fine arts, in monuments, or in public buildings. A very short excursion convinced me that, with the exception of the Konigstrasse, which stretches from one end of the town to the other, and which crosses the square, in which are situated the old and new palaces, and the theatre, the whole is but a large village, with houses of a very inferior caste; and as to the mineral waters

of Kaunstadt, I was told they were visited mainly by the inhabitants of Stuttgart. By his advice, therefore, and to secure the pleasure of his company, I took my place in the first eilwagen for Ulm, distant about fifty miles or more. I was delighted to learn that a considerable portion of the road lay along the valleys of the Neckar and Fils, two of the most beautiful passes in Swabia. We came back by the royal villa of Rosenstein, and re-entered the valley of the Neckar, with its vineyards, orchards, and very rich fields of maize. We passed Goppingen, a small town on the Fils, near the Hohenstaufenberg. In a deep defile, which is singularly beautiful, at the foot of the hills called Rauhe Alp, we reached Geisslingen, an inconsiderable town, with a domineering decayed castle on the heights above it: the Fils, by this time, has dwindled into a mere rill. Out of the valley, and up the high land, and an open dreary country presents itself to view. Conceiving that there could be nothing interesting in a prospect which reminded me much of the most exposed portions of my own country, I had set my shoulders into the corner of the carriage, and begun to look somewhat serious, in the hope that sleep might wile away two or three hours, till I reached Ulm. But my English friend told me, that no such thing could be permitted at present, as there was something to be noticed even here. At short intervals, he popped his head anxiously out of the window, without ever interrupting the current of our general conversation. I saw that

there was something big in his mind's eye. I asked him if these were the fields where Napoleon entrapped the treacherous Mack: he said, "Not at all." But by and bye, he pointed out in the distance a small sluggish-like ditch of dirty water, with muddy mossy banks, and said, I had probably heard of that stream, and that, at any rate, I would see more of it before I reached Vienna. "Is that," said I, "the Danube!" "Yes," said he, pointing to the gutter on the side of the road, "these waters are now running to the Black Sea." Not the sight of the Rhine itself, or the distant mountain in France or in Switzerland—not the beauty and richness of the Neckar, nor the interest of any thing I had left behind, including even as a doubtful exception the field of Waterloo, affected me so much as this my first peep of the great aorta of the heart of Europe. I felt that I was now for the first time in my life about to pass the frontier line of the Roman empire. I looked on the high ridge we had just crossed as being the back bone of Europe, and even one of the great landmarks of the globe. I saw that I was now descending that other slope of this earth, leading at length into Asia, and I also remembered that in this quarter, down by the defile of the Black Forest, was the road by which many a foe had, from the earliest ages, invaded Germany. I cast my eye as if down the whole course of the river, being fifteen hundred miles, and fifty from where we were to the mouth of it, at the sea. I thought of the ninety rivers which

flow into its channel, and of the thirty of these which were navigable. I thought of the many millions of men who were fed on its banks, and who drank of its meandering streamlets. I thought of the cities and states it nourished in its bosom, and of the crowns and kingdoms which had been been so often lost and won on its margin, and of the many armies which had been marshalled and proudly marched across its channelly bed, and of the dreadful slaughters which it had witnessed a thousand times in all ages. Here, indeed, the Danube is an insignificant, ill-featured, cold, and comfortless mountain moss-hole, moving itself on so lazily, that, to all appearance, years would not have carried it down to the far fairer fields, and more sultry and sickening clime of Turkey; but still this peaty bog was, after all, the first link of that immense body of water, which, like a chain, bound in one two of the most important quarters of the world. To acquire a portion of the links of that chain, each in their day and generation, the barbarous hordes of Attila, the armies of Charlemagne, of Gustavus Adolphus, of Solyman, of Marlborough, and of Napoleon, had found a path from its source to its termination; all its shores had echoed at one time with the hymns of the pilgrims of the cross, and at another, with the enthusiastic shout of the turbaned followers of the prophet; and its waters had been died in turn with the blood of Pagans, Christians, Mahomedans, and Jews,—of Romans, Huns, Germans, Swedes, Turks, French, and English. I was not

satisfied with this my first sight of the Danube; but like a child, I must touch it, and taste it, and leap over it, and even spit into it, as if from Europe into Asia.

When I came down to Ulm I cared nothing for its fourteen thousand inhabitants, its manufactory of pipe heads, or for the exportation annually of its four millions of fattened snails, to feast the catholics during Lent. I scarcely even thought of the very disgraceful surrender of the coward and traitor, who in 1805, without drawing a sword, sold 20,000 Austrians to the French, and that out of a strong fortress amply provided with stores. Thinking only of the Danube, I rested not one moment after coming out of the post, till I had refreshed myself by washing my hands and my face in the "trotting burnie." My next effort was to visit the minster, one of the six finest cathedrals in Germany; and to reach the top of the tower, that I might see in the fore ground the field of the operations and grand manœuvres of the French under the direction of Bonaparte, which rendered assistance and retreat alike impossible on the part of the Austrians; and also that I might see in the distance the far more glorious battle-fields of Blenheim and Hochstadt; and the body of the church which surpasses in dimensions every other in Germany; being 416 feet long, 166 wide, and 144 high. Having thus, in the cold of the morning too, feasted my mental appetite with a rich repast, and having only fifteen minutes left for breakfast, I returned to my Eng-

lish friend, who had been equally gratified with an excellent meal of meat. He thought I had lost myself in the streets of a strange town, or that my wits had left me in not taking my coffee in the first instance. "No," said I, "coffee may be had any morning, even at home, such as it is; but I don't mean to visit Ulm and see the field of Blenheim every day in the week."

Breakfast swallowed, rather hastily I grant, and again seated in my corner for Augsburg, distant another fifty miles, and to be reached in about nine or ten hours, we rattled as before along the street and over the very bridge I had formerly reached in searching for the Donaw. Thus in one minute were we out of the kingdom of Wurttemberg and into that of Bavaria. Here, after our passports were vised, we were once more in motion along the right bank of the Danube, from which is to be seen the ancient valley and abbey of Elchingen, from which Marshall Ney received the title of Duke, as a reward for his services in that vicinity. We passed by Günzburg, where Ney gained a victory over the Archduke Ferdinand, and the passage of the Danube, Burgaw, and Zusmarshausen, in about ten hours, to the still large, once flourishing, and ever celebrated city of Augsburg.

Seen from a distance in the approach to it, situated in the angle formed by the junction of the rivers Wertach and Lech, Augsburg has an imposing effect. It was once the abode of the wealthiest merchants and capitalists, and for long

during the middle ages, the staple place of trade between northern Europe, Italy, and the Levant. It is also remarkable in the history of the church, as the seat of many diets of the empire during the reign of Charles V., and in the struggles of the reformation from popery. But the religious wars which desolated Europe in the seventeenth century, and the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, carried away its commerce. Still, however, in banking and stock-jobbing transactions, it is, after Frankfort, one of the most influential money markets in Europe. And it is celebrated over the world as being the birth place of the best, and by far the most widely circulated newspaper on the continent. Many of the articles are written by the ministers of the great powers, and standing as it does between the northern and southern portions of the globe, its news from Turkey is generally early and accurate. On entering the town, everything has that deserted but imposing antique appearance, which gives an impression of departed magnificence. Some of the houses are of vast size, and they are generally decorated with rich scroll work, or covered with faded frescoes, representing subjects from Scripture, and the lives of the saints. The main street is a very good specimen of a German strasse, long and broad, with its town hall and fountains. The town in the same way has its cathedral, having nothing to boast of but its ornaments, portal, and ancient brass door. But the palace adjoining to it is not to be overlooked by a

protestant tourist. Here the Augsburg confession was presented to the emperor in 1530. In this stage of the matter Charles was desirous to smother this serious declaration of the protestants; he therefore adjourned the assembly to the chapel of the palace, and even in this small apartment he commanded that it should be read in Latin. But the chancellor of Saxony sternly answered, "Sire, we are on German ground, and I trust that your majesty will not order the apology of your faith, which ought to be made as public as possible, to be read in a language not understood by the Germans." He accordingly lifted up his voice, and read it so that it was heard not only in the adjoining rooms, but by the crowds in the court yard. Luther also in 1542 held his conference here with the cardinal of Gaeta. If time permit, the curious postern gate may be visited. The machinery by which the warder can let down the drawbridge, and open a wicket of the door without exposing himself, and by which also he could detain those who entered until he inspected them from the gallery above, is an ingenious device of the emperor Maximilian, to enable him to enter after dark when he happened to be benighted on his hunting excursions. A railroad has been constructed to Munich, distant about fifty miles, which takes you up in two hours through a flat barren country not worth looking at. On parting with my English friend at Augsburg, he told me to stop a week at Munich to rest myself, to have my linens washed, and to survey its public buildings, with



their collections of works of art, which he said were scarcely equalled in any other capital in Europe. If you be an amateur in architecture, in sculpture, or in painting, no European capital north of the Alps can furnish you with more numerous or richer sights.

It would fill this volume, were I to describe Munich, and attempt a criticism of its rich treasures, and splendid edifices, and above all, were a just tribute of gratitude and respect to be paid to the present king, who has erected and collected almost the whole, and thereby created a taste, and set an example now fast spreading over the continent ; and all too from his own privy purse, and the other limited resources of a second-rate state. The town itself is one of the most elevated cities of Europe ; it stands almost under, and on the cold side of the Alps, and it is surrounded by an immense plain near 2000 feet above the level of the sea. It is singularly barren in historical reminiscences, and till lately it was a mere third-rate German city, celebrated for nothing but for its common-place wall and ditch, and castellated gates, and the lantern-like projection and oriel windows, and towering roof, like the hull of a three-decker with the ports open. But within the last forty years its population and extent have doubled, and its galleries, its colleges, its palaces, its cabinets, and marbles, museums, churches, streets, monuments, squares, and gardens, have all been raised as in a fairy land, and by the hand of a magician. From having been comparatively unknown and unfrequented, it has started into cele-

brity all at once, and that on a scale of grandeur and taste equally correct, varied, and enlarged. Tourists from every portion of Europe now remain in it for weeks; artists, antiquaries, architects, repair to it in thousands, to see what has been raised, and what is still rising into view. No sooner is a new public building decided on, than the king himself, a man of munificent taste, chalks out work for painters in fresco, in encoustics, and upon glass, for sculptors and architects, in furnishings, carvings, statues, and other massive decorations within and without. Travellers indeed complain that the finest new buildings stand alone, like so many outposts, and that they cannot be seen together, so as to unite in producing an imposing effect like those of Berlin; and that even the houses in some of the new streets appear scattered and disconnected. But Rome itself was not built in a day, and since every thing must be done after a plan prepared by the government, a few years more will fill up the intervals, and make the whole group into one view. At any rate, for myself I can say, that nine days of active exertion, morning, noon, and night, were spent in Munich, and I left it pleased with every thing, and only regretting that my plan did not admit of my remaining there for a month, rather than a long week. I was told on good authority that there are not fewer than 700 artists resident in Munich, either born and bred on the spot at the public expense, or attracted to it from its being one of the best schools in Europe, north of the Alps. The cli-

mate is indeed very severe even in summer, and in winter it is dreadfully destructive in the way of producing ulcerations of the throat and lungs; but it is swarming with about 100,000 of a population, active and healthy in other respects.

A stranger in Munich should begin with the Ludwigs Strasse, a splendid street, which is yet to be terminated with a magnificent triumphal arch opening into a grand circus, which is to form the main entrance into the city. Among the edifices lately constructed, he will notice with unbounded admiration the library, first for the astonishing extent and splendour of the building; and next for the amount and value of its contents, being the second in the world, and containing 6 or 800,000 volumes, and 16,000 manuscripts. He will also turn to the university for the kingdom, and which is attended by about 1500 students; the church of St Louis, a rich and splendid master-piece, built with brick and faced with white marble, in the Byzantine or Romanesque style of Gothic architecture, and adorned with the finest frescoes of Cornelius, and glass windows painted in the richest style, and statues without by Schwanthaler; with the Blind Asylum and the new palaces of the king and of Prince Max; the former copied from the Pitti palace at Florence, and filled up in imitation of the ornaments of the loggie of the Vatican, and also of the houses recently disclosed at Pompeii.

Besides the chapel of All Saints, the studios of Cornelius and Schnorr, two of the most

eminent living artists, and the Natelier of Schwanthaler, the treasury, containing a vast number of royal jewels, pearls, and trinkets; the squares with their monuments, the galleries of pictures and of sculpture, are the great points of attraction. The gallery of sculpture is a splendid, chaste, and classical edifice of the Ionic order, thronged every day of the week, excepting Wednesdays and Saturdays, by visitors, to inspect the very interesting and valuable collection. When the door is entered, there presents itself decidedly the largest man in Europe—a perfect giant after the manner of the ancients—but he is good-natured and very obliging. On entering the departments, you see that the decorations are adapted to the specimens of art contained in the room. The walls are scagliola of the richest colours; the floors are marble; and the ceilings are decorated with fresco and stucco patterns, and with gildings. The works of each distinct epoch in art have their separate apartment. In the hall of the sons of Niobe, No. 125 is to be found, the gem of the whole. The figure is crouching in terror, when Apollo is supposed to be pointing towards him his deadly arrow. The supplicatory expression of the attitude—the turn of the body so imploring—the bloom of adolescence which seems absolutely shed over the cold marble—the unequalled delicacy and elegance of the whole, have been often remarked. This inimitable statue came from the collection of the emperor Rudolph II., at Prague; it was lost for a time, but was discovered in the yard of a stone

mason, who was about to supply it at his own hand, with a head and arms which are still awaiting. In apartment 3d, are the marbles discovered in the island of Egina in 1811 by some English artists—they are almost the only surviving specimens of the Eginetan school; and besides, these are monuments of British taste and munificence, inasmuch as they were purchased for L.6000, and stand now at Munich, when they might have been brought to London, but for the mismanagement of an English agent, who was actually sent over with L.8000 to secure them.

The picture gallery is not only a beautiful edifice, and a perfect contrast to the malt kiln at Dresden, but it is said to be the most convenient and appropriate receptacle for paintings in Europe. The number of paintings is not numerous, (1500) but they are very select; and they are arranged in seven opening halls, and twenty-three smaller apartments. They may be visited by strangers every day but Saturday, from nine to two. There are also several private collections, all thrown open to strangers; one of the best of these, and which must on no account be omitted, is the collection of paintings selected in Italy at an enormous expense, by Napoleon's son-in-law, Eugene Beauharnois, who married one of the Bavarian princesses. Whether it be that I am no judge of paintings, or that this was the first splendid *collection* of paintings I had taken time so minutely to examine on the continent, or if the fact be really so, but to my mind it appeared to be the most chaste and

least imperfect: certainly there are here some of the greatest efforts of genius that the art has produced. All are of the very best pieces of the most celebrated artists of the Italian school, soft and rich; the paintings are not so numerous as to bewilder and fatigue the attention, and there are no inferior productions to disgust. The portraits of his mother and of Bonaparte are inimitable; but it is impossible to particularise.

I had occasion to pass the cathedral very often, and when doing so, I observed on the second or third day, vast crowds going out and in; the entrants having faces full of intense anxiety, and the out-comers exhibiting unequivocal symptoms of agitation. I had already looked into most of the churches in Munich, and thought nothing of them, but at last I was constrained to cast myself into the stream, and to be carried along by the pressure from without. I found the interior of that vast pile filled to suffocation. For a time the people were silent, with their eyes intensely fixed on the altar-piece, but at short intervals hollow groans rose loud and long as thunder. There was neither service nor sacrament, and to my eye nothing but what I had seen before, namely, the picture and the monuments in bronze, all as large as life. But on inquiry, I learned that a miracle was being performed, and that this was the origin of the whole excitement. It was affirmed by hundreds, that they saw the eye-lids of the portrait of the Saviour distinctly move at times. I remembered the story of the stone lion

over the Duke of Northumberland's gate at Charing Cross, having once ventured to move his tail, to the very great amazement of thousands in London, who all would have sworn to the fact. I therefore pressed myself forward to a favourable position, for ascertaining the truth in the first instance—laughing in my own mind at the simplicity and superstition of the Catholics. But in time I actually did witness the miracle, or to speak only to the matter of fact, I did see the eye-lids of the principal figure on the picture move once and again. And more than that, the people around me saw me to be a foreigner, they judged me to be an Englishman, and they suspected that I was a protestant, and they very firmly, but with kindly politeness, put me to the challenge on the mere matter of facts. I was forced to admit, that in so far as I could judge from the evidence of one of my external senses, the movement was distinctly seen oftener than once, but I made no observations. Whether I too was actually deluded by seeing what was not in reality to be seen after all, and what never did take place, or whether there was roguery behind the screen, I had no means of ascertaining.

When bargaining one day in a bookseller's shop, I observed preparations making for a funeral procession in a house on the opposite side of the street; and as I had not seen anything in Munich the least after the manner of a church-yard, a place which above all others I delight to visit, I remained till the coffin was brought out.

It was a rich massive piece of workmanship of a port wine colour, having on the lid of it the sign of the cross. No mortcloth was put over it, or any kind of covering whatever. A band of mourners took the advance in the procession, holding each in his hand a wax-candle lighted, and larger and longer than a scroll of paper. These were followed by about a dozen personages, apparently of some order of the priesthood. Each bore in his hand an open book, the Bible probably, and from it they read, or rather sang, portions with loud and plaintive tones. Now and then, as they went along, they chaunted a prayer, or a hymn, or an Ave Maria, or a grand "misere," not only with most earnest solemnity, but with great simplicity and beauty. Next in the procession was the corpse and coffin, carried shoulder high, and behind them the relations and acquaintances all uncovered. Their step was solemn and slow, and as they passed along, everybody on the street stood still, and uncovered their head till the procession passed. Wreaths rested on the coffin, and were carried in the hands of friends and followers. Forward we advanced through the city into the suburbs, and fairly out of them, I asked if they were proceeding to some town in the country where the deceased might have been born, in which case I had made up my mind to turn back; but I was told that the cemetery was just at hand, and almost on the instant, the deep long toll of a large bell confirmed the fact. In three minutes more we stepped up the broad stairs, and entered a gate; and there I



saw at one glance where I was—at what in Germany is emphatically called “GOD’S ACRE,” or sometimes THE COURT OF PEACE. And a more interesting spot than this silent city of the departed my eyes never beheld;—interesting not in any respect from the surrounding scenery, of which there is none; but from the manner in which matters are managed within, so unlike in every respect, and so superior to anything of the kind in Britain. The foliage of a few trees is seen around the outskirts, to relieve the eye, like a selvedge to a garment. There are walks dry as bone and neatly formed, crossing one another at right angles, and laying off the field in such a way, that the graves of others need not be trampled upon by the stranger seeking the narrow bed of the remains of his own affectionate recollections. The first impression which arose in my mind was, how spacious, how neat, approaching almost to elegant, how airy, and, in a word, how comfortable an abode for the dead. Quite in the German style, there was nothing frivolous in the whole, all was melancholy and massive, being a most judicious mixture of the useful, the ornamental simplicity, and although last not least, the *impressive* taken as a whole. For far beyond, and on both sides of the very extended square field, grave after grave was ranked in close succession, but there was no crowding or confusion. Here was the turf rich in its greenness as velvet itself. There the sod had been lately wounded by the rough spade of the sexton, the edges of it having not yet been skinned over. Yonder the red soil

remaining neatly broken and scattered on the surrounding turf, pointed out the grave of a day or two's existence; and that heap of bare mould, surmounted by skulls and other bones, and that hole in the earth beside, with boards propping up its sides, and planks placed along its edges, must of course be the long home of that rich apothecary whose funeral I am now attending without having been invited. There were a vast number of crosses and grave stones of various shapes, and other monuments of modest pretensions crowded together, yet not one of them was out of order. This, I thought, must be the grave of a school-master or a scribe, for there are two pens engraved on the stone; that of a blacksmith, with hammer and tongs; and there too is our own *tempus fugit*, with the winged sand-glass. But how beautiful, how sweet, and how fresh those flower-beds and borders which adorn every grave appear, and how touching to the heart of all the living are these wreaths of flowers entwined around the grave stones, as tokens of affection and respect. There were groups of visitors old and young at various places, and here and there a solitary individual bending in silence and sadness, each over the grave of his or her own friend; but by the side of the main walk as we passed, there was a scene true to nature, and worthy of being painted by one of their best artists. There were two boys and a little girl weeding the flower-bed on their father's grave, and there was the widowed mother taking off the chaplet already faded, and replac-

ing it with another of flowers fresh and in bloom. The woman was neither very beautiful nor very handsome, but she was deeply affected; and the children were dividing their little anxieties between the dead and the living parent, and that with singular activity and soothing composure. I had observed stone basons filled with water, and placed carefully by the side of every grave. I took it to be holy water, to enable the catholics to cross themselves with it when visiting the home of the departed. There was a hair brush too attached to the basin with a little chain, and it also, I thought, must have some use, and that not in the mere performance of any religious rite. But the conduct of the little girl explained it all. She had finished the weeding of her flower-plot, and now, while the mother was still watering the grave with her tears, the child took the brush and sprinkled it all over with water from the fount. It was well timed, for the soil was dry, and the sun was burning, and the delicate buds had become sickly. But the water instantly made them look up fresh with renewed vigour. There was something very affecting in these acts, the effusions of a minute; for they were all that the living now could do to express their feelings of esteem and grief for the departed.

While the procession was still proceeding up the broad centre walk to the open grave, as I supposed, I had unconsciously lingered, with a bleeding heart, beside this family group, who tore themselves in grief. But when I looked along,

and saw the procession had gone far past the open grave, and seemed to be proceeding as if out of the burial-ground altogether, I quickened my pace, and came up to it just as the mourners, with their wax candles and open books, were filing off to the right and left, to allow the coffin to advance between. Here the song of wailing was raised louder and in full chorus, and the crossings and sprinklings of holy water, and the perfumery of incense were all redoubled. There was right in front of us a splendid building, with piazzas, porticoes, and pillars, under which and within there was a glass front, through which were seen ladies and gentlemen, dressed in the gayest colours, apparently of all ages, as if reclining at their ease, while a brilliant flood of light blazed from hundreds of large wax candles. The doors were instantly thrown open to receive the body, and the large procession returned down the same broad walk, very much like people in our own country retiring from a funeral. The doors were then shut, and I mounted the flight of steps to the platform, which was partly crowded by silent spectators and some officials; but what was my surprise on pressing forward, and looking into the interior through its glass front, to see that all who at a little distance looked so like a gay assemblage in a ball or supper room, were neither more nor less than dead bodies, dressed for the grave, seated in their coffins, and surrounded each with six or eight wax candles. There were old men and women, withered and

toothless—there was youth and beauty, with the hectic flush scarcely yet faded—there was the vigour of manhood cut down in the midst of his days, with milk in his breasts and marrow in his bones—there was the countenance of the weather-beaten rustic, and there was the inviting smile of the city merchant—there was the stern, grim, death-defiance attitude and expression of the soldier still in his regimentals, and beside him the peaceful, tender sleep of an infant whose eyes had scarce ever opened on this world. And already had they bolstered up my friend, who exhibited a full face, aged about sixty, with hair combed, linens pure as drifting snow, clothes new and fine, and silk stockings such as he would have put on had he risen from his medicine and mortar, and dressed for dinner. Awed by what I had seen, I turned round to retire, as darkness was gathering fast, when at my very side there stood a coffin, with the lid off, and the body of a man, apparently about seventy, was exposed. He held in his hand a small wooden cross. He had a clean skin, a finely arched forehead, a Roman nose, and a long chin. His expression seemed determined, and somewhat as if he had been disappointed in life. He had been evidently a person in the lower ranks of society, yet everything was suitable though coarse. Several poor people now advanced and blessed the body, and watered it with their tears, and knelt around it, and crossed their own forehead, and prayed for a time for both the living and the dead, when at length the officials stepped up and

put the lid on the coffin, screwed it down, and lifted it on their shoulders; then they walked to the grave, the followers raising the same melancholy song or rather sounds as before, but there were no large, long wax candles. I again joined the procession, glad and grateful in my heart that even the dead body of the poorest man in Germany had friends to lament his death; and still more gratified to see the priest and his attendants advance to the grave which I had seen open when I first entered the cemetery. The body having been lowered, the relations in succession threw in a small quantity of earth, which rattled on the coffin. The priest went through his service at the grave, and retired with great solemnity. The grave-digger then set to work in the usual business-like manner. The friends waited till the grave was covered in, then they crossed themselves, and went away. In going back towards the main gate, I saw arcades, and some simple but sumptuous monuments, pointing out the wealth or the rank of the occupiers. Some of these had been newly erected, and others but lately painted. In various parts there were wooden, worn-out triangular monuments on the totter, while others had evidently been so long exposed to the sun and rain, the wind and storm, that they had decayed into rottenness, like the body of the departed below, whose life and death they had vainly presumed to commemorate. Although the inscriptions recorded by these flattering, frail historians, were scarcely legible, yet the roses and

annual flowers, blooming on the grave, plainly showed that there was still in existence some friendly hand, some foot, some heart that moved with kindly recollection towards the dead. To my mind these roses, blanched as some of them certainly seemed to be, and these little flowers, sullied as they were, spoke a language of deeper and more lasting affection than our large, cold, white marble monuments. Marble is dull and dead, and children and females can do nothing for it; but flowers live as if along the dark avenue between time and eternity, and thus to bestow a little care in weeding and in watering is seemly, and must afford a hallowed sort of pleasure to the survivors. On leaving the gate, I cast my eye back the last time to the gay and glittering chamber where the dead bodies were sitting in their coffins, awaiting the time appointed for their interment. But the twilight, now thickened into darkness, gave it a glare as if of triumph, very humbling and somewhat terrifying, especially to a solitary wanderer so far from home; nay, so much so, that for more than a week I never put out my candle at bed-time without remembering the expression of every feature of the departed druggist of Munich. When I returned to the city the lamps were lighted, within doors many were laughing and talking amid mirth and music, and the streets were crowded with thousands all busied about time as if there had been no eternity. Much solemnised and even awed by the contrast, which was not pleasant, I bent my

steps to a house and home which I knew I was destined to occupy for a very short time, as a mere stranger and sojourner, and I felt even *that* to be a fit emblem of my own journey through life, and of the short step which might and ever must remain between me and that country from whose bourne no traveller returns.

I afterwards learned that within twelve hours after a death happens in a family, the public authorities step forward thus to remove the body of the deceased to this kind of intermediate state, even upon earth. Should the connections be poor, the dead cart calls at the door at an appointed time, and the body is thus conveyed to an inferior sort of dead-room, lighted only by a dismal lamp, and there the fingers of the corpse are placed in the loops of a bell-rope attached to an alarum clock, which is fixed in the apartment of an attendant, appointed to be on the watch; the least pulsation or quiver of the body would give the alarm, and medical aid would be on the spot in one minute. In the cases of those who can afford the expense of decorations, a funeral such as I saw takes place as soon after the death as the necessary arrangements can be completed; and instead of the mechanical apparatus already mentioned, matrons and medical men sit night and day for the time appointed by law. With all our pretensions to good sense and fine feeling, every Englishman must admit that in the whole affair such matters are better managed abroad than at home. Should there have been any suspicions of foul



play in the death of the departed, here are means afforded to detect the fact; or should there be one chance in a hundred thousand of animation having been merely suspended, the dead and living have both the benefit of it, in the wonderful precautions which they adopt to guard against the possibility of a premature interment. And how dreadfully disgusting a scene is there not presented in a London, a Manchester, or a Glasgow church-yard—graves dug deep and dark, and sometimes wet as a coal-pit, and coffins piled one upon another up to the surface; and then what confusion and cutting of unripe graves. And in every town, and village throughout the country, how small is the space allowed even for our richest and most populous landward parishes. And how is it managed? there is no plan kept, setting off on paper the several properties of individuals. The corpse-holes in our cities are not only disgusting to decency and sanctity, but they are plague-spots which contaminate the surrounding atmosphere with the miasma of disease and death. The putrid exhalations and stench which proceed from this insufferable evil, and which prevail more or less in all our metropolitan church-yards, require the prompt interference of parliament to extirpate so monstrous a nuisance. Innumerable graves, partly under the floors of churches, and partly in the open soil, are found to be gorged to the very surface. Often are the unmouldered coffins disturbed without scruple, and their mournful deposits, not yet decomposed, are violated by the sexton's

spade, and displaced with indecent recklessness to make way for fresh interments. Nay, much of the animal matter is often consumed by fire or lime, which occasions sickness and death all around these charnel houses. Under the floor of a chapel in Clement's Lane, allowing six tiers of coffins to be piled, 1200 coffins only should be deposited, whereas 10,000 have been buried there within the last sixteen years. The German method of disposing of the dead should be adopted in our country. Either the church-yards must be vastly enlarged in our cities, or spots must be selected in the country to which the dead must be conveyed from the towns. In the precincts of our churches there are no walks, broad or narrow, unless it be to the several doors of the church, and the rude, rough foot of every stranger treads on the breast of those who have no power to utter a complaint. Large stones are strewed everywhere just as they were dug from the earth, and if a more pious age has planted shrubberies to shelter and to adorn, they are torn down and laid into the graves to increase the difficulties of the body-snatchers. And instead of wreaths of flowers, and garlands, and nosegays, and the ever-varying succession of annuals, there is a wild profusion of rank grass, and nettles, and thistles, and hemlocks, and everything, in fact, to verify the English proverb, "out of sight out of mind." And what trouble is often, in a parish to get this confined spot properly enclosed even with a dry stone dyke pointed with lime, and if any one

should propose to enlarge or to adorn it, he has to encounter a whole host of opponents in arms and indignation. And what precautions does our law take to guard against the accident of burial in cases of suspended animation merely? And in cases of poisoning and of murder how often are the bodies buried before suspicion has arisen, or before steps are adopted according to the regulations of our police. And how often do these investigations begin with disinterring the body, taking out and analysing the contents of a stomach which may have already been weeks in the grave. And then, when the murderer is brought to trial, what advantages is his advocate enabled to take of such inhuman methods of procedure. And how slovenly too, have not our funerals in some places become, lest the poor be benefited to the amount of a shilling or two. No bell is tolled; no service is offered; no prayer is uttered. The people meet and march off to the grave with their burden, and as soon as they have laid it in a sort of decent way in the hole, home they all march again, as if time were too short for idle ceremonies, or in other words, as if it were become their determination to bury men like dogs.

I embraced an opportunity which was afforded me of visiting Baron Lotzbeck at Warin, which is about twenty miles to the west of Munich. Here I spent a day doubly delightful, in respect of the hospitality and kindness with which I was treated, and also as it enabled me to see some-

thing of the style in which the German aristocracy live. The house (schloss) is a splendid mansion, situated on a gentle eminence, and almost surrounded with ditches and other natural bulwarks which fortify it. The offices and an enormous brewery, which supplies not only the household, but all the surrounding inhabitants, with ale, are situated to the right and left in front so as to form three sides of a large square. The same family have been on the estate for upwards of seven hundred years at the least, and they have always maintained a rank in influence and manner of living equal to the first classes in the kingdom. When I arrived about eleven o'clock, a bottle of as good claret as I ever tasted, and a piece of dry bread, were presented. We dined at one o'clock, and after a fashion quite worthy of imitation. We all met in the drawing-room, and when dinner was announced, every man gave his arm to a lady. The table was round, and had on it a great profusion of massive silver plate and crystal. Gentlemen and ladies sat around alternately. I was delighted to see that there was nothing of the profusion of meat I had witnessed at Frankfort; on the contrary, the dinner was neat, plentiful, and not over-crowded with dishes. The whole had a light and graceful tendency to propitiate the eye as well as the appetite. The meat was carved and handed round; the soups and fruits were exceedingly rich. I remarked that every thing went on in the way of eating but slowly; and that the conversation and courtesies of drink-

ing an unusual quantity of light, rich, and rare wines were kept up with much greater spirit than in England, during the dinner. But no sooner were the desserts dismissed, and a glass or two of the strongest bodied wines discussed, than the Baron laid aside his table napkin and offered his arm to the same lady he had brought into the room, and again all followed, two and two in his train, back to the drawing-room, where, in one minute, coffee was handed round on massive silver trays. Here, the party separated, some to the garden, some to their siesta, and the Baron to look after his horses and hounds, and several of his farming operations. In his stud, we found five English hunters, of first-rate mettle, which had been sent him from London, and for which he had paid a very high price without a grudge. He had an artist from Munich taking a drawing of as fine an animal as I remembered to have seen. I was urged to remain ten days to enjoy the German field sports, but I could not spare the time. As the afternoon advanced, beer, with a slice of dry bread, was produced on a rustic table, in front of the house, which really tasted most deliciously after our fatigue and perspiration in walking about so much during the heat of the day. In good time, a carriage and pair, with two servants, drove up with one of the hunters, harnessed for the field. I and one or two more stepped into the carriage, and the Baron mounted the saddle, and off we posted to the nearest railway station, distant about six or eight miles, which we reached in

time to catch the train back to Munich, while the Baron and his friends returned to Warin. Why, I have often asked since that day, do not the English follow the German custom in retiring from the dinner table along with the ladies? and, in the name of decency and comfort, it may be asked, What can induce them to separate themselves for so long a time? And here, let it be plainly stated, that if we wonder at the Germans for their manner of eating at dinner, so again they turn the tables against us by wondering at the English drinking so long after it, while the ladies are sitting solitary as crows in the mist. Five minutes after the ladies leave the table, and in an instant after their health has been drunk, let their society be joined, and kept till the party be finally broken up.

After the tourist has feasted his eyes and ears, for a week at the very least, at Munich, and adjusted the affair at the post-office of forwarding his luggage to Salzburg, as directed in the Introduction, let him start for Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol, distant about a hundred miles. An eilwagen goes twice a-week, and matters should be so managed that the departure should take place rather on the Wednesday than the Sunday. Let a ticket only be taken to the Austrian frontier at Mittenwald, which is rather more than half way to Innsbruck. The road thus far, through a part of the Priest's Corner, and by the lake of Starnberg, is crowded with interesting scenes and historical associations, which may be ob-

served from the eilwagen in passing along. But the road over the Alps, first constructed by the Romans through the Porta Claudia, and down upon the vale of the Inn, is such that it would be altogether sinful to pass it in so hurried a manner. Besides it is at times so very steep and narrow that a good pedestrian will actually be no great loser in point of time, the more especially should he hire a small conveyance at Zirl, where the road becomes level again for about ten miles onward by Martinswand to the capital of the Tyrol.

The first village, Sendling, is memorable for a battle fought by a band of Bavarian peasants, who, in 1705, descended from their native mountains, and literally cut to pieces about three thousand Austrians, who occupied their country at the time. To the left of the road is the church, and on the end of it there is a fresco painting of the event; but as we had already seen the battle fought over again in a mock fight at Munich, in a very imposing and magnificent style, we hurried onward past the old chateau of Furstenried, and through its royal deer park, to Wurmsee, which stands at the north end of the lake of Starnberg. It is a beautiful sheet of water, about sixteen miles long, by five broad, having banks highly picturesque. The road along the west shore ascends the hills on its border, and affords a prospect of the country seats of the king of Bavaria, and of the English ambassadors at Munich, with the island in the middle of the lake, and all the villas and villages, castles, churches, and convents. Tra-

dition relates that Charlemagne was born and bred in a mill hereabout, on the shores of the lake. Abbeys, priories, and convents, and other religious establishments, are situated in this district, between the Isar and Lech, so rich, numerous, and splendid, that this part of Bavaria is called Pfaffen Winkel, *i. e.* the Priest's Corner. Soon after this, the Bavarian Alps, and in the distance, those of Switzerland, rise prominently into view, in all the bold and blue might of their majesty. Between the height on which the mountains are first seen, and the Murnau, a village beautifully situated at their foot, the lakes of Riegsee and Staffelsee, with the pretty vale of the Ammer to the right, lie like a rich sunny picture of beauty sleeping in the lap of horror. Before reaching Mittenwald, the romantic town of Partenkirk, the Parthenum of the Romans, is past. Here the road comes to be shut in by high mountains, among which the Zugspitz is seen towering up far among the western clouds. Still winding up the "Isar rolling rapidly," you approach the country of the Tyrol, and the first view of it to the left is, like its whole scenery, terrific and tender, in the dark and dreadful precipices of the Karwendel—in the tremendous mountains all around—in the glaciers, here glittering like silver in the sunbeams, and there retiring with their brown crust of pounded rock into the deep recesses where no sun ever sent his ray to give light and heat, and in the ridges of higher and harder rocks, standing up like a horse's mane,



or even like a knife to cut the azure canopy for some thousands of yards—in the Alpine stream, rushing and gushing itself first into foam, and then into spray, over one cataract after another—in the lively green meadow of the most velvety verdure—in the dancing rill working itself down the lovely vale, clad already with its vineyards, and foliage, and fruits, of great richness and variety—in the sound of the woodsman's axe, felling his trees far up beside yon curling wreaths of light blue smoke in the cleft of the rock—in the song of his daughters, carrying home the milk of their cows—in the ceaseless tinkling of a thousand little bells, fixed to the necks of the cattle grazing among the brushwood a little way above your heads—in the sharp report of the rifle, which never fails to bring down the goat, the chamois, or the wolf, when it comes within its long range—and in the echo which is ever rattling and rolling one noise or another into distant silence.

Mittenwald stands in the very neck of a narrow pass through which, during the middle ages, the whole commerce of Italy was carried into Germany, by Augsburg and Munich. Fort Scharnitz, the Scarbia of the Romans, blocks up the pass as completely as a cork does the neck of a bottle. But in 1805, when the French advanced from Ulm towards Vienna, Ney, guided by Bavarian peasants, led a force by a side valley over the Alps, which the Austrians might have commanded with very little trouble. In this way he was enabled to attack with an overwhelming mass of artillery and

troops this fortress both in front and in rear at once, and in the end he took it with a loss of near 2000 of his best men, and then for two whole days the peasants told me "troops, artillery, and baggage, were drummed along the road." The Isar here rushes out of a valley on the left hand from its source in the Heisenkopt mountain.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE TYROL AND THE ALPS.

MY passport and person too were very strictly eyed by the Austrian authorities, near the fortress of Scharnitz, which is the first place in Tyrol. It rained heavily, and I resolved to defer enjoying the magnificence of the scenery for the afternoon. Scarcely had I dined, and while I was glutting down a pint bottle of claret, when a stout, active, and aged official from the passport office came in to me, and offered very politely to show me the fortress now dismantled, the pass where Ney led his forces so quietly, and in fact all the gems of the place. Delighted beyond measure, I started in defiance of wind and rain, when it occurred to me that I might as well offer what money I meant to give him, but to my surprise he firmly but with politeness refused all remuneration whatever, whether in money, wine, or coffee. He showed me every thing, and told me every thing. It still rained, and the wind and waterfalls roared, but for a whole hour he walked with me, and talked

with me, answering every question without asking any. I wondered always the more what could induce an aged Austrian to be so very civil to a foreigner, of whom he not only knew nothing, but about whom he seemed altogether unwilling to make even the most distant inquiry. At last, however, after telling me of Salzburgh, Passau, and Linz, he turned the conversation towards Innsbruck, and then at once, I noticed how slyly he struck his flint to get the darkness lightened up. He mentioned the tomb of Andreas Hofer, he talked of his patriotism, and well he might, for the name of Tell or Wallace is not now more immortal in the history of the world than that of Hofer, and also with indignation of the Austrians having given him over to be murdered by Napoleon. I shifted the subject once or twice, but still he brought it round again. I pretended utter indifference and even ignorance of Hofer and his patriotism; but he explained the circumstances, and drove forward the conversation, till in a kind of anxiety, altogether new to me, I told him that I had laid down a rule when I left England, to talk of neither religion nor politics till I returned,—that rule I had hitherto kept—and that rule I would continue to keep every where, and to every individual; because I wanted to see the country, and to get peaceably home again. I saw by that time the drift of the whole affair, and I learned from it a salutary lesson which is here recorded, to guide and to guard others.

Next morning, and by sunrise, I was whistling

along the road which bends rather to the right on leaving Scharnitz for Seefeld, when after a walk of ten miles or so, I had promised myself the most delightful of all meals to a healthy man,—a good substantial breakfast. The road hereabouts attains the highest elevation, and the scenery the height of grandeur. About six in the morning, when the sun had for long clad the thousand pinacles around with his bright beams, and when his rays were gradually being extended up one deep defile after another, I ascended an eminence on the right side of the road, and scrambled up the turrets of an old castle built on a promontory, the whole view from which was so exceedingly beautiful and grand, that I never had seen any thing to equal it. After all, I thought to myself, I may have seen scenery even more terrific in the Highlands of Scotland, and equally beautiful too on the lovely Neckar, but such a combination of both extremes I never saw. Anxious as I was for breakfast, it was long before I could tear myself away from the spot, and to this moment it is bright before me, as if I had never lifted an eye from it. At last I bounded like a large stone down the banks and over the precipices, and along the verdant lawn almost to the fairy rill itself, by this time basking its crystal streams in the bright sun.\*

\* It is remarkable that, even in these Alpine regions, so elevated that their agricultural produce cannot maintain a fourth part of the very scanty population, numerous fossil remains of fishes with scales are found in a perfect state of preservation.

After leaving Seefeld there is one continued descent for six or eight miles. Just about the place where the road overhangs the castle of Fragenstein, there bursts into view the upper valley of the Inn towards the right hand, Zirl in all its extraordinary beauty and richness at your feet, and a tremendous chasm shut up at the top by a very gigantic and almost perpendicular buttress of the Solstein mountain. In utter amazement I stood for a moment stock still. On moving again, I saw a cross and a fountain of water, and an aged pedestrian actually kneeling in fervent prayer at the time, before the image of the Saviour. I now perceived most powerfully the dexterity of the catholics in placing their crosses. Before I noticed the cross, I had felt myself awed not only into tears but into devotion, and I had actually uttered the words aloud, "Great and marvellous are all thy works, Lord God Almighty." But when I saw the aged man so earnest in prayer at the foot of it, I felt as if I could have bent my knees at his side. In a moment, however, I recovered myself, and began to bend them in going down the very steep and even dangerous precipices over the village by the castle.

Half a mile below the picturesque Zirl, a jutting promontory, also a part of the Solstein mountain, about 1000 feet high and mathematically perpendicular, divides the upper from the under Innthal. Between the river and the rock there is scarcely space left for the high road. It was said to have been a military position, and to have

been strongly fortified during the late war. If such was the fact, it may well be asked by what device could even the bravest of Napoleon's brave marshals lead 100,000 men safely past it, when a few Tyrolese riflemen might have prevented him. But still more wonderful is the adventure of the emperor Maximilian at this celebrated precipice, so much so indeed as not to be believed but on the most undoubted authority. That enthusiastic sportsman, led away on one occasion in pursuit of a chamois among the rocks above, lost his footing, and rolling headlong to the verge of the precipice, was just able to arrest himself, when on the brink of destruction, by clinging with his head downward to a ledge of rock, in a spot where he could neither move up nor down, and where to all appearance, no one could approach him. He was perceived from below in this perilous position, and as his death was deemed inevitable, prayers were offered up at the foot of the rock by the abbot of Wiltan, as though for a person *in articulo mortis*. The emperor, finding his strength failing him, had given himself up for lost, and recommended his soul to Heaven, when a loud halloo near at hand arrested his attention. A bold and intrepid hunter named Zips, who had been driven to the mountains to avoid imprisonment for poaching, had, without knowing what had happened, also been drawn to the spot in clambering after a chamois. Surprised to find a human being thus suspended between earth and sky, he uttered the cry which attracted Maximilian's

attention. Finding the perilous nature of the case, he was in a few minutes at the emperor's side, and binding on his feet his own crampirons, and extending to him his sinewy arm, he succeeded with difficulty in guiding him up the face of the precipice along ledges, where to appearance, even the chamois could not have found footing, and thus rescued him from a situation of such hopeless peril, that the common people even now attribute his escape to the miraculous interposition of an angel. The spot where this occurred, now hollowed out into a cave in the face of the rock, is marked by a crucifix, which though 18 feet high, is so far above the road that it is barely visible from thence. It is now rendered accessible by a difficult path, which may be reached by about half an hour's walk from Zirl. The cave is 750 feet above the river, and the precipice is so vertical, that a plumb line might be dropped from it into the road below. It is traditionally stated that Maximilian rewarded the huntsman with the title of Count Holloer, in token of his gratitude, and in reference to the exclamation uttered by him, which sounded so welcome to the emperor's ear, as announcing that relief was at hand.

After passing Martinswand, the road and the river take a bend to the east, and then, as if at once, the city of the Tyrol presents itself on the two banks of the Inn near its junction with the Sill.\* My first exclamation was, How like Peebles

\* It deserves to be mentioned that the distance from Zirl to



when seen from Nipath on the banks of the Tweed! but how infinitely more beautiful still, and great, and grand in all its proportions! The river Inn is a much larger river than strangers are apt to imagine; for although the Danube drinks it all up at Passau, yet at the point of junction, the Inn is both greater in volume and has had a longer course than the Danube. So here it presents a full, fine, and majestic flow, which is in due proportion with the dignity of the surrounding scenery. The valley is formed by two parallel ranges of the Alps, 7000 or 8000 feet in height, and so strikingly abrupt, that although the ridges are several miles separated between mountains, they seem to nod towards each other in awful majesty, as if overhanging the river and the town. Hence the lights from the windows of the woodmen's houses, when seen at night from below, look like so many stars in the firmament. Hence too it has been said that the wolves prowling about the mountain-tops look down into the streets. The Inn is crossed by a wooden bridge, the scene of a dreadful battle between 25,000 of the flower of the French army, and 18,000 of the Tyrolese peasantry armed with their rifles, and led on by Andreas Hofer, in which the French were defeated in the face of overwhelming numbers of disciplined troops and skilful generals. These Kentuckians of Europe are

Innsbruck is nearly nine miles English, and that for a seat in the mail gig drawn by one Tyrolese horse, the best of any, I paid only sevenpence sterling.

bred to the use of the rifle from their boyhood, and pride themselves above measure in the rapidity of their motions, and in the accuracy of their aim. It is heavy and clumsy, but the trigger is so delicate, that it will strike fire almost with a gust of wind. At the distance of 300 yards they will send their bullet through the bull's eye three times out of five. The marksmen of one valley meet to contend for prizes with those of another. The victor is carried home in triumph, with flags and music, and adorned with garlands, carrying the target as his trophy. These memorials of skill are everywhere seen hung up in front of the houses, and sometimes five or six may be counted over the house of some very expert marksmen.\* Hofer needed on this occasion no conscription to raise his forces, and in battle his only manœuvre was quickness and deadly aim. A bridge and a town then were his very positions. Saw-dust thrown into the heads of the waters flowing in every direction, conveyed the signal of the intended rising, and by night the bonfire of blazing wood from the top of every Alp sent forth every man capable of bearing arms, from every hollow, and from every hamlet, to the bridge at Innsbruck. Nothing but the infants, the very aged, and the very infirm could be kept at home. Wives and sisters even hurried to the battle-field to defend their country, and to aid their husbands and

\* It was the deadly aim of a Tyrolese rifleman among the shrouds which brought down Nelson at Trafalgar.

brothers. In one year, 1809, seven dreadful and decisive battles were fought in this way, by the Tyrolese peasantry, against the French and Bavarians at Innsbruck alone; four times was this capital possessed by the enemy, and thrice did the natives regain it,—nay, five times in the course of the year was the country overrun by foreign troops, and five times did this people clear it from one end to the other of all its invaders. Hofer, the keeper of a country ale-house, was the hero of this glorious struggle. And only because he defended his native country so bravely was he made a prisoner in a chalet on the mountains, and deliberately shot. This cowardly murder of Hofer casts a deeper and darker stain on the memory of Napoleon, than even his cruel massacre of the Duc d'Enghein.

There is nothing very wonderful about Innsbruck, with the exception of the new Stadt, where the Tyrolese parliament meets, and which has a triumphal arch, built by Maria Theresa, at the end towards Italy. The houses are generally built in Italian fashion, with arcades beneath them, and the view from the bridge speaks for itself, and needs nothing here to recommend it. The palace is but a poor affair, and the museum is entirely devoted to the productions of their own country, both in art and natural history. But the relics which Hofer wore at his death, his sword, and hat, the medal he had around his neck, and the money which was found in his pocket, and above all, the letter he wrote to his wife,

with his bust and portrait, are all to be noticed in the further room. The library contains Lord Sidmouth's letter to Hofer in 1810, with a gift of L.30,000 to the bold defenders of their country. Tourists generally bring some characteristic souvenir of Tyrol—many of the German toys being from this quarter. The height behind the church on the left bank of the Inn should be ascended for the sake of a view. I had heard of their Bauern comoedien, which are said to resemble the ancient mysteries or earliest theatrical performances, and as I was told that the subjects were usually from sacred writ, I stepped into their theatre, but finding nothing national or interesting, I just stepped out again.

It was with regret that I made up my mind to leave this peaceful and pious paradise of a capital, certainly the most picturesque of any in Europe. The people, gentle, honest, hospitable, and obliging, are trained from their childhood to habits of frugality and contentment. Like all the inhabitants of mountainous regions, they are sterling and stern lovers of their native land, and ready to perish in its protection. In the dreadful struggle of 1809, they refused to bend, even when all the rest of Austria was broken. After the peace of Schönbrunn, their emperor ordered them to lay down their arms, but for once these loyal mountaineers disobeyed the commands of their father, declaring that the document was a forgery, and they continued to fight during the severity of winter's snows and storms; and when Hofer was

taken and their armies defeated, they dispersed with great reluctance, as if to hide their sorrow in shame. Strangers alike to opulence and poverty, they have almost all the conveniences of life at their hand, and so many of the fruits, wines, and fine superfluities, that they seldom visit other countries but for the purpose of disposing of their superabundant produce. Remote from the polite, they still retain the primeval simplicity of manners. Frugal by habit, they scarcely know that temperance is a virtue. In a word, the heart of all of them seems to partake of the general warmth of their atmosphere, their mind is like the sturdy scenery around, and their faces are open as the cloudless sky over their heads. There is at Innsbruck no intervention of police, civil or military,—no pomp and parade of war,—nothing of permissions of residence or inquiries as to your nation or objects, and only as much of passports as may be conducive to your comfort in going into any other state. While the stranger roams on the Inn or in the city, there are to be seen no indications of distress—no importunate or shrinking mendicancy—no symptoms of magisterial harshness, or of popular dissatisfaction, to disturb the harmony of their soul with the sublimities of nature around them.

The scenery of the Lower Innthal, as' passed from Innsbruck by Volders and Schwatz to the village of Strass, at the mouth of the Zillerthal, although very delightful, and by no means destitute of historical interest, is far more subdued

than that of the Upper Innthal. The Zillerthal, the Krimler waterfall, the highest in the Austrian dominions, the Gastein, and Salzburg, were the objects to which I set my face on leaving Innsbruck. I meant to have gone to the pass of the Brenner, and also to the celebrated vales there; but every traveller must sacrifice something at a time. I continued my journey on foot on a regular plan, worthy of all imitation by tourists in the Tyrol. I rose with the sun, and often before it, and breakfasted at seven, eight, or nine, as the opportunity presented itself, generally on coffee, with as many substantial accompaniments as the place could afford, but it did not grieve me even when I felt myself constrained to put up with delicious sweet milk, instead of coffee, to my half dozen of fresh eggs, sweet butter, and the finest of wheaten bread. After breakfast I stretched myself for an hour on a board, or, in fact, anywhere but on the damp ground. Starting again, at first with a little tinge of the spavie, I managed another ten or twelve miles, and when the fatigue and heat of the day began to become overpowering, I dined and had my pint of wine. I hired a country vehicle at a rustic inn, (and let me tell the dandies that there are for hundreds of miles none else), or from a farmer, or if it came in my way, I took a stage of the eilwagen. I generally dined, drank my wine, and rested, while the horse was getting fed and harnessed. By four or five in the afternoon I was upwards of thirty English miles on my way, and still quite

equal for another ten or twelve miles in the cool of the evening. Then supper and bed soon after sun-set made me hearty and happy as a Shetland pony. After taking the average of seventeen days spent by me as a pedestrian among the Bavarian, the Tyrolese, and the Salzburg Alps, my expenditure for eating and sleeping amounted only to twenty-pence a day; and I neither hungered myself, nor sought out inferior accommodation, for I knew that, putting comfort out of the question, there is no economy in such a course. I took, therefore, the best of everything I could get, because I needed it; and I went always to the best place I could find in the country, and to the second best in the cities, because I did not choose to afford to be both cheated and maltreated in the inferior hofs of butchers and the like.

Only one night was I allured to remain out of bed till about ten. It was on the banks of the Inn, and within two hours' walk of the mouth of the Zillerthal. The day had been unusually hot, and my journey on foot rather longer than common, and I reached my destination fatigued almost to weakness. I longed earnestly for a cup of good tea, and was startled to be told that there was some Russian tea, which had been in the house for several years, because no body had asked for it, and that in truth they did not know how to make it ready. Tea grown in Russia, thought I,—the thing is impossible; but it means tea brought overland from China, first to Russia

and then to Germany; and that *must* be genuine. The "thea machine" was instantly called for, but alas! tea-pot they had none. I ordered a small tureen, and there was brought me a large sauce-boat, which, with plenty of boiling water, (an article, by the bye, the scarcest of any in Germany,) soon produced plenty of tea of a very superior flavour. Meanwhile, the sultry sun was setting with extraordinary splendour in the vale of the Inn, beyond the glaciers of the Brenner, while, by a fortunate coincidence, the full moon was just rising at the bottom of the vale down the river. Out, therefore, I sallied, to enjoy the prospect. As the golden rays of the west began to change, and the fine golden beams to become dim even along the highest pinnacles, the silver mantle of the moon was thrown over the scene in broader and whiter folds; and what, too, was exceedingly interesting, the gleams from the blast furnaces on the opposite side of the river, as they became redder in the dusk, and began to be reflected from the streams, the rocks, and the sky, reminded me most forcibly of earlier associations. When pacing along in silence and solitude, the vesper bell tolled, from the church on a rock over my head, the hour of nine, and, in the course of a few minutes, I heard the intelligence confirmed from five other little steeples in the surrounding villages on both sides of the Inn. No need, thought I, of church extension here, for thick as the cannons at Gibraltar are set, wherever there is space to hold them, so are churches, and chapels, and convents,



and crosses planted in this portion of the Tyrol, wherever half a score of hamlets are clustered together. Should there be any more conversions to protestantism in the Zillerthal, it is not from the want of catholic priests to guard the mouth of the pass. Here, too, on this occasion, I heard in great purity, power, and perfection, the national music of the "Jödeln" of the shepherds and dairymaids on the mountains, carolled forth with a peculiar intonation of the voice within the throat, making the echoes ring with their wild notes. Like the song of the nightingales, it began with a few solitary notes, as if from a single voice at a particular spot, but the sounds rose rapidly in number and in volume from the crevices of the rocks on high, and from the hamlets on the plains below, till the whole air seemed actually swelling with the same undulating chorus of song. It then, as if by implied consent, died away, and as I passed homewards, I heard from each and all the low murmur of many voices, led by the deeper tones of the father, and followed by the rapid responses of the rest, all in the act of closing the day by family worship. Much as I had hitherto admired this simple and sensible people, I felt my heart uniting closer to them every hour, and my only regret was that such a peasantry should thus be bound neck and heel in all the fetters of popery.

The powerful religious feelings of the Tyrolese is one of the most remarkable features of their national characteristics, and the more remote the

valley is their piety is the more uniform and deep. Even along the principal roads, chapels are built at every half mile, in which the traveller may perform his devotions, or which may awaken his thoughts to a recollection of his spiritual duties. The rude efforts of art have been every where exerted to pourtray the events of our Saviour's life, and innumerable figures carved in wood attest, in every part of the country, both the rustic taste of the people, and the fervour of their religious impressions. The symbols of devotion are to be found in the higher parts of the mountains, where there are hardly any vestiges of human cultivation, in the depths of the untrodden forests, and even on the summit of seemingly inaccessible cliffs. The cross rises every where amid the wilderness, as if to mark the triumph of religion over the greatest obstacles of nature ; and in the valleys and the cities, it still preserves its ancient sway over the people. On the exterior of most houses, the legend of some favourite saint, or the sufferings of some popular martyr are delineated ; and the poor inhabitant deems himself secure from the greater evils of life under the guardianship of such heavenly aid. In every valley, numerous spires are to be seen rising amid the beauty and grandeur of the surrounding scene, and reminding the traveller, on the eastern frontier especially, by the cupola form in which they are constructed, of his approach to the East. On Sunday, the whole people flock to church in their neatest and gayest attires ; and so great is the

number who thus frequent these places of worship, that it is not unfrequent to see the peasants kneeling on the turf in the church-yard, where mass is performed, from being unable to find a place within its walls. Regularly in the evening, prayers are read in every family; and the traveller who passes through the villages at the hour of twilight often sees, through their latticed windows, the young and the old kneeling together round their humble fire, or he is warned of his approach to human habitations by hearing their hymns stealing through the silence and solitude of the forest.

Their religion too is largely intermingled with superstition, and also interwoven with innumerable legends and visionary tales. The mountains around are the great nurseries of superstitious feeling, and the solitude and magnificence of nature around, give the impression that every change is the work of some invisible mysterious power. Hence, if shadows fall on the lake at sun-rise, they are interpreted as the approach of some hostile band;—if the wind howl through the forest, it is thought to be the lamentations of the dead who are expiating their sins;—and if the mist flit over the summit of the mountains, it seems to their minds to be the distant skirts of vast armies, borne on the whirlwinds and treading the storm. Hence too, every savage mountain and ruined castle has become peopled with the phantoms of a romantic superstition. Lights are said to have been often observed at

night, in towers which have been uninhabited for centuries; and bloody figures distinctly seen to flit through the deserted halls. The armour which still hangs on the walls has been observed to move, and the plumes to wave, when the Tyrolese arms were victorious. Groans they affirm are still heard in the neighbourhood of the dungeons, where the victims of feudal tyranny were sacrificed; and the cruel baron who persecuted his people in his savage passion for the chase, is often heard to shriek in the forest of Unterberg, (near Salzburg) and to howl as he flees from the dogs which he had trained to the scent of human blood. Particular spots, too, where persons of extraordinary sanctity have dwelt, have given birth to associations of a gentler and more holy kind, from the benevolent and devout feelings of this primitive people. In the far recesses of the mountains, on the verge of perpetual desolation, hermits in former times had fixed their abode; and the imagination of the peasant still fancies that their spirit hovers around the spot where their earthly trials were endured. Shepherds who have passed in the gloom of the evening by the cell where the bones of a saint are laid, relate that they distinctly heard his voice as he repeated his vesper prayers, and saw his form as he kneeled before the crucifix which the piety of succeeding ages had erected in his hermitage. The image of many a patron saint has been seen to shed tears over a defeat, and the garlands which are hung round the crosses of the Virgin, wither when the

hand which raised them has fallen in battle. Peasants who have been driven by a storm to take shelter in the little chapels, have seen the crucifix bow its head, and solemn music has been heard at vespers in the higher places of worship of the mountains. The distant but distinct pealings of the organs, and the chant of innumerable voices are there distinctly heard. And the peasant, when returning at night from the chase, often trembles when he beholds funeral processions clothed in white, marching in silence through the gloom of the forests, or slowly moving on the clouds that float over the summits of the mountains. At the approach of the war of deliverance from the Bavarian yoke in 1809, the excited minds of the people filled the air with these imaginary appearances. In the gloom of the evening endless files of visionary soldiers, clad in Austrian uniform, traversed the mountain tops. The creaking of artillery-wheels, the trampling of cavalry, and the hasty tread of marching infantry, with bursts of laughter and shouts of triumph were often heard; but all was hushed, and the spectres melted into mist when the anxiety of the spectators inclined them to approach too nearly. Withered arms were seen to stretch themselves from the rocks. Vast armies with flying banners, and all the splendour of military triumph, were seen at sunrise reflected in the lakes in the Pinzgaw; and when the widows and orphans of the fallen warriors kneeled before the Virgin, the withered flowers and garlands placed round the image, burst forth

in renovated beauty, and spread their fragrance around the altar, as if to mark the joy of the dead for the approaching deliverance of their country.\*

At five on the following morning, I was on the road, which was already thronged with the villagers bending their steps up the steep through "God's Acre, and in to the altar." I followed, and found that service was going on, and that the church was already more than half filled. I soon saw that the presence of a foreigner in a dress as strange to them, as theirs was at first to me, interrupted their devotions, and as everything was common place, I came away to resume my journey. At Strass two roads may be taken to Salzburg; the one by the romantic defile called pass Strubb, by the Achenbach and the Saal, the silver mines of Rohrerbuchal and Reichenhall,—the other up the Zillerthal, the Gerlos pass, through the Pinzgaw over the Plattenburg mountain, in face of the waterfall of the Kriml, then down the valley of the Salzach. For a thousand good and substantial reasons I made choice of the latter course, difficult and dangerous as it was said to be, with at best only a char road to traverse, and with no such luxury as a char road or any road at all, during the ascent and descent of the Gerlos.

At Strass I turned to the right hand out of the valley of the Inn, and entered the Zillerthal, pass-

\* See Alison's admirable History of Europe, vol. vii. passim.

ing a powerful and picturesque castle, Kropfstein, which guards its mouth. I have traversed at home and abroad glens and gorges, the glens more beautiful, and the gorges more terrific far than those of the Zillertal. The bottom of the valley is entirely pastoral, clad with flocks and herds. About the middle of the glen there are gold mines, the working of which, with the stamping mills and processes of amalgamation, is a trade by itself. The manufacture of gloves too is carried on at the town of Zell, which contains a thousand inhabitants. There are needle manufactories in the lower vale, and in the upper the people are chiefly employed in tending their flocks, and in preparing their produce for the market. Above Zell, where the Thal separates into two branches, the scenery becomes really very grand, till the valley is to the west terminated far up in the heart of the Alps, by a tremendous glacier called the "Diegefrorne wand," that is, the frozen wall. The other valley takes to the south, immediately behind Zell, and continues to mount upwards for fourteen miles, to a miserable collection of Alpine hofs at the church of Gerlos. The ascent is not all equally steep, otherwise it would have overtopped the Andes, but the path is always rising, and sometimes so very steep, that foot-steps are formed by laying wood and cutting ledges in the rocks, like stairs for giants. And, besides, wherever one spot excels another in the terrific, there a comfortable resting place, covered over head, awaits you,—to sit, to breathe, and to drink,

and if you will, to offer up your prayers at the foot of the cross. These crucifixes in the remote paths, serve the threefold purpose, first of exciting devotional feelings, gratitude for the difficulty surmounted, and dependence on Him who weighs the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, for strength to overcome those that are in front. Second, they serve as memorials of peril to record some dreadful accident which befell some daring pedestrian like yourself, and in that case, besides the cross, the figures of the Virgin, and the protecting saint, the board contains the name of the sufferer, the circumstances of the accident, and a simple request to all who pass to recite a pater-noster for the good of his soul. Third, they serve as guide posts, and as some of these have a light hung from them, which for ages have never been suffered even to glimmer in their sockets, these symbols of faith become both by night and by day landmarks of the traveller's journey. Nay, it has often happened, that the benighted way-farer, in the midst of storm and darkness, has recovered his road, by catching a glimpse of one of these devotional lamps,—or he has even been saved from falling headlong over a buttress, by the sight of the cross erected on its top, revealed only to him for a second, by a solitary gleam of lightning. The clear fertilizing Ziller, which issues from the southern Alps, flows into the Inn below Strass, giving to this valley its name of Zillerthal, which name has become famous for a religious movement from popery to protestantism;



but as this interesting and important matter requires to be treated somewhat in detail, the reader is referred to the appendix for information respecting it.

The whole of the path up the Gerlos was extremely fatiguing, notwithstanding the many "rest and be thankfuls" which it affords. The difficulties sometimes rose into dangers. There were very few hofs indeed, and scarcely an individual was met, unless early in the evening and morning, when the strong and stately woodman, with his hatchet on his arm, and his pipe in his mouth, was passing to or from his hut which is probably half buried in the earth to escape the avalanche; or it might be the raw and ragged boy collecting the goats from the crags to be milked; or now and then, but seldom indeed, a peasant coming down from higher regions still, with a long and strong pike-staff in his hand, and setting it far and firm into the soil at every step, as if, like the sailors, trusting more to the hold by their hands than their feet. These peasants carry in a long tapering creel, fixed and fitted to their back, small cheeses made of goats' milk, or the quarters of the goat itself, to be sold at Zill, the little metropolis of their dreadful and dreary district, or to be given in exchange for the head of another hatchet, and for a few more of the bare necessities of life. They have a bold open countenance, long brawny arms, and large hands. Their costume is very simple, and not inelegant:—A hat very narrow at the brim, turning and tapering almost to a point,—a

bare breast and neck, a jacket and vest closely fitted to their very handsome person, a kilt fitted loosely to each of their limbs, instead of flowing in folds around them both, like those of the Highlanders. The knee is quite naked, and free to move whether in ascending or descending the mountain. Their shoes and stockings reach to the upper part of the calf of the leg.

My efforts to reach the top of the Kelnar, one of the giants of the Rhetian Alps, entirely failed me. After a world of severe but cautious toil, for nearly the whole day, I was obliged to take up my quarters for the night in a poor *châlet*, belonging to a herd, whose only occupation was to find wood for his winter's fire, and to tend his goats for his sustenance. The evening was serene, and the sun setting amid the splendid drapery of rich red clouds, caused the snow and ice of the glaciers around to glitter like polished plates of silver. I possessed no means of ascertaining how many thousand feet I was up, but I felt the atmosphere evidently as if cutting my breath, and the least exertion made me cough. Everything about the house, which was constructed entirely of wood, was coarse and scanty. There was nothing of the beau ideal of poetry or romance in the whole affair;—nothing of the crook or the flagelet, the song or the dance. On the contrary, the family seemed to be conscious that they were banished from the haunts of men. Neither did the idea that they hovered above the clouds elevate their

minds into rapture. However, they complained of nothing but the dreadful colds of winter, by which every year their fingers and toes were regularly frost-bitten; and the anxiety, and arduous labour, and danger which they had to encounter, even during the summer, in preventing their charge from straggling or falling over the rocks, and in their precautions to protect them at times from the bear and the wolf. The care, the kindness, and the hospitality of the husband and wife were such as would have been absolutely painful, but for my two impressions, that they would seldom have an opportunity of exercising it in that way, and also, that probably I would be careful during the rest of my lifetime, never to put them to so much trouble again. My supper was goats' milk, thickened with something palatable, but I knew not what, after the manner of the place. There was a crucifix in the house, but I heard no evening devotion. In the night-time I was wakened by a bolt of wind, which struck the fabric so strongly, that I began to question whether the tempest or the avalanche would be first to embrace the opportunity of turning my precious person with the whole family and the wooden hovel over the precipice. Resolved that they might settle the matter between them, so very trifling in their estimation, I fell asleep again, but I was roused a second time by the unexpected onset, which, had I not made my escape, would ere long have maddened my brain to death, *non vi sed saepe cadendo*. It was the rain dropping through the roof of the

house on my head. I lifted the bolster and pillow, such as they were, and placed them at the other end of the bed, then turning myself accordingly, I once more fell asleep in a minute, leaving the constant and cruel enemy to work away at my feet. In the morning it snowed and rained heavily, and the mist was so thick, that no man on earth would have ventured to have ascended any farther. Finding myself thus *mistaken* in a very *unfair* way, with the help of the man as my guide, I cut across the country for the celebrated water-fall, consoling myself in the disappointment and my ducking, that the more rain that fell, the fall would be improved in the same proportion.

The summit of the pass, along which runs the boundary of the Tyrol and Salzburg, is generally covered with vast forests of fir and larch, whose dark solitudes, it is said, are rarely traversed by any but woodmen; yet it was our destiny, in a day pouring with rain and snow, mixed into sleet, to pass a corner for several miles of this world of woods: fortunately there was a track, and an opening had been cut, so that there was neither danger nor difficulty, but some novelties to be noticed on an inconceivable scale of grandeur. No man who does not enter one of these forests can form the least notion of what is going on within them in the exercise of skill, industry, and power. Should my Lord John Russell continue to doubt the efficiency of sliding scales, let him repair to one of the forests on the tops of the Tyrolese or

Styrian Alps, and he will see them work to his utter astonishment. The rich and unbroken masses of vegetation which the Styrian and Tyrolese Alps display, from the very verge of the cultivated fields, not only over their middle regions, but up to their summits, form one of the distinguishing features of the country. In number, grandeur, and extent, they are not equalled by those of Switzerland, nor even surpassed by those of Norway. When once a pedestrian enters into one of them, it seems as if he were never to get out again. Should he see the bright light of the sun before him, and quicken his steps to regain his liberty, it is only to meet with a disappointment in finding it to be a spot of herbage around some well-heads of water, for the cattle to feed and to drink. Should he gain an eminence, it is only to discover more ranges of dark wood, variegated with these meadows, and glittering streams. White clover, and a profusion of sweet-scented flowers clothe their banks; above waves the mountain-ash glowing with scarlet berries; beyond rise hills, and rocks, and mountains, piled upon one another, and fringed with firs to their topmost acclivities. When a mere passing pilgrim looks to the stately stems, these giants of the vegetable creation, which grow in millions on the boundaries of these provinces, and thinks of the extreme remoteness and difficulty of access, he is apt to conclude that they are destined to ripen and rot, undisturbed by the axe, on the spot where nature sowed them. But no, the rustic ingenuity of these active moun-

taineers has contrived means to cut and to carry at almost no expense the largest, not only down to Vienna, but to Constantinople and the Black Sea, there to be bought by the several nations of Europe, and converted into masts for their men-of-war, and that, too, often enough when it has been felled many miles from a stream capable of floating a log, or when the stream flows in a direction opposite to that in which the wood is to be carried. These forests are everywhere traversed for many miles with rude railroads on the level spaces, and semicircular troughs, formed of trees placed side by side and smoothed by stripping off the bark, and so placed as to preserve a gradual descent by tunnels through projecting rocks and wooden viaducts over the ravines, until they terminate on the borders of some stream capable of carrying them onward. When the ground has become slippery, and the waters are swollen by heavy falls of rain or the melting of snow, the woodman embraces the opportunity of launching his logs. They descend with the rapidity of an arrow, and with such a force, that if, by chance, the log meets with any impediment in the slide, it is tossed out by the shock, and either snapt in two like wax, or shivered to splinters. In winter, so soon as the snow has filled up the ravines of the mountains, and frost has hardened its surface, the wood-cutter puts the cramp-irons on his feet, and with the aid of cattle and of men in great numbers, the trees are conveyed to the track of some one of the slides. While others are

employed in partially removing the snow from the troughs, a few logs are sent down to smooth and clear the passage. Water is next poured down, which speedily covers it with one sheet of ice, as smooth and solid as glass. The logs are then discharged with the rapidity of lightning, and they fly for miles like shot fired from a cannon. The effect of such discharges is awful when the slide terminates on the brow of a precipice overlooking a lake. The trees hurled forth strike the water with a noise, the continued reports of which make the mountains around volley forth echoes louder than thunder, and constant as the roar of artillery from a field of battle; while every log clears half the width of the lake in a leap, and diving deep into the water from the height of the fall, bounds again with majesty and might to the surface, and strews it as it were with the fragments of a wreck. And should any of the logs be arrested in their progress over these precipices, by some projecting mass of rock, or by brushwood on the sides of the ravine, the daring woodman is let down over the face of the cataract by a cord, and there, with axe in hand, he labours till the obstruction is cleared away. Should the trees grow on the opposite side of the hills, where the streams flow in a contrary direction to the point where it is wanted, these are then carried up the ascent by means of vast inclined planes, called wood-elevators, which extend from the bottom of the valley to the summit of the nearest cleft overhanging it. A number of waggons are so construct-

ed as to run up and down this sort of railroad. Above there is a huge windlass communicating with a water-wheel, which is put in motion by turning on it the streams of a mountain torrent. Ropes from the windlass are attached to the wag-gons, and thus the wood is raised many hundred feet to the summit level, when they are sent down the sliding scale as before. It is needless to add, that a wandering stranger should take care how he passes one of those sliding scales. Woe to him for ever in this world, if he happen to take such a fancy at the critical moment of the first launch. The encountering of a train on a railroad, or even pushing one's head into the mouth of a cannon, when it is about to be discharged, would not produce more certain or more sudden destruction.

Out of the woods at last, and out of the Tyrol, the Pinzgaw is entered, and the traveller begins to look with anxiety into the vale of the Salzach, down which he is now about to descend. Here there is not even the semblance of a track; but so attentive are the local authorities, that finger posts are set up, each within sight of the other, to prevent the possibility of wandering. Onward still, till the roar of the waterfall is distinctly heard to the right hand in the distance, and the faithful guide is permitted to take from your open handful of money whatever coins he chooses to select, and another is given him over and above, and then in silent anxiety, through the estates belonging to the bishops of Salzburg, and on to the brink



of the Plattenburg Mountain, where, on the other side of the deep dell, there is the stream of Ache, with one of the most celebrated cataracts in the world, swollen into a torrent by the two day's rain, and clearing three tremendous precipices, in one hop, step, and jump. With the wings of the eagle, the velocity of the waterfall, or by the aid of the Tyrolese railroad, the traveller might be at the bottom of the hill in a minute; but on foot, and with nothing but a strong sharp-pointed stick to assist, it is the labour of more than an hour to descend into the valley of Kreml. Notwithstanding the zig-zagging of the path, the road is, from top to bottom, steep as the roof of a house. And to the pedestrian who happens to be under the triple trifling disadvantages of being fatigued, wet to the skin from neck to heel, and hungry to the boot, it could not be said to be an easy task. But the inn at the bottom is excellent; hot water to bathe the feet, a suit of dry clothes from the landlord, your own clean linens and stockings well toasted at the stove, hot soup, a reeking joint, and a tumbler of brandy toddy, may well re-animate the wearied frame. The rain ceased about five in the afternoon, and on the instant I had my shoes brought me, with the laudable determination to see the falls to advantage. But alas, by way of being made dry, by the heat of the fire, they had become hard as horn, and my feet were so tender, that walk with them I durst not, for fear of breaking the skin, which I had experience enough to know would

have been a serious matter indeed, considering that I had about fifty miles to tramp before I could reach a road fit to carry a coach along, or a place where such a luxury could be had for love or money. Off I went, therefore, by the landlord's advice, (he was an old Austrian soldier, who had fought both for and against Napoleon,) in his clothes, and with his old shoes down in the heels, and the reader will see the reason when I return to the inn, why so odd an advice was both given and taken. A walk of about half a mile brought me to the boiling caldron. The words terrific and tremendous, glorious, sublime, and beautiful, require to be so often used in describing a trip among the Alps, that they cease to convey any distinctive impressions, if not altogether to disgust. But if ever a string of sounding superlatives was required to describe anything really astounding, it would be in this page and paragraph. But not all the foam and fury of the cataract itself converted into language could convey an adequate conception of the Krimler water-fall. The three falls united *are said* to number two thousand feet in height; and the miserable village itself, has been, the *landlord* told me, computed to be seven thousand two hundred feet above the sea level.\* Be these allegations as they may, and with the desire not to exaggerate, I can affirm

\* That this region of the Alps, which forms the crest of the Pusterthal, must be very elevated, is evident from the fact, that this same chain of glaciers sends down streams to the Danube, the Drave, and the Adige, to the Black Sea, and to the Adriatic.

that the two lowest falls seemed from the swollen state of the river to be united into one, and when seen in front and from the bottom they quite confounded me. The roar of the raging torrents was fearful, and I distinctly felt the very Alps shaking under my feet. I made several attempts, when standing in the wooden shade at the bottom, to bear up my eyes from the foot to the top of even the first fall, which is the greatest; but the noise, the spray, and above all, the confused tumbling of such a body of water, with the bounding of trees over the precipice, which had either been sent on purpose, or come of their own accord, was absolutely like to turn my brain. Crossing a wooden bridge, rather rotten I thought for such a perilous adventure, I ascended the rocks to another position, seated, and covered partly with boards, so as to afford a safe side view of the cataract. I next scrambled up, as if for the purpose of reaching a position from which I might look down on a portion of the confusion below and above; but seeing no track, and finding no safe resting place, I on consideration saw no necessity for being more adventurous than other visitors. I recollected the summerset which Sir Humphrey Davy made, somewhat at least without exactly intending it. Holding, therefore, like grim death by every bush, I slowly retraced my steps, and felt very glad when I had regained the level banks again. Darkness began to deepen around, and the spray had thrown its wet blanket over the ardour of my first curiosity, so that after gazing for

a full hour at the least, I turned my steps back to my inn, and by the time I reached the door it was quite dark, and I was as ready as before for another suit of dry clothes, but by this time my own were dry and warm, and once more I enjoyed the luxury of a comfortable transition. I had the book of reference and record brought to me, and I spent the rest of my time for the evening in reading over the names of the visitors for the last ten years; but amid all the crowned heads, and counts, and tourists of every degree, and from all the countries of Europe, I could not pick up more than three or four travellers from Scotland. A Mr Forbes from Edinburgh, was one of these. With a bad pen, a bold hand, and without blotting, I inserted my name, what course I had taken in the Tyrol, how much I was pleased with everything, and where I was going next day.

This portion of Germany seems to be an exception to all the rest, both in regard to sobriety, and integrity. Drunkenness obtains here without a doubt, but still this exception only proves the general rule.

There is nothing worth looking at, far less writing about, in the higher regions of the Salzach. The scenery is tame and marshy, and even desert,—the inns inferior, and the river a lazy lagging canal, waving with rank grass and weeds, fit only for breeding frogs for the table. Two or three glaciers, one delightful peep at Zellam See on the left, with the lake and town behind, is all the pedestrian gets to reward him for a journey of fifty or

sixty miles. The Salzach and its tributary streams, bring down vast quantities of mud and gravel, which having been deposited about the mouth of the Zell, has raised the height of the bed of the Salzach six or eight feet, so that the whole district upwards, and around for twenty miles, has become a great morass, constantly inundated, and exhaling destructive miasmata. There is now no longer the stately sturdy stride of the Tyrolese, but the stooping and rotten-like carcasses of a people, care-worn and sallow in the countenance, and fearfully goitred. But out of the Pinzgaw a little below, and you enter the Pongaw, or lower valley of the Salzach, where the character of the scenery changes altogether, and becomes again so very wild and picturesque, as to vie even with some of the most terrific passes in the Tyrol. This part of the country is rich too in the historical recollections of the church. These primitive and industrious mountaineers made a noble stand for the protestant faith. These patriarchs of the valleys met at Schwartzach, to cement a firm union among themselves, and to strengthen their adherence to the reform. And as they took the oath never to forsake their principles, each of them swallowed a morsel of salt, from the salt-cellar placed on the table before them,—a mysterious ceremony, intended to make the covenant more binding. The table on which this salzbund was taken is still shown, painted with a rude representation of the affecting event. They were bitterly persecuted by the bigotted but powerful papists

at Salzburg. One storm after another gathered around them. Hosts of priests were let loose over their land. Hundreds of spies prowled about, prying into the secrets of every cottage. Bands of military scoured the passes. But all would not tempt them to apostatize, or even to rise into revolt. In 1729 they met, and calmly resolved that they would sooner abandon their homes than their faith. At length, in a body therefore, and to the number of THIRTY THOUSAND, they marched from their fatherland, to seek an asylum in Prussia, Wurtemberg, and even in the distant lands of North America. For long those valleys remained uninhabited. At length they were gradually filled up with such men as they now are. The present inhabitants are an inferior and worthless, a poor and filthy race, and afflicted to a miserable extent with disease. It was in the midst of these, between Werfern and Golling, that I was cheated in so bare-faced a style by a postilion; and it was at Golling that the whole body of the people stood forth to attest what their very milestones proved to be a falsehood. But the scenery of this portion of the Noric Alps, does far more than compensate for the depravity of the inhabitants. From the town of Lend down to that of St Johann, there is an immense wall of Alps on the southern side, whose peaks are deeply covered with snow. Then comes Werfen, whose antique castle at the lower end of the town, presents itself in such a way, as to strike a stranger with amazement. It stands on

the summit of an eminence, several hundred feet above the Salzach, and immediately in front of the gigantic precipices of the Tannen Gebirge. On its towers many a torture was inflicted on the protestants; and in its dungeons, which still remain, but which, thanks be to God, are no longer used in this manner, many a protestant victim of the intolerant priests of Salzburg was immured. There was a dungeon here, or rather a dark and damp draw-well, in which a poor blacksmith of Hutten was buried alive for five years, and still, when he came up, he was as steady a protestant as ever. This castle of Hohen Werfen, was first the stronghold of the archbishop of Salzburg, to command the famous pass of Lueg; then it served as a hunting seat; a state prison; and now it is converted into a military station, and a barracks.

The pass of Lueg is one of those remarkable objects of natural grandeur with which these mountains abound. It is called by the natives the Gate of the Pongaw. It is a dark and desperate defile, some miles in length, as if hewn deep into the Alps, and presenting on both sides the face of solid and perpendicular rock, thousands of feet in height. The defile is so contracted by the precipices of Gohl on the one side, and of the Tannen Gebirge on the other, as to leave barely room for the channel of the angry torrent below. But a road behoved to be made here to the capital of the district, otherwise it must have mounted over the clouds. Here and there, as if by accident, or from a bend of the Salzach, there is actually room

for the road and the river both, but often it is cut into the sides of the solid rock, or it is carried along by bridges of planks, or it is constructed of trunks of trees, attached by clamps and beams, inserted in mortises to the face of the cliff, after the manner of a shelf against the wall. These, too, seem at times so very rotten and frail as to make the traveller look both up and down with some anxiety, but with very little prospect of relief in the case of an accident. I have come down the pass of the Tummel in a gig, after dark, and I have gone up Glencoe, but although the latter looks very sublime and sad, and the former be threatening in every feature, yet these are mere trifles to the pass of Lueg, in the Noric Alps. Perched on one point there is a small fort, affording room to work only one gun, but more than once has it sufficed alone to command the pass, which has been the scene of many a bloody struggle. In 1809 a mere handful of Tyrolese riflemen kept it, in defiance of the whole army of French and Bavarians. The Austrian government have now made this defile absolutely so impregnable that all the armies in Europe could not carry it. They have on both sides of the defile constructed, on projecting ledges and pinnacles of the rock, a series of regular fortifications, which are accessible only by bridges of wood, suspended high above the torrent, and which their own shot would destroy in one minute. It was about mid-day, in the first week of September, when I came down this defile, and in very



many places the rays of the sun had not reached the road. What must it be, thought I, at Christmas? and yet there were houses here and there clustered like shells to the rock. Of the two dreary extremes for the abode of man, my mind gave the preference to the higher ridges of the Kelnar, as being the less miserable of the two.

Still, among these colossal masses of mountains, and about the mouth of the defile, a board on the left of the road directs the pedestrian to the Oefen or Caldrons of the Salzach, "another strange and awful scene of confusion," where "the torrent rushes and roars as if writhing in an agony of torment." Here the question naturally occurs, why all this fury in the waters, now that they are almost through their difficulties? But the answer is obvious. This current, which hitherto had only been much hemmed in during its course, is in this spot absolutely barred by ledges of intervening rocks. These perpendicular rocks, right across the defile, and in front of the waters, give evident proofs, that at no very remote period they stood like a wall 150 feet in height. What, then, could this very ill used river do? Not a drop of its waters could it send off on either side, neither could it retrace its steps up the pass, and look out for an easier course. It very properly, therefore, gets into a towering passion, and sends its head direct through the rock, like that of a ram through a looking-glass. "The vehemence of the water," says Turnbull, "ever striving for a larger vent, exerts its fury in breaking open new

channels, while the older ones become often obstructed by the masses which fall in from above, and as the exit is always imperfect, and the torrent always violent, those caldrons are formed wherein the waters foam and boil with a restless fury. Twice, in the small space beneath our eye, the river was lost under the rock, and again burst forth. In one part it had created a vast natural arch over its course, and in another it rushed down into a deep dark gulf. As we descended into the great chasm by a rude zigzag path, it was curious to observe, on the face of the perpendicular rock which fronted us, and which might perhaps have been 150 feet in depth, the marks of three distinct levels at which the river has formerly run, as it has successively forced its way lower and lower, until it reached its present bed, where it is now clearing itself a new channel through a narrow cleft amid the ponderous fragments which it has overthrown. The scene was grand almost to horror, yet not without some intermixture of beauty from the trees which, in many parts, fringed the borders of the chasms, and tottered almost self-supported on its narrow ledge. We left it with regret." In all probability the whole valley of the Salzach, up even by Mettersell, and above Ronach, has at one time been an immense lake, deep perhaps as the pass of Lueg now is, or as the Krimler waterfall is high. The river has gradually worked out its course by rubbing down the rock, as if with a file, to its present level;—nay, more, unless the

hand of nature or of art set to work in deepening the sources of the Salzach, the *débris* daily accumulating will soon rise so high that the water will be dammed back over the marshy flats behind, thereby turning it into its original condition. While the torrent is thus struggling, as if for existence, and has just enough ado to maintain itself, it is often tortured at this spot with an additional embarrassment in the long and large logs of timber which are fairly checkmated here, and left adhering to these rocks. But then the adventurous woodsman comes to the rescue of both his friends, by a most perilous exploit. With a rope tied round him, with a hatchet in his hand, and the tobacco pipe still in his teeth, he is let down into one of the caldrons to perform the Cæsarean operation.

Golling being reached, the waterfall of the Schwartzbach must be seen. Here a very remarkable waterfall, but nothing to that of the Krimler, is formed like something in a theatre, for mere scenic effect, but in grand style after all. This outlet of the Konysee bursts at once from a cavern in the thick forest of the Alp Hohe Gohl, and clears 160 feet at its first leap, into a caldron below, whence it flows over a steep rapid to a second fall, the aggregate descent being about 300 feet. About a third of the distance up is a natural arch of rock, extending from side to side, and above this again a wooden bridge has been thrown across from the projecting points of rock near the summit of the cylinder. When

viewed in front, the effect is very beautiful, as the great mass of water is seen first dashing over the ledge above, then pouring down a bright continuous flood in the interval between the upper and lower bridges, and precipitated into the foaming pool below, whence it again emerges to form the rapid and the second fall.

Ten English miles down the side of the Salzach, which has now conquered every difficulty, and become quite composed, and you come to an ancient-like and dirty-looking town, blackened with smoke, and enveloped in clouds of steam. The mountain which overhangs it is the Durrenberg, the salt-box of half the world,\* which contains in its bowels wonders more wonderful probably than any thing ever seen of the sort on the face of the earth. These are the salt mines of Salzburg, which have been wrought for six hundred years, and which till this day season the food of the Turks and other eastern nations. Having crossed the bridge, I continued my course to the foot of the hill behind the town. Here I found a well-constructed but very steep path, leading to the top of the Durrenberg, which I reached after an hour's hard work. There are several magnificent crosses stationed at the angles of the road, and on one of these a large lamp continues to burn night and day. Crowds of people, and some

\* It is nearly 9000 feet long, 4000 broad, and 1200 or 1500 feet high, above the town, and it is entirely composed of salt mixed with clay. Some of the neighbouring Alps, such as the Walzeman, are between eight and nine thousand feet in height.

carriages, were ascending and descending. There is a church at the top for the accommodation of the workmen, and the suite of offices and other apartments is large and not inelegant. I found the clerks and others amusing themselves in front of the building with bows and arrows, which they used with the utmost precision. Along with several gentlemen and two ladies, all visitors from a distance, I was conducted to the entrance room, which was hung around with pictures and plans of the workings. A coarse but clean suit of miner's clothes were given me to draw over my own dress. A thick leathern apron was fastened on behind me to sit upon. My hat was exchanged for a stiffened cap, to resist a blow on the head in the low galleries; and a stout glove was furnished for the right hand. Female servants had led the ladies into another apartment, where they also were robed in male attire, with all the accessories. But when they returned to our room, with hesitating step, and countenances gleaming back to the ears with flushing, one of the husbands cried out, *Eheu! quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*. His quotation was not only suitable but seasonable, for it afforded an apology for all of us bursting into an irresistible fit of laughter at the grotesque figures and faces of the ladies. Handsome and even beautiful were they both when they withdrew, but five minutes had changed them so much, that their husbands declared they would not have been able to recognise their own wives but for their voices. Each in his

and her cold hand holding a light, we sallied forth in Indian file out by a back entrance, and down a few steps. Had we been equipped for the gallows, and marching through the courts of Newgate to the scaffold, we could not have moved in more solemn or silent anxiety. We had all read of the dangers of the enterprise on which we were just entering; and as we stepped along the horizontal shaft, and left the whole face of the heavens and earth behind us, there was a quivering of the lip occasioned by something more than the mere intense curiosity to see the world within. The tunnel was large enough, and well lined and roofed, either with boards or masonry. The miners marched before us as our guides, while we followed, stooping unconsciously to an angle of forty-five degrees at the least. But the word of direction was given to walk erect, and to my amazement, although by several inches the tallest, I found my head could not reach the roof. We passed on for a great way, when we were informed that we were exactly under the church. We entered several spacious galleries, all dry and clean. We came to a ladder or wooden stair, standing almost perpendicular. Then onward and around, I cannot tell where, we reached the mouth of a shaft, which we were told for our comfort was 350 feet deep, and that was to be traversed in one minute and a half. We looked anxiously down, but every thing was dismal and dark as Erebus. The guide at once seated himself across a sort of inclined plane, consisting of two smooth poles placed obliquely side

by side, and about a foot apart, and having a rope on the right side to serve as a balustrade. Laying himself back, with the candle in his left hand, and grasping the rope firmly with his right, he moved gently downwards for three or four feet. He then directed one of the ladies to seat herself in the same fashion, and to rest her feet on his shoulders. The proposal made her face turn pale as death; looking pitifully to her husband, who was in equal terror, but whether for his own or her carcass he did not say, the poor creature hesitated, and made a whisper to her lord and master, when he at once placed himself on the slope, and carefully seating himself according to direction, down they moved again a few feet farther, and the lady laid herself back, setting her feet firmly on the neck of her husband; so again the next lady, her husband, and all the gentlemen in their turn. The command was then given to loosen our hold on the right, and allow the rope to slip through our hand. And thus fairly launched, the several trains and their lights descended into utter darkness, at a quick but steady pace. At the bottom, all rose, and shook hands, rejoicing as if they had escaped from a shipwreck. We again went along another level, and passed another gallery, when we came to another sloping descent. But this time, all was laughter, and down we glided, about 200 feet, to the bottom, with a smooth and rapid motion, by no means disagreeable or dangerous. We next came to one of the reservoirs, into which the

brine is collected. It is a large open hall, 240 feet long by 180 in breadth, and 15 in height. It is lighted up with lamps around for visitors. The entire surface from side to side is covered with water. Here again a sort of instinctive terror crept over our frame, lest the roof might fall over our heads, or we by accident be precipitated in the waters, whose surface seemed even more dismal from the glance of the lamps and lights. Glad to learn that it was not deep enough to drown, we stepped into a small skiff, and were ferried along to the opposite side. "The lights sufficed to exhibit the whole extent of the cavern, without impairing by their brightness its gloomy grandeur; and as we skimmed along the surface of the dark waters, and listened to the sullen splash of the oars, and gazed on our Charon in his strange unearthly miner's garb, we might well picture to our fancy the fabled horrors of our school-boy Acheron, and conceive ourselves in progress to the footstool of Pluto." Visitors are led along another level passage, six or seven hundred yards long, hewn in the solid rock. Here, seated on a wooden horse, we were pushed along at the full gallop, till a small star is seen to twinkle in the distance. Every minute it increases, till it resembles the moon in size and brightness, and very soon after all are again in the open air. This wonderful expedition occupies about three hours, but a week would not traverse the works from end to end. I was astonished beyond measure, and delighted at every thing, except at



the sight of hundreds of people, miserable-like and sallow apparently to sickness, working, as we were told, by darks day and night, for wages amounting to about sixteen of our farthings in the day. Yet they were not only respectful and kind to strangers, but they seemed to be even cheerful among themselves.

In leaving the chain of the Alps and their thousands of defiles, it may be noticed here, that the mountaineers seem to be well educated and versant in Latin. Many of their passes and houses, public and private, have long, and sometimes very appropriate quotations from the classics stuck upon the rock so as to meet the eye. The following is a specimen of both kinds, of the good and the bad.

*"Pax intrantibus et habitantibus."*

At "the pass of the overhanging rock" for the good, and over the door of a public house on the Inn,

*"Si vis vivere bene,  
Incipe bibere mane."*

But after all, this was merely the droll expression of a daring idea, for there was only wine, coffee, and food, to be had in the house. The practice of drinking ardent spirits is a vice mainly confined to northern climes, and no oftener will a traveller meet with a drunkard in Germany, than he will encounter a maniac in the streets of London. As an instance too of their native kindness I may mention, that in coming down through the unhealthy marshes of the upper Salzach, I felt naturally desirous to get more rapidly along than my

own legs could carry me, and entered a farm house to hire an eilwagen. The term seemed to be totally incomprehensible to them. The female portion of the family brought me food—no; a pipe and bag full of tobacco—no; a little wine and water—no; then they showed me a bed—no; then the daughter was sent out to bring in her father from the fields, who was as much puzzled as the rest—they all repeated the word after me, but could not comprehend it. When I purposed to come away, they offered me a seat by the stove, with anxiety and regret painted in their faces; when I declined this kindness and came away, the mother and father shook hands with me, and the daughter about twelve years of age actually burst into tears. I afterwards learned that their term for the conveyance wanted, was *bandl*, which is a low cart on two fore wheels grazing along the ground behind, somewhat after the manner of the ancients; an eilwagen being the public conveyance which traverses the roads on thoroughfares, and of course totally unknown in a place so remote and inaccessible as this.

The country between Hallein and Salzburg is flat and fertile; and the road, which is about ten English miles, is as much crowded with people, carriages, and waggons as any in Germany, being in part the great line of traffic between the Danube and the Tyrol, and thus to a certain degree the communication between Vienna and the northern Milanese. Nearer the city the prospect becomes greener still, wooded like a park, and

speckled with detached white houses, each adorned with shrubberies. The romantic beauties of the surrounding scenery have often been described, but they never have been, nor can they be exaggerated. Every traveller in Germany declares that upon the whole, Salzburg with its feudal citadel, not unlike the Castle of Edinburgh, its extended lawn, its river, and its band of craggy insulated mountains towering aloft, is one of the most beautiful and imposing spots in the whole of Germany. Nay more, by many tourists its surrounding mountains, lakes, and valleys, are pronounced to be more interesting than those of the finest portions of Switzerland. It stands at the foot of two precipitous heights, not at all unlike the position of Edinburgh from Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags when seen from the west,—the huge rock in front being crowned by the castle, which proudly overlooks the city and the whole course of the river, till it falls into the Danube along with the Isar at Passau. The chain of the Noric Alps, now fast sinking down into the plain, and opening out as if to allow the Salzach to pass on without further molestation, seem to throw their arms half around this ancient city, the Juvavia of the Romans, while a series of lower but craggy insulated mountains stand around like a circle of giants as an inner guard to this enchanted land. The town itself is situated about 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and contains above 12,000 inhabitants. It is much exposed to cold and rainy blasts from the snow-clad mountains around, and to me, while it rained in the

morning, during part of my journey from Hallein, the scene looked scowling and cheerless ; but when it cleared up with a bright burning sun, then in a few minutes I felt very forcibly what every tourist must often observe, how much of the comfort of a traveller, and of the beauty of a country, depend on the weather being fine. I had here then the fortune of enjoying a double transition at once :—the one from a rain-clouded and raw morning, to the clear warmth of a powerful sun ; the other from mountain to plain—from wild bare barren rocks to rich velveted verdure—from abrupt precipices and shattered mountain-crests and darkly wooded sides, to rich fields, green meadows, and flower gardens dotted with villas and cottages. Two other cheering impressions carried me merrily along on entering Salzburg : I was once more in the region of carriages, railroads, and steam-boats, and was just on the eve of being restored to my stock of linens and shoes. Already I felt myself as if half at home, or at any rate more within reach of medical assistance if required ; and I felt elevated too at the recollection of what I had seen and accomplished in my pedestrian excursion of ten days, and of not less than 250 miles, among a people and scenery altogether new. One word more,—I felt very hungry for breakfast after a walk of three hours.

It is to its situation, and the beauty of its environs, combined with the ecclesiastical and historical associations, that this, the Canterbury of Germany, owes all its celebrity. The town itself

is rather gloomy than grand; and although the commercial traffic through it is very considerable, it exhibits in its grass-grown and deserted streets symptoms of desolation and decay. The huge archiepiscopal palace is now converted into government offices. The university is reduced to the two faculties of medicine and jurisprudence. The central mining establishment of this wonderful country for geology, has been removed into the Tyrol. The monasteries are still numerous, but the number of the inmates is much reduced. The church of the Benedictines is still rich in wealth, in its library and museum, and richer still in possessing the mortal remains of Haydn,\* but its prior and nineteen fathers have become "sensible recluses." The cathedral, although spacious and imposing within, and built on the plan of St Peter's, is totally devoid of all external beauty. In fact the only thing still alive in Salzburg is the ancient feudal castle, in former times a place of strength and refuge for many a mitred sovereign—still a grand and imposing object, commanding the town and country, around. There the archbishop, a sovereign prince of a territory including a population of 200,000 souls, exchanged his mitre and crosier for helmet

\* I found the widow of Mozart here, aged 85,—she has died since of apoplexy. In the church of St Sebastian repose the ashes of the great Paracelsus, and in a house situated in the street leading from the bridge, a portrait and inscription tell you, that this inventor of the elixir vitae and the philosopher's stone lived and died there. Mozart too was born in a house standing opposite the university church.

and sword, in ancient and more spirit-stirring times, but now it is dismantled and converted into a mere barrack. Still, however, the tourist must ascend its steeps and its stairs, to visit the torture chamber where the protestants were made the victims of merciless persecution. Here they were confined in low vaulted dungeons, where day-light and fresh air were alike denied them, when the pavement was their bed, and a stone their only pillow. Below these there is a trap-door of iron-grating, strongly fastened with bolts and chains, opening down into a dungeon more horrid than the first. Into this the protestants were thrust down, as if into a living tomb; and it may still be seen in a tower at the extreme angle of the castle. But the torture rooms were large and lofty, with ample space for the exercise of the apparatus of cruelty within. The protestants were put to the rack here,—that is, they were laid down on a wooden bedstead, their feet tied to one end and their arms fastened to a rope, which passed round a windlass at the other. And thus did they turn round the windlass till every joint and muscle was racked to the utmost extent that agony would permit short of murder. Next, the protestant was raised; his arms were bound behind his back; two pieces of rock, each so heavy that a man could not lift it, were attached to his feet; a rope was next fastened to his arms; he was then raised by a pulley in the roof, and let fall by letting the rope go suddenly, so that the jerk tore every joint almost out of its socket; and this was as often repeated as it

might torture without putting to death. The protestant was then seated in a high armed chair, on a cushion stuck full of small sharp spikes two inches long, and he had weights set on his lap and tied to his feet. Behind a wooden trellis work sat the priest, at a desk, seeing and hearing all that passed, but unseen himself, ready to take down any recantation of their faith which the protestants might make. But they made no recantation: they declared they would leave their country, but they would not renounce their creed. And they were accordingly, about the year 1730, driven like a flock of sheep from their native land, to the number of 30,000. More pleasant in every respect than these sights of horror, is the view from the balcony of the fire post. It was shown me by an Austrian officer who had served the emperor in the hottest of the war. It commands the winding of the Salzach from where it issues out of the pass of Lueg down towards the banks of the Danube, with all the rich plain, and lofty mountains around.

On leaving Salzburg, if the traveller has time to spare, he should proceed to Ischel, to Salz Kammergut, and to the falls of the Traun, and from that again down to Linz. Two days additional will accomplish the detour. For my part, I felt anxious to press forward to Vienna, and I took the direct road to Linz by Voklabruck, Frankenmark, and Neumark, being a distance of about eighty English miles. The eilwagen started about four o'clock in the morning, and took us to Linz

part of the way by the railroad, from the Salz Kammergut by about sunset in the evening, and that for an expense of about five shillings. But this is an example more to be honoured in the breach than in the observance, in as much as I merely skirted another of the most picturesque districts in Europe. Ischel is celebrated for its salt mines, and it is much resorted to in summer by the emperor and the higher nobles of Austria. And the falls of the Traun, though not so elevated as the cascade of Terni, nor so large as that of Schaffhausen, yet possess the same peculiar characters of grandeur in the precipitous rush of their awful and overpowering waters, and of beauty in the tints of their stream and foam, and in the forms of the rocks over which they fall, and the cliffs and woods by which they are overhung. Another inducement for preferring this course is the railroad which runs from Wels and Gmünden, in the district of the Salz Kammergut, to Linz.

Speaking of the falls of the Traun, Sir Humphrey Davy, when seeking "consolations in travel," tells us, in his interesting work, "The Last Days of a Philosopher," "In this spot an accident, which had nearly been fatal to me, occasioned the renewal of my acquaintance, in an extraordinary manner, with the mysterious, unknown stranger. Eubathes, who was very fond of fly fishing, was amusing himself by catching graylings for our dinner, in the stream above the fall. I took," says the Baronet, "one of the boats which are used for descending the canal or lock, artificially



cut in the rock, by the side of the fall, on which salt and wood are usually transported from upper Austria to the Danube, and I desired two of the peasants to assist my servants in permitting the boat to descend by a rope to the level of the river below. My intention was, to amuse myself by this rapid species of locomotion along the descending sluice. For some moments the boat glided gently and smoothly along the smooth current, and I enjoyed the beauty of the moving scene around me, and had my eyes fixed on the bright rainbow seen upon the spray of the cataract above my head, when I was suddenly roused by a shout of alarm from my servant; and looking round, I saw that the piece of wood, to which the rope had been attached, had given way, and now the boat was floating down the river at the mercy of the stream. I was not at first alarmed, for I saw that my assistants were procuring long poles, with which it appeared easy to arrest the boat before it entered the rapidly descending water of the sluice; and I called out to them to use their united force to reach the longest pole across the water, that I might be able to catch the end of it in my hand; and at this moment I felt perfect security; but a breeze of wind suddenly came down the valley, and blew from the nearest bank—the boat was turned by it out of the side current, and thrown nearer to the middle of the river, and I soon saw that I was likely to be precipitated over the cataract. My servant and the boatmen rushed into the water, but it was too

deep to enable them to reach the boat. I was soon in the white water of the descending stream, and my danger was now inevitable. I had presence of mind enough to consider whether my chance of safety would be greater by throwing myself out of the boat, or by remaining in it; and I preferred the latter expedient. I looked from the rainbow upon the bright sun above my head, as if taking leave for ever of that glorious luminary—I raised one pious aspiration to the divine Source of light and life—I was immediately stunned by the thunder of the fall, and my eyes were closed in darkness. How long I remained insensible I know not. My first recollections after this accident were of a bright light shining above me, of warmth and pressure in different parts of my body, and the noise of the rushing cataract sounding in my ears. I seemed awakened by the light from a sound sleep, and endeavoured to recall my scattered thoughts, but in vain. I soon fell again into slumber. From this second sleep I was awakened by a voice which seemed not altogether unknown to me; and looking upwards, I beheld the bright eye and noble countenance of the unknown stranger whom I had met at Paestum. I faintly articulated, ‘I am in another world.’ ‘No,’ said the stranger, ‘you are safe in this; you are a little bruised by your fall, but you will soon be well; be tranquil and compose yourself. Your friend is here, and you will want no other assistance than he can easily give you.’ He then took one of my hands, and I recognised

the same strong and warm pressure which I had felt from its parting salute at Paestum. Eubathes, whom I now saw, gave a hearty shake to the other hand, with an expression of joy and of warmth unusual to him, and they both said, 'You must repose a few hours longer.' After a sound sleep till the evening, I was able to take some refreshment, and found little inconvenience from the accident, except some bruises on the lower part of the body, and a slight swimming in the head. The next day I was enabled to return to Gmünden, where I learned from the unknown, the history of my escape, which seemed almost miraculous to me. He said, that he was often in the habit of combining pursuits of natural history with the amusements derived from rural sports, and was fishing, the day that my accident happened, below the fall of the Traun, for that peculiar species of the large salmo of the Danube which, fortunately for me, is only to be caught by very strong tackle. He saw, to his very great astonishment and alarm, the boat and my body precipitated by the fall, and was so fortunate as to entangle his hooks in a part of my dress, when I had been scarcely more than a minute under water; and by the assistance of his servant, who was armed with the gaff or curved hook for landing large fish, I was safely conveyed to the shore, undressed, put into a warm bed, and by the modes of restoring suspended animation which were familiar to him, I soon recovered my sensibility and consciousness. It was some weeks before I was sufficiently strong

to proceed on our journey, for my frame was little fitted to bear such a trial as that which I had experienced; and, considering the weak state of my body when I was immersed in the waters, I could hardly avoid regarding my recovery as providential." All this is said to be a flight of mere fancy on the part of the philosopher, in his last days;—if so, the incidents are told with such simplicity that it seems to be not only the biggest, but the most beautiful bouncer any where to be met with.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE DANUBE AND VIENNA.

BETWEEN Salzburg and Linz, a succession of steep ridges are passed, from each of which grand views down upon Ischel, and the beautiful region of the Salz Kammergut, are presented. The whole country is high and romantic. Often did I leave the conveyance to walk up the steeper portions of the road, and to admire in every direction the hilly regions of Upper Austria, with the snow-clad Alps in the distance. As we proceeded towards Voklabruck, ridge after ridge, and mountain after mountain, rose before and beside us, covered with the dark pine wood. Then we fell down upon the Traun, and followed its course nearly onwards to the imposing valley of the Danube. In the more immediate vicinity of Linz the country becomes extremely interesting, diversified with hill and dale, woodland pasture and corn fields, neat cottages and small villages, all white, and shining forth among a multitude of trees. At the side of the Traun, and extremity of a long wooden bridge, lies Ebersberg, where, in 1809, General

Hiller maintained a desperate battle with Marshal Massena. On this bridge Hiller, with 35,000 Austrians, kept the whole French army in check for hours. Driven from it at length, he still kept up a bloody conflict in the village, fighting every inch of ground, from house to house. About 12,000 men were left dead on this fatal field.

Linz is the capital of Upper Austria, and contains about 25,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the right bank of the Danube, and its principal attractions are the beauty of its situation, the fine views in its vicinity, and its fortifications, constructed on an entirely new plan. A day must be devoted to it, and that there may be no further loss in doing so, the traveller should ascertain, either at Salzburg or at Ischel, the days on which the steam-boat sails for Vienna, and he should allot his time in such a way that he may have a free day, and neither more nor less, for this beautiful place. I have already said so much of this spot being beautiful, and of that being grand, and of the third being the finest spot in Germany, that I feel as if ashamed to repeat these expressions so often; I shall therefore take a leaf from the book of Mr Turnbull, who says, "Linz is to me a city full of most pleasing recollections." He goes on to remark, from his note-book, "The descent from the mountains of Bohemia seems to have brought us into Italy. This beautiful city has nothing of Germany in it; the houses all handsome and lofty, are stuccoed and painted, chiefly white, but

many yellow and light brown. Almost all have architectural decorations, and columns, and friezes over the windows, and outside Venetian blinds, as protections against the heat. Balconies with flowers salute the eye at every turn; and not only on the broad spacious place, but in the back streets also, the houses are lofty and elegant, and all look as clean, and white, and fresh, as if just newly decorated and painted. We are sensible here of a decided change of the atmosphere. The sky is cloudless, the heat not oppressive, and there is a peculiar soft balminess in the air which we have not found elsewhere. We are both sensible of it,—we are in Italy. All has a bright sunny appearance and feeling. The people, too, are handsome and well clothed, and look happy. This is Sunday—the churches have been crowded—the shops all shut—the people all in their clean holiday attire, and nowhere since we left England have we seen a Sunday so well observed. We have here all the religious observance,—all the happy repose of the Sabbath. We went up to a green summit, just without the city, and, extended on the grass, gazed on the Danube beneath. To the right and to the left were two beauteous branches of the noble river flowing between high green hills. Just below us was the city, with its bright white houses and roofs of dark brown wooden shingle; and its handsome churches, with bright gilded crosses, and some gilded cupolas shining in the sun. Then the long wooden bridge across the river, and beyond it the

range of hills, covered with green and yellow, enclosures most richly wooded, with trees in groups and lines, and bright white buildings shining forth amid the thick dark foliage. It was a scene to gladden the heart of man, and to make him pour forth his gratitude to the Author of all good. It is long since I have felt myself so tranquilly happy, I may say so devout, so grateful for the unmerited blessings I enjoy as I do in this, the first city of Upper Austria." So says Mr Turnbull, and every tourist will say the same. It is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the importance of the position, there was not, till lately, a single fortification in the valley of the Danube, from its source to the walls of Vienna. The necessity of a barrier of some sort was made manifest from the fact that Napoleon twice marched his armies from the frontiers of France to the Austrian capital, without the least interruption. A fortification, or rather a chain of isolated forts, thirty-two in number, and communicating with each other by a covered way, have therefore been erected at Linz, upon this new plan, which combines the double advantage of being less expensive in the erection, and more formidable to an enemy, in as much as each individual fort must be made the object of a separate attack.

By break of day I was in a steamer on the heavy, haughty, aristocratic Danube, with its broad deep full majesty of flood, moving onward in aged-like sobriety to its watery grave in the Black Sea, yet more than a thousand miles distant



from its termination. The banks are here almost level and uninteresting, with willow-clad islands and beds of gravel; but the river itself is so truly magnificent, that the eye delights to dwell upon its multitude of waters. Crowds and carriages poured out in the grey morning from streets and squares at the sound of the steam-boat bell, and soon it became evident enough that we were going to a place now of no ordinary resort. Not only Germans and Jews were hurrying along the plank, but Italians, Tyrolese, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Scotchmen, English, and Irish, were all strutting and striding to the water's edge. I had just seen my mantle sack neatly stowed in a snug corner, where there could be no difficulty in finding it in the afternoon, when I turned my eye back to the street, as if for the last time, and lo what did I see amid the faint glimmering of the lamps, and the growing light of the morning, but my little London friend, who had been so distressed with sea-sickness in the Downs. Panting and puffing, up he came on his hind legs, his short fore fins covered at the extremities with a pair of black silk gloves, pawing and paddling the air very diligently to be in time. Once within reach of the steamer, he bounded on board like a ship launched on the waters. Then he seated himself contentedly enough, to gather wind, to yawn, to rub his eyes, and to wrap himself in the folds of his cloak. I gave him great credit for having had the courage to venture so far from Bow bells; but he told me that he had joined

his brother by the way; and that he meant to return from Vienna, by Prague, Dresden, and Hamburg. Meanwhile the steam was roaring above our heads, like a mastiff dog raging to get out of his chain, and the heavy flood was rattling rapidly and regardlessly along the ship's side. At last up went the plank, and round went the paddle-wheels, and we gazed on the fine town and towers of Linz with interest, as never to be seen by us again. Every person on board seemed to be in the full flow of spirits. The day was favourable, the captain very attentive, and the crew joyous at the singular rapidity with which the steam and stream combined were carrying us downward.

In among the rapids of Greenerschwail, and the gorge gradually contracts, and the mountains on both hands stand up higher and higher still, and here comes into view a composition of all the grandest objects in nature requisite for a landscape of the first and finest magnitude, but yet comparatively speaking, not very high after all. It is a scene said to be altogether the best on the Danube, excepting that which goes by the name of the Iron Gate, on the borders of Hungary and Wallachia. For miles are to be seen rocks and rapids, eddies and whirlpools, about which the water boils and bursts in every possible direction against the stream, and down it, and across, and in one vast hollow vortex, like a funnel. In these, the passages of the Stridel and Wirbel, crucifixes planted on the rocks are adored, and prayers are

muttered, vows offered, and alms given by the crews of the smaller craft for their safety. All the while, forests, feathering down from the mountain tops to the water's edge, and picturesque castles are passed with such rapidity, that the eye has no time to rest upon them. Here too the river itself is interesting, around the rocks thus chafed by its roaring and rushing torrent. At one moment it is dark, deep, sullen, and sleepy,—at another it is furious, and foaming and tossing like the waves of a confined and stormy sea, either shooting over the rapid, or whirling round in a bubbling boiling circle, as if struggling lest it should be swallowed up into some bottomless hole in the bed of the river, and thus carried away under ground for some hundreds of miles to the lake of Newsiedel in Hungary. The river flows out of the ravine with its usual deep and steady current,—the hills begin to sink and recede, and the face of the country opens up into view,—and castles, and villages, and mouths of rivers, are all passed in nameless succession, till the stately and magnificent palace-like convent of Molk fairly fronts you from the river. It stands on a rock nearly 200 feet in height, and is more like one of the proud palaces of the emperor, than a Benedictine monastery, the secluded retreat of cloistered monks. Bonaparte, in passing down to Vienna, confiscated the enormous revenues of this monastery, and among other contributions levied by him, he drew from their cellars for the use of his army, fifty thousand pints of wine daily, for

several days in succession. The church is gorgeous, with gold and red marble, and is also celebrated for its libraries, its paintings, and the splendid views from its environs, looking over a prospect of great magnificence to the Sylvian Alps on the south. Below Molk the Danube is again bounded by hills, and ruined convents, and castles, among which those of Aggstein and Durrenstein are to be noticed, perched on the highest ridges and conical rocks, as having been the prisons of Richard Cœur de Lion, on his return from the Holy Land in 1192. A severe battle was fought here in 1805, when Mortier defeated the combined forces of Austria and Russia with great slaughter. Having passed this chain of hills, the Danube traverses a long and dull plain onward to Vienna. The steamer stops about three miles and a-half above Vienna. Carriages are here provided by the company to convey the passengers free of expense onward to the city. The village of Nussdorf is at the entrance of that branch channel of the Danube, which flows past the walls of Vienna, for the main body of the river never comes within a mile and a-half of the city. At the outer barriers, leading into the suburbs, and a mile and a-half below Nussdorf, the baggage is searched by the officers of the municipal police.

We noticed, some time after leaving Linz, a very magnificent dog, pacing and parading the deck in an easy dignified sort of manner, as if conscious of his birth. After admiring much his

stately step and mien, one of the English gentlemen presented a piece of biscuit to him, but the saucy dog did not even condescend to smell it. There was a little lively girl, a lady, and two elderly gentlemen, who kept somewhat as if in the same group, and we had remarked that they spoke French. The child seemed wonderfully attentive to the dog. They romped and pawed about. Sometimes the child hung by his neck or rode upon his back, and at breakfast it was observed that the child fed her companion with lumps of white sugar. In this way we began to take an interest in the party, and one of us took the opportunity of reading the inscription on the dog's collar, when the words Marshal Marmont, Duc de Ragusa, presented themselves. Had it been the very dog mentioned by Napoleon, as having visited him the day after Moureau was shot, we could not have been more interested. So much for the dog, but now for the Marshal. To a certainty he was one of the two Frenchmen before us, and at a glance we saw there could be no mistake. The soldier-like air, the tall handsome figure, somewhat borne down with a load of seventy years or so, the measured military step, the war-worn countenance, the finely arched and broad forehead, and, above all, the eagle glance of an eye that seemed to run through a body like a sword, told who he was. As we stood at some distance, looking at him with intense curiosity, he seemed conscious of our having recognised him. He raised himself up, and turned himself

round, in a way indicating that he did not know how to dispose of himself; but he was not displeased at our staring at him, for he saw also our anxiety to treat him with the utmost veneration and respect. He knew we were English, and he seemed to esteem the compliment the more on that account. He has remained in Vienna ever since the three glorious days in July, and was on this occasion returning from a visit to the exiled royal family of France, who are now at the château of Puschtiérad, about thirteen miles from Prague, the Duke of Bourdeaux having lately broken his thigh bone.

The conversation, in these circumstances, naturally led into the prospects of the family, and some of the incidents of former times, when the following anecdote, mentioned by Turnbull, was talked of. From the moment that Napoleon's sudden return from Elba was known at Vienna, Russia, Austria, and England became anxious to suppress all discontents which had arisen among the minor sovereigns, in case they should waver towards the French Alliance. Concessions on all sides were hastily made, and several sovereign principalities are now seen on the map of Europe, which, but for that event, would have been expunged from it for ever. This was strikingly exemplified in the case of the king of Saxony. The Saxon having no means of defence from France, and having been led to believe Napoleon would confer on him the sovereignty of Poland, stood up for him till his own troops deserted him

on the field of Leipsic. When the die was cast, the allies proposed to annex the whole of Saxony to Prussia, and to extinguish the kingdom entirely. The congress forbade the Saxon monarch to come to Vienna at all, but sent him to Presburg, and appointed the Duke of Wellington, Metternich, and Talleyrand, to declare to him their ultimate pleasure, and to arrange with him the mode of carrying that pleasure into effect. When the three great diplomatists, and an exalted personage, unconnected with the object of the mission, but merely as a mutual friend, were at Presburg for this purpose, early one morning before it was daylight, that exalted personage, who slept in a saloon between the apartments of Wellington and Talleyrand, was awakened by the approach of a figure to his bedside, habited in his night dress, and bearing a light in the one hand, and a letter in the other. This unexpected vision was the Duke of Wellington. "Prince," said he, addressing him in French, "you understand English, read this." It was a hurried communication from Vienna, announcing that a courier had just arrived with intelligence of the landing of Napoleon at Cannes. "Now," continued his Grace, "you must do me the favour to get up and carry this letter to M. de Talleyrand," and having said so, he returned to his own apartment with all appearance of the most unruffled composure. The Prince did according as he was requested, and again M. de Talleyrand carried the important letter to M. de Metternich. It was now between

five and six o'clock, (early in March 1815.) About eight the three diplomatists came together. The astonishing, as well as the sublime, approaches to the ridiculous, and it is a curious physiological fact, that this new event seemed to them so like a trick in a pantomime, that laughter was the first emotion it excited among them. The merry mood did not last long, for the jest was neither a sound nor a safe one. M. de Metternich and M. de Talleyrand, had both in the interim received couriers from Vienna, conveying similar communications with that which had first reached the Duke; but the Saxon monarch remained ignorant of the important news, and tremblingly anxious for his future fate. His majesty was suddenly called to conference, and surprised at the conciliatory tone now adopted toward him. A short protocol was prepared and signed, settling the kingdom of Saxony as it now exists; and before eleven o'clock in the same forenoon, the three deputies from the congress had left Presburg on their return to Vienna. Sir Walter Scott states that the first news of Napoleon's escape from Elba was laid before the congress at Vienna, that is, within the city, by M. de Talleyrand; but the story as above, is told by Mr Turnbull, in his able and interesting narrative of travels in Austria, with the exception of the physiological fact, which has been taken for scenic effect, from Scott's *Life of Napoleon*.

The late and much regretted minister of Liberton, Mr Purdie, in his manuscript notes of a long



tour to the continent, in 1830, remarks very correctly, as to the Danube between Linz and Vienna: "In comparing this river with the Rhine, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to the latter. The Danube has no such scenery as that of the seven mountains,—no such castle as Drachenfels or Schomberg,—no such villages as St Goar; but it has more fine natural wood, more romantic gullies, a more continuous succession of good scenery, and a more majestic stream, and it derives a new interest from its whirlpools, which are certainly startling, if not dangerous. On the whole," he adds, "the voyage from Linz to Vienna is exceedingly picturesque."

Nothing could be more commonplace than our entrance into Vienna, along an endless flat, and through an interminable and somewhat dirty suburb, dreary and devoid of interest, which extends far and wide, and is said to be about fourteen English miles in circuit. They are separated from the walls by a space once covered with military outworks and defences, called the groves of the Prater, but now laid out in walks. In these suburbs are situated the immense barracks, the stores, and magazines of all sorts, for the supply of the capital, and the abodes generally of the artizans and manufacturers of every class, as also some very few villa palaces and gardens of the highest nobles. After passing through the suburbs, we came to a wide open space, covered with grass, planted with trees, and traversed by roads and walks in every direction. This espla-

nade encircles the city like a broad band, and separates it from the suburbs, which are thirty-four in number, and encompass the city in like manner. On all sides, this open space, called the glacis, besides having a splendid appearance, makes a fine walk for the inhabitants, and is called the lungs of both the city and suburbs. The traveller next reaches a deep fosse, and a high and commanding wall of well-cemented brick work. The broad summits of these bastions, as they are called, which twice formed the bulwark of Christendom against the victorious advances of the Turks, are no longer surmounted with cannon, but converted into public promenades, and on account of the fine view they command, they are among the most frequented in Vienna. Thus far, and the traveller enters the Stadt, or city, properly so called, by a dark cavern-like archway, running under the walls, which contains only an eighth part of the whole population of 330,000. Vienna and its suburbs have been compared to a spider's web, as the streets all tend to meet together in one point in the centre, near the cathedral of St Stephens, and to radiate thence to the bastion and its suburbs, as far as their outer line. The walls are washed on this side by a small arm of the Danube, which rejoins the main stream a little below the city. On the south, the city is separated from the suburbs, by a lazy dirty stream, called Wein in German, or Vienna in English, and hence the name of the capital of Austria. On entering Vienna, my anxiety and curiosity

were more intense than usual, and I could not tell how. At last, our conveyance stopped at the door of a fellow-traveller, who very kindly, and of his own accord, called a servant to conduct me to the Goldenes Lammen, in the Leopold Stadt, which he assured me was the best bachelor's quarters in Vienna. Round corners, and down streets, as if we were doomed never to stop, we did at length reach a large and splendid new house, like a barracks, and at the main entrance there was the landlord, a perfect personification of German politeness and hospitality. At a glance of my brim, he called out for another waiter, although there were half a score of them within reach. In a minute, a smart and rather gentlemanly-like personage, lifting his hat quite in the German style, bowed, and said, "At your service, Sir." Delighted to hear once more the sound of my mother tongue, I told him that I had just come down from Linz to look at the lions of Vienna for a few days. Then, said he, I will find for you a comfortable apartment. Having looked over his house-chart, and taken down from his board the key, No. 75, he led me into a neat and not large, but very commodious apartment, with a bed, sofa, writing table and utensils, besides every other requisite in the way of furniture. He next asked me how many days I could afford to remain in the city, and at once he laid out for me a programme of my work, telling me when and where every thing was to be seen and heard, which an Englishman was desirous

to see and hear. He even told me where to dine when in any quarter of the town, rather than to return so far to my own hotel. These important points settled, I felt glad and grateful as ever, and having already dined in the steamer, I sallied out across the bridge, and under the walls to have a run into the city, and a range along its streets.

And here, notwithstanding all I had seen of Germany and its metropolitan cities, I felt myself at once in a whirlpool of novelties—amid the heavings of a living vortex, and hurried down the rapids of a ceaseless throng. It was not any appearance of splendour in the city, for the streets are narrow, and flanked with houses, massive, imposing, and lofty, to the height of four or five stories, without cornices, or pillars, or airiness of effect, or intermixture of showy edifices, or even outward ornaments of the olden times; and the shops, however capacious and well-stocked within, are small and dark when seen from without. It was not its public buildings, which are huge, gloomy, and ill-shapen, and often extending along a dark street, and undetached from humble residences. It was not its squares, of which there are few, and these not worth noticing. It was not the music and the dance, which sounded from almost every alternate house, for these are common in all parts of Germany. But it was the London-like bustling activity of the streets. It was the swarming of carriages, coaches, carts, waggons loaded and empty, and of barrows and

burdens, all hurrying past each other, or crossing, or coming from the opposite quarters. It was the crushing and cracking, rumbling, roaring, and rattling confusion of noise. It was the Babel of tongues from every quarter of the world. It was the stream of population passing along, and pouring in and out by archways, and under private houses, and across the courts, and down the terraces, and up the streets. It was the strange mixture of countenances and costumes, not only of Europeans, but of Asiatics and Africans,—of Turks and Jews, Greeks, Baskers, Chinese, Persians from Teflis, Arabians, Egyptians, Abyssinians, all mingled together as if in a masquerade; with faces black, brown, and yellow, to say nothing of red and white, like our own; some clad in untanned sheep-skin coverings, with the wool bordered by fur; some enveloped fold after fold in masses of woollen goods, and some, on the contrary, with costumes so flowing, so rich, and so unlike every thing on this side of the world, that no stranger durst venture to decide whether the human being was male or female.

And as to the Austrians themselves, they seemed to be the most kind and contented people on the face of the earth, thinking of nothing but feeding, fencing, fiddling, and the like. Mirth and glee is in every face; laughter, loud and long, is heard on every hand; care or cruelty of any kind is not within the walls of the imperial city. No one ever appears ill-dressed. Poverty, even scarcity, appears not in any shape, and beggary, if it exist,

is at least kept in the back-ground. Drunkenness there is none ; breaches of the peace are few ; and gaming houses are strictly prevented. Nay, more ; whatever there may be in private society, there is no vice nor the least breach of the strictest moral propriety in the streets. There is nothing of the pomp and parade of prostitutes as there is in London ; and even in the saloons of their theatres, there is nothing of the disgusting and disgraceful display said to be in those of Drury Lane or Covent Garden. "The Viennese," says Turnbull, "are tractable, sober, and industrious, frugal, cheerful, and contented, mild, kind, and obliging." "They are," says Russell, "devoted friends of joviality, pleasure, and good living, and more bitter enemies to every thing like care and thinking, a more eating and drinking, good-natured, ill-educated, hospitable, and laughing people, than any other of Germany, or perhaps of Europe. Their climate and soil, corn and wine, with which heaven hath blessed them, exempt them from any anxious degree of thought about their own wants ; and the government, with its spies and police, takes more effectual care that their society shall not be disturbed by thinking of the public necessities, or studying for the public weal. In regard to themselves, they are distinguished by a love of pleasure ; in regard to strangers, by great kindness and hospitality. It is difficult to bring an Austrian to a downright quarrel with you, and it is almost equally difficult to prevent him from injuring your health by good living." "There is no city in

Europe," says the acute, accurate, and judicious writer of Murray's Hand-Book for Travellers in Southern Germany, "where a stranger can amuse and occupy himself better, or find himself so quickly at home as in the Austrian capital." And Strange says, the individual who can mingle with the crowds of pretty faces that smile upon him in the esplanade, or can gaze upon the fairy forms that flit through the brightly illuminated Volksgarten in the evening, and who does not catch the spirit of universal happiness which prevails, must be a stoic indeed. And for my own part, I affirm that if there really be such a place as Mahomet's paradise in Europe, it is in the continued and voluptuous enjoyments of Viennese life.

In writing of Vienna as of London, it is difficult to say what a tourist has seen, or what a tourist should see, without framing a volume on the subject. And again, lengthened and learned disquisitions on the state of society are out of the question from an individual who was only a few days in the town, and who was mainly occupied during that time in seeing the mere exteriors only,—its streets and galleries—its palaces, promenades, praters, and public gardens—its cathedrals, temples, and chapels\*—

\* Especially that of the Capuchins, where rest the ashes of the imperial family; and that of the Augustines, and Canova's monument to Maria Christina of Saxony, the sarcophagus of the young Napoleon, with the words—*Napoleonis Gallie imperatoris filius*. By his side repose the mortal remains of the late Emperor Francis, who was much attached to him while living, and desired not to be separated from him after death.

its arsenals and armoury, containing trophies from every nation in Europe, England alone excepted—its libraries and collection of engravings, amounting to about 300,000 prints—its Canova's group of Theseus killing the Minotaur, which was bespoken by Bonaparte to decorate the arch of the Simplon at Milan, but, falling into the hands of the Austrians after the war, was placed in the Volksgarten, in a building after the temple of Theseus at Athens—its imperial jewel-office, containing not only the Austrian regalia, but that of Charlemagne, taken from his grave at Aix-la-Chapelle, and used at the coronation of some of the Roman emperors—its cabinets of antiquities, minerals, zoology, and botany—its palaces of Schönbrunn and Lachenburg.

I had heard much of the strict superintendence of the police at Vienna, and also of the trouble and anxiety strangers undergo about their passports, and permissions to reside and to depart; but I must say, I had nothing to blame, but every thing to admire and praise. Every man did his duty in the most gentlemanly and searching manner. I, of course, delivered up my passport at the first entrance into the city, and I took care to make my personal appearance, within the twenty-four hours after my arrival, at No. 564, in the Spangler Gasse, close to St Peter's church. I was ushered into a well-furnished bureau, where I was received by a gentleman, who spoke English with fluency. In a cool, civil, business-like man-



ner, he asked me what brought me to Vienna. "To see the place." "Had I been into Italy?" "Sorry I had not." "Why sorry?" "Because I should have liked to see Rome." "What stay would I make?" "A few days, more or less." "Where would I go?" "Home again by Prague, Dresden, Berlin, and Hamburg." "Was I known to any bankers in Vienna?" "No." "What money had I brought with me?" "All the money I could spare at the time for such an exploit, and as much as might take me home." "Had I no letter of credit?" "Nothing but English sovereigns." "Was I certain they would serve my purpose?" "Yes; so long as they lasted." I answered all these, and many other questions, with the best possible grace, and did not care how repugnant they might be to theoretical notions of liberty. After I had got from him my permission to reside, I pulled a letter from my pocket, and put it into his hand, requesting him to furnish me with the name of the street and number of Lord Napier. He coloured back, and even down his neck. "My Lord Napier," said he, "attachée to the English embassy?" "Yes." "Why, sir, did you not present this at first, and save us both a very unpleasant performance of duty! but the fact is, there are so many come to give trouble to the state, that we must be strict." I interrupted him by complimenting him on the candid and careful manner he had acted by me. A servant was sent with me to the residence of the ambassador, and

I was told to give myself no more anxiety as to passports or police, as I would find myself under protection wherever I went, by night or by day. And so I did find every man in Vienna more kind and respectful to me than another. I had occasion to walk, not only along the streets, but on the bastions, in the Prater and Volksgarten, by day and by night, late and early, in light and in darkness, and in doing so I felt myself quite at ease. All the while I was in Vienna, I toiled as if in a tread mill, from six o'clock in the morning till near midnight. I entered their cafés, through volumes of tobacco smoke, to see them play at billiards—to read, as I best could, their Galignani newspaper, and sip their coffee. I sat down at their restaurateurs to eat their cuisine and drink their wine. I sat amidst hundreds, at one of their innumerable little tables, spread out in the open air, eating ice or devouring grapes in turn, with the splendid music and mirth around. I attended their concerts, delightful above measure, and marched under thousands of variegated lamps, in their grottos and groves, to the harmony of military bands. I heard their operas and ballets, got up in splendid style, and their orchestra and singers of first-rate excellence, and Strauss with his band of forty musicians. I went to the Prater, which is the Hyde Park of Vienna, nearly four miles long, among low and wooded islands, formed by arms of the Danube, where sometimes 20,000 persons are collected, among whom the emperor's carriage, the princely four-in-hand and

coaches of all degrees, display coats of arms, with quarterings innumerable, crowns and coronets, gold laced liveries of all the colours in the rainbow, Hungarian lacqueys in hussar dresses, Beltic and Bohemian Jagers, with swords at their sides and streaming feathers in their cocked hats, in one continued line from St Stephen's cathedral, in the city, up to the pavilion which forms the boundary of a drive of four miles long. Here, where the Prater of the aristocratic world terminates, that of the common people begins, with an astonishing variety of characteristic amusements. Far as the eye can reach, under the trees and over the green sward, family parties are seen enjoying their humble feast, their laugh, and their song, with their children sporting around. It seems to be one encampment of tents, sutlers, booths, and huts for the afternoon. The smoke is constantly ascending from their rustic kitchens, while long rows of tables and benches, everfilled with guests, and crowded with beer jugs and wine bottles, are spread under the shade. Here there are shows, and theatres, and mountebanks, and jugglers, punchinellos, rope-dancing, swings, and skittles. There the loud laughter, the boisterous joviality, and the song; and yonder, perpetual strains of music play to the ever-restless whirling measures of the waltz. As darkness increases, upon occasions a cannon is fired, and a rush is made to a spot, and there is a magnificent display of fire-works. In a word, pleasure abounds here to suit the diversified tastes of all classes. And

to crown and characterize the whole, there are no sulky, stately policemen stalking around—none with canes beating the children off the green sward—no boards to tell of man-traps and spring guns. Quite the reverse, for the most unrestrained individual liberty appears to be combined with the most perfect public order. Tired of these, the stranger may leave this busy crowd far behind, and with perfect safety plunge into remote and tranquil thickets, interspersed with fine trees, the patriarchs of the forest, till at last, fatigued both in body and mind, with the sights and sounds of the afternoon and evening, he walks back to the city, out to the Leopold Stadt, and up to the Goldenes Lamm, to enjoy a sound and refreshing sleep.

But time passes, these scenes vanish, and one sovereign after another melts away, and the resolution to depart through Bohemia to Prague its ancient capital, comes to be the object uppermost in the mind, and the tourist is again a mere matter-of-fact man as to dates and distances, as to passports, passier scheins, and payment of bills, as to taking out of seats and packing of luggage. These quietly arranged—the way from your hotel to the office from which the eilwagen starts accurately acquired on the previous day, for fear of wandering in the dark morning—the waiter warned to have number seventy-five aroused at half-past three,—you go early to bed and forget this world altogether, till boots steps into your room, lights your candles, and tells you the hour.

to a minute. Leaving the hotel, with regret, and the very chairs and tables, never more to see them again, you hasten up to the coach-office, to see your luggage packed, and to select a corner seat, seeing that it is to be your only bed for the tiresome period of forty-eight hours, and 200 miles. I was thus seated fast, in the best possible position in the coach. Three large conveyances, with an open gig, fitted to hold one passenger and its driver, were all ready to start, when a Jew, who had been late in arriving at the office, and who found himself doomed to take his seat in the gig, came up and asked me, in broken English, if I meant to go to Prague. I answered that I did. Then, said he, I am your friend, because I have been in London, and I tell you that you have mistaken the coach, and pointing to the gig, he assured me that it was the one which would convey me to Prague. Feeling somewhat uneasy, and a little suspicious too, I set my hat on my seat, jumped down from the coach, and ran in to the book-keeper at the desk. He laughed, and told me it was a trick on the part of the Jew, by way of securing a better seat for himself. When I came out, my friend had taken possession of my seat, and had my hat in his hand, and he refused to move. In an instant I called the conducteur, who I perceived was not hearty in my cause; but I looked big, and declared I would not travel but in my own seat, that I was an Englishman, and that I would go to my own ambassador to obtain redress at the expense of the company,

and I also called out the clerk, who declared that he saw me seated there before the other gentleman came forward, and he ordered him to come down, otherwise he would call the police. I thanked him, and took my own place, somewhat ruffled, I must confess. There were more Jews besides of the party, and I thought they scowled at me the whole of the way to Prague; but I kept my temper, and made myself as polite as if nothing of the kind had happened.

Fairly out of Vienna, and we crossed the various arms of the Danube here divided into willow-wooded islands, and high sand-banks—the scenery is totally devoid of interest, but the island of Lobau one of the largest on this part of the river was passed on the right hand with the villages of Asperne, Essling, Eberdorf, and Wagram, which were the scenes of memorable engagements in 1809. Here the archduke Charles gained a temporary victory over Bonaparte, and drove him up into the island of Lobau, where his army remained cooped for several weeks in a situation eminently dangerous, till at last Napoleon recrossed to the right bank of the Danube lower down than before, and gained the decisive victory of Wagram. Through the wide plain teeming with productions and habitations of industry, we reached the brow of the low eminences that border to the north, the valley through which the Danube takes its course, and took our last look of the magnificent river and of an extensive and interesting prospect. To the east downwards, the plain sinks into the

horizon, and the towers of Pressburg, and even the foremost eminences of the more distant Carpathians, were discernible in the clear morning. To the south-west are the ridges of the Aggstein, the Leopoldsberg, and other offsets from the Alps of Styria, and the Dürrenstein which constitutes the rapids of the Danube; to the west the country rises gradually from vineyards to orchards, higher still to precipices, and forests, and mountains, to the commencement of the Alps; to the south the lofty snow-clad summits of the Styrian Alps, embracing one side of the plain on which Vienna stands, and sending out its promontories abruptly down towards the Danube, enclose the circle. In the midst of this vast panorama lies in full view the whole city and suburbs of Vienna with its cathedral and lofty spire rising against the sky, and overlooking everything around it, and still as the most striking feature of every view of which it forms a part is the Danube, the monarch of European rivers, rolling its rapid and mighty stream, and hurrying along vast floats of wood and heavy laden barges on its bosom. Here the expanse of the river, compared with the rapidity of its current, is very indicative of its immense body of water. There it is spread over a still wider surface, but it often leaves large unsightly banks of gravel; yonder again its windings are concealed by the dense mass of foliage which covers its islands, and far down in the distance, looking over the battle-fields of Asperne, of Essling, and of Wagram, sheets of the river are seen among the forests only when a

bend in its course exposes a glittering portion of it to view. It was with regret that I gazed on so wide and classical a scene, till the whole passed from my sight like the thin clouds and early dew which were fast fleeing away before the powerful beams of the morning sun.



## CHAPTER V.

## BOHEMIA.

WE now passed into the kingdom of Bohemia, a country which in all its external features forcibly reminded me of many portions of Scotland, however different it may be in the respective internal conditions of the people. Along the whole road there seemed to be nothing worthy to be much praised or to be much blamed, or of being described; neither did a single incident occur either of so much interest or information as to render it worth while noticing. We breakfasted, and dined, and supped, and slept, as the times came round, and when and where we could. Like every other road, sometimes it was level, and sometimes steep, but upon the whole it wound over a succession of heavy and high ridges, each of which was diversified only by the alternations of extra horses and of double drags, and of long walks which were extremely agreeable, both at, and after, and up the steeps, while the running of the coach down the hills was so rapid, as scarcely to give time to the pedestrian to recover his seat. In

these cases I sometimes caught hold by the side-door of the carriage, setting my foot on the step, and hung on till the next ridge retarded the speed so as to enable me to walk without being left behind. We had tiresome stages too over dreary plains of table land, which were sometimes barren and sterile, and at other times rich and loamy, sometimes without trees or enclosures, and at others well fenced and wooded, sometimes well dried, at other times swampy meadow land. This high table land abounds too in small lakes, and like the country of the Black Forest, it forms another watershed between the streams flowing into the Danube and Black Sea, and those which begin to run into the German Ocean by the Elbe. By the road more to the east, Moldavia, Brunn, Austerlitz, and Königswart may be seen at the expense of another day. In general the agricultural property seemed to be held by small farmers, who were principally occupied in the breeding and pasturing of cattle, and in the management of the dairy produce. There were frequently large fields of vines and maize, but somehow the climate felt cold and bleak for such crops, but excellent apple, plum, and other fruit trees were abundant, especially in the more sheltered localities. Corn seemed to do well, principally rye and oats, and the culture of potatoes was not neglected. It was evident that the inhabitants were up to the breeding of horses in great numbers and of good quality. But while these, and swine, and sheep were seen grazing everywhere, it still ap-

peared that the cow paid the rent. The milk-maids, the dairy apartments, and the kitchen itself, bore testimony to this fact. Magnificent chateaus and mean-like villages presented themselves by the wayside. The hamlets were not comfortable, neither did the people appear to be contented or happy. They seemed to be extremely grateful, and sometimes rather surprised, when common civility not even bordering on kindness was shown them by a well-dressed stranger. It is evident that they are suffering grievances of a different sort from mere poverty, and that the military are scattered very thickly even over their villages in the country. But perhaps all this may arise from this kingdom having like Ireland been deprived of its own court and king, and on account of the attempts which had been made to abolish their language, (the old Sclavonic, which is also the vernacular tongue in Poland and Russia) their religion, and their every characteristic distinction.

We have heard the following circumstances, which may serve to throw some faint light on these painful remarks. We give them as we got them, without vouching for their accuracy. A few weeks before I passed, a peasant had been caught poaching on the extensive domains of one of the most influential and enlightened men in Austria or in Europe. Without accusation, proof, judge, or jury, conviction or warrant of any kind, the prince ordered him to be taken to prison, there to remain during his pleasure in the interim; at stated intervals, and at discretion, he was taken out

and beat most unmercifully. Certainly the Duke of Wellington would not use any depredator so, and if he did, not all the peers in the House of Lords; nor even the Crown itself, could screen him from the consequences. But in Austria the matter was never heard of, excepting in the immediate neighbourhood, and there it was only spoken of in coaches and at table.

Since leaving Vienna, twice had we seen the sun rise and set; and the western sky was yet gleaming with the red clouds, when we were carried down over the last ridge of a lower range of hills, where the strath of the Moldau presented to view the most striking inland panorama on which I have anywhere had the good fortune to gaze. At every step which we took in advance, objects of a varying but not a lessened interest met us; there flowed the Moldau, nearly a third of a mile in width, with its banks on either side, ascending first along a narrow strip of even ground; and then carried up over irregular terraces like ascents, and surrounded on all sides by rocks and eminences, upon whose slopes the buildings of the town rise, tier above tier, as they recede from the water's edge. The valley is shaped like a basin, and in the bottom of it stands Prague with a population of 120,000 inhabitants, and measuring twelve miles in circumference. In looking at the great features of the city and surrounding scenery, there is something of Asiatic splendour in the aspect or form of the domes, turrets, minarets, hanging gardens, churches, and palaces,

which rise up almost without number on all sides in a sort of magnificent amphitheatre. After gazing around for a time on this scene of surpassing grandeur and imposing effect, the eye rests on the mass of Hradschin, the palace of the Bohemian kings with its imposing towers, and temples, running along the crest of the eminence, and overtopping all intermediate buildings. Then it is lifted up to the heights of the Laurenzi Berg, where the pagan Bohemians celebrated of old the rites of their fire worship. On the other side of the river, looking up the stream, are pointed out the black precipices and fortifications of the citadel of Wysehrad, whence the fabled queen Libussa, the founder of Prague, used to toss her lovers into the river as soon as she grew tired of them. Behind the towers of the old town you are told to look to Ziskas hill, which was fortified by the blind Hussite chief whose name it bears, and which can tell of many a religious trouble and torture by which Prague suffered so severely. But wherever the eye is turned, you see objects which carry your recollections far back into the past. Every thing in and around Prague speaks to you of a time when this city was indeed a capital, and draws the mind back by a strong chain of historical recollections to one of the most mighty and enduring struggles of principle in which the Christian world ever was engaged. Here Jerome of Prague struggled boldly but in vain to vindicate for himself liberty of conscience. That is the Thein Kirche with its two tall towers

and taper-roofs, and four small turrets at the angles, where John Huss denounced the corruptions of Rome, and in it his body was buried under the high altar till it was afterwards torn up and burned, and in it too is contained the grave of Tycho Brahe, the celebrated astronomer. There is the town-hall where the gallant burghers avowed the doctrines of the reformation. Yonder old palace was the favourite residence of Charles II., and it is still noble in its decay.

Having passed the barriers and delivered up the passports, we entered the city, and found it in all the active bustle of busy life. Never to my eyes did the transition of light and darkness seem so quick. The narrow and winding streets, the heavy, massive, and gloomy edifices, and the lofty private buildings of stuccoed brick, all black with age and soot, shut out the light of day, already beginning to fade, almost in the course of two minutes, and of two or three hundred yards. But the lamps were gleaming and the shops shining with great brilliancy as we arrived at the custom-house, in the large building at the corner of Konigplatz, close to the Graben. The hotel Schwarzes Ross had been recommended to me, and as soon as I got hold of my luggage, I went along the Graben, about two hundred yards, and found myself, in three minutes time, once more comfortable beyond measure. The crowds of passengers who had accompanied us, soon followed me in search of bedrooms, but already one half of them were too late, and had to go to the Drei Linden, which is also in the imme-

diate vicinity. Having had coffee, I took a walk along the streets for an hour or so, to stretch myself after having been so long closed up in a coach. The streets were not nearly so crowded as those in Vienna, and in some other respects, as a stranger, I did not feel myself so very comfortable and confident as I had done in the Austrian capital. The customs here were evidently altogether different; their Slavonic language was entirely an unknown tongue to me, and I was afraid that I might wander, without being able to ask my way back to my hotel. I returned, therefore, in about half an hour, and on entering the supper-room, I found it a world of interest and comfort for the night. In addition to all the other stirring varieties of German life at this hour, such as tables covered with dressed dishes, reeking, rich, and crowded with guests all hungry as hawks, and wine-bibbers, and smokers, and readers, and talkers innumerable, there was a first rate band of instrumental music, haranguing the natives in the most eloquent and persuasive style of argument I ever heard. The more noisy instruments were excluded, but the variety and number of the softer sort, which had been collected for our entertainment, was astonishing. And thus, for two hours, and a sum of money amounting to not more than two pence from each, did we enjoy the music of first rate artists. But the Bohemians are born and bred as surpassing musicians every where.

In traversing the streets by the light of day, they presented an air of antiquity, and a singular-

ity of architecture, which is extremely pleasing, by its variety and grandness. About most of the edifices, public and private, lordly and humble, there are remnants of brighter days. Here an armorial edifice, there a saint, with his golden circlet, or burning lamps, or a half-obliterated fresco, an arched balcony, a fortified gateway, or an ornamental shrine. The principal open places are often surrounded with low heavy arcades, under which are the shops and the entrances to the houses, and beside them are churches and other public buildings, exhibiting a fantastic mixture of Gothic and Italian decorations. At each successive turn, the eye is met with some memorial of historical reminiscence, and those who have perused the deeply interesting annals of Bohemia, the history of the Church, and of the Seven Years' War, will find in every part abundant food for thoughtful contemplation. On the right side of the Moldau are the Altstadt and the Newstadt. The Altstadt extends along the margin of the river and up the ascending ground, and contains the university, the archbishopric, the municipality, the principal churches and public edifices, the theatre, and all the superior shops. It is the district of commerce and general activity, and its streets and grand open irregular Place, are crowded with a dense and active population. Beyond the Altstadt, surrounding it on three sides, and separated from it only by a large wide street, termed the Graben, from its having been formerly the city ditch, is built the Newstadt, the streets of



which are spacious and rectangular, but the houses are poor, and the inhabitants are of the lower class. On the opposite side of the river, there is a small, level space of ground, behind which there rises a range of high, bold, craggy hills. These are the Kleinseite—the regions of the aristocracy, containing the palaces of the ancient Bohemian nobles, adorned with hanging gardens, extending high up the irregular ascent behind. The lofty ridge above is the Hradschin, the fourth quarter. It forms a magnificent close to the prospect, as viewed from below. Here, covering the surface of a long, bold eminence, the vast palace of the Bohemian kings towers proudly above the buildings of the Kleinseite, and close behind it arise the choir and the tower of the cathedral. Farther on along the hills are groups of stately edifices, and beyond these again may be seen on a loftier point the fine Premonstratensian monastery of Strahou, with its lofty towers, and dark thick groves, overhanging the river below.

The first object I visited in the morning, partly by the guidance of an English gentleman, who had been much on the continent with his lady, was the Hradschin. I reached it by the bridge, the longest in Germany, (1790 feet in length), a ponderous but magnificent stone structure of twelve noble arches. It is protected by a lofty embattled tower at each extremity, and adjoined with colossal statues of stone, with crucifixes and chapels. Amongst these, Saint John Nepomuc, the titular saint of the place, stands in the very centre, dis-

tinguished by gilded stars. Bound hand and foot, John was cast from the bridge because he would not consent to give up some land usurped by the clergy. But flames of miraculous fire marked the spot where the body lay beneath the waters, until it was recovered free from all taint of corruption, and he became one of the martyrs. From the bridge you pass up a noble street, and, making a slight turn to the right, you mount the flight of stone steps that face you, and you reach at once the platform, where stand the palaces and cathedral, and the loopings of the canons. The cathedral is a strikingly beautiful Gothic building, unfinished, and is surmounted by a lantern crown, very like that which surmounts the tower of St Giles', in Edinburgh. One of the chapels has its walls inlaid with native jasper, agate, and other precious stones, and adorned with frescoes, while the exterior is richly ornamented with mosaics. Next, the palaces are seen, and the tower is ascended; and what a goodly sight appears of the whole of Prague beneath your feet! The university is next to be visited, the constitution of which resembles that of Glasgow, in this respect, that the students are divided into different nations.

I devoted half a day to the Juden Stadt, a district near the bridge allotted by law for the residence of the sons of Jacob. Here, on the margin of the Moldau, about ten thousand of them dwell in a state of complete isolation from the Christian population which surround them. According to their own traditions, their ancestors have been

here since long before the destruction of Jerusalem, and others allow that they were established in Pagan times as slave dealers. Be that as it may, this is probably the oldest Hebrew settlement in Europe, and there can be as little doubt that their colony was coeval with the foundations of the city. They have suffered many and severe changes. They have been persecuted, plundered, and oppressed, hundreds of times. Sometimes they have been almost exterminated, and often expelled by violence; but nevertheless they have yet returned to the home of their early adoption, and from age to age these sons of Isaac have continued to inhabit this same quarter. Nay, the very tyranny, extortion, and blood, with which they have been treated, have kept them by themselves. And that is not only from their fellow-townsmen, but from mixing even with the Jews of other countries. Hence they have ever retained their own institutions, and hence their ancient manners and customs are more entire than the Jews of any other part of Europe, or perhaps even of the world. Their light blue eyes, their fair complexions, their figure and features, although strictly Hebrew, are obviously altogether different from those to be found in the western or southern portions of Europe. Amid all the convulsions to which they have been exposed, they have still maintained their synagogues, and schools, and magistrates, and town-halls, entire and distinct. It is a remarkable fact, too, regarding them, as appears from the writings of phy-

sicians in Prague, that Jewish marriages are more productive than those of Christians, and also that Jews are longer lived. The average number in ten years being with the Jews  $4\frac{1}{2}$ , and with Christians  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ; only one out of twenty-six Jews dies annually among them, whereas, among the Christians, the number is one in twenty-two.

The streets which lead to this world of its own, are narrow, mean, and devoid of ornament, and they become more so at every turn, till the Hebrew inscriptions and the customs and cast of the entire population tell you where you are; and that is, in one word, in a place the like of which altogether no Christian ever saw before, and never will see again on the face of the earth, unless he return to the same spot.

But here we shall take an entire leaf from the Rev. Mr Gleig's *Bohemia*, visited in 1837. "I may state at the outset, that of all the extraordinary scenes in which I have ever been an actor, there are few which, more than my visit to the Jewish quarter of Prague, have left upon my mind so vivid and lasting an impression. Let the reader imagine to himself if he can, the effect of a sudden transition from the pomp and splendour of a great capital into a suburb of mean and narrow streets, choked up with the litter of old rags, broken furniture, and cast-off clothes, hung out for sale: aged women asleep in their chairs, young ones nursing infants, or, it may be, perfecting their own unfinished toilets: men, squalid and dirty, with long beards, flowing

robes, and all the other appurtenances which usually belong to their race: children in a state of nudity: turbaned heads, features thoroughly oriental: tarnished finery, books, music, and musical instruments, scattered about: every thing, in short, whether animate or inanimate, as entirely in contrast with what you have just left behind, as you might expect to find it were you transported suddenly into some region of the earth, of the very existence of which you had previously been ignorant. I have passed through the classic regions of St Giles, the Seven Dials, and Rag Fair. I have gone, in my youth, under the escort of a police officer, the round of all the most depraved corners of London, yet I have never beheld a sight which, in all that is calculated to bewilder, if not to outrage the senses, could bear one moment's comparison with what the Juden Stadt brought before me. I confess, my first feeling was a vague idea, that to proceed farther might compromise our personal safety. Yet I defy any one who has penetrated but a few yards down the passage, to abstain from going on. There is about you, on all sides, an air of novelty, such as it is impossible to resist; and you march forward, wondering as you move, whether you be awake or in a dream." In the midst of my wanderings through this wonderful hovel, on turning a corner, I found myself in the midst of a crowd of Jews, all pressing in towards an open window. I thought it might be an auction room, but I understood it at last to be their post-office,

and that the letters had just arrived from Vienna. Their anxiety to get forward and catch hold of their several epistles, the calling out of their names, and reading the addresses on the letters, and above all, the intense feeling, whether of joy or sorrow, with which each of them tore up their despatches to ascertain the price of stocks, and the state of exchanges in the capital, excelled any thing of the kind I had ever seen, even in 'Change Alley, London, among the stock-jobbers. And there was no wonder at their excitement, considering the stakes they are said to have in hand, that is, in one word, most of the floating capital of the country. In all that I saw and heard for hours in this place, I felt no alarm either for my purse or my person. Once, indeed, I got a start, when I saw, as I thought, my friend with whom I had the rencontre at the coach-office in Vienna, but on a second look I was happy to find that I was mistaken.

Their oldest synagogue, too, is thoroughly oriental in characters and fantastic proportions. Every thing within and without, black with the dust of ages, bears testimony to the gloomy nature of the reverence which these stubborn Israelites pay to the God who has discarded them. No change has been made on the building for nine hundred years. It is a small apartment, supported on pointed arches by three pillars, which have never been stained with sacrilegious white wash, or even broom. It is lighted only by a range of narrow, lancet-shaped, Gothic windows,

which are elevated forty or fifty feet above the floor, and throw down a few faint, dirty, broken rays of glimmering light, sufficient to show the dark, dismal appearance of pillars, walls, and roof. This blackness is caused by the Jews burning lamps and smoking torches for whole days and nights at some of their festivals. Beneath the arch of the pillars, there is a raised platform, where desks and stools are placed for the accommodation of the rabbins, and the pupils who come thither to learn the law. At the extremity of the vault stands the altar, the silver candlestick, with its many branches, and from the roof there hangs seven silver lamps, "to give light," according to the Divine injunction, "over against the candlestick." The holy books of the law occupy the place where the altar stands in a church. They are inclosed in a fire-proof cabinet of metal, and consist of double rolls of parchment. The robes and breastplates of the priests; and the hangings for this cabinet are embroidered with pomegranates and hung with bells. The women are not allowed to enter the hallowed precincts of this synagogue. They sit in a separate division of the building, which communicates with the synagogue only by several narrow loop-holes in the walls, admitting neither of their seeing nor being seen. On no account could I comprehend what was going on at the time I visited it, but it seemed to be of itself no great affair. There were some doctors, priests, and students, some of them with flowing robes and breastplates, and all of them with mag-

nificent beards, and dried, thin, parchment-like cheeks. It might be that they hated the presence of a Christian, or it might be a mere fancy on my part, but their eye seemed to be unusually quick and restless; there was a stubborn, haughty expression of countenance, and an assumed dignity and determination in their gait, which bespoke them to be yet as blind and bold in their opinions as ever. Both their persons and dresses were as dirty and dingy as the other surrounding localities of the place. I had seen high mass celebrated with great magnificence at Salzburg, in a lofty cathedral, much in the style of St Peter's at Rome. There I heard music so overpowering as to make the whole edifice vibrate, and again so soft and thrilling as to make me shut even my eyes in the ecstasy of my emotion. I saw priests of every rank in full dress, kneeling and bowing before three or four altars, all at one time, and in one church. I even eyed the procession of the host round the magnificent aisles of the cathedral, which were perfumed in every corner with the richest incense, and I thought the whole sublime as a carnal or corporeal spectacle, and as rich a treat to the senses as I had ever witnessed. But the impressions made on my mind in this small, half-buried, glimmering, pandemonium-like place, by the hidden mysteries of the service, by the scriptural association and reminiscences which gushed through my mind like a torrent of waters, and above all, by the sentiments of sympathy for these degraded outcasts, who, like myself, were



far from the temple of their fathers, were more imposing than any thing of the kind I had ever experienced. And my heart felt as if I could have joined them in singing their own tender and beautiful Psalm, so expressive of the constancy of their affection, after a captivity of near two thousand years, to their own desolate country. "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows, in the midst thereof, for there they that carried us away captive, required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth: if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Having left their synagogue, one minute brought me into their old burying-ground, piled up with their dead, of a thousand years, till it can hold no more, and crammed with grave-stones and other memorials coeval with the foundations of the city, and bearing dates so far back as the twelfth century. Here there presents itself a picture of desolation, more stern than the dream of the poet has perhaps ever conjured up. It is a hundred years since the last Jew was interred in this cemetery, and the spot of ground is extensive, but throughout its compass there is not one foot of level soil. Graves trodden partially down—pointed grave-stones, that are sloping and falling in

every direction—monumental slabs of rough sandstone, so covered with Hebrew characters, deeply out in, as to remind you of the roll of the prophets spread out flat at your feet, “and it was written within and without, and there was written thereon lamentations, and mourning, and woe.” The monuments of the rabbins are standing in the form of houses with sloping roofs; upon the top of these, and upon every projecting ledge of their cenotaphs little heaps of stones are piled. These have been placed there by the friends of the dead in their visit to the graves,—a practice which is still considered among the Jews a token of respect for forefathers whom the living know only by name. To give effect to these countless tombstones, fractured, weather-beaten, and moss-grown, there is a tangled wilderness of alder trees decrepid in their stems, wrinkled in the bark, and twisted in their branches. No living man can tell whether these have been planted by the hands of man, or sown by the winds of heaven, but they constitute altogether a fitting monument to the desolate condition and broken fortunes of these Hebrew exiles. There are, too, devices engraved on the stones which mark the condition those held on earth who now sleep beneath; such as the Lion of Judah, the upraised hands of the house of Aaron, and the Nazarite’s bunch of grapes. There is also a sort of vestry-house, where their burial ceremonies were performed over the dead. They are still represented in a series of pictures around one of the rooms; grave-clothes are kept in readiness here;

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and as soon as a corpse is brought in, be it of the rich or poor, it is set out in the same simple livery, and the same plain coffin of rough boards is provided for all.

After leaving the Juden Stadt I made my way to the Ross Market, one of the finest streets of the new town. I inspected the equestrian statue there of St Wenzel, the ancient patron of Bohemia, which seems to be remarkable for nothing but for the manner in which it is decorated with votive chaplets of flowers, and surrounded by crowds of devotees on its day in the calendar. On that occasion persons of all ranks kneel before it, and processions approach it from all the towns around. These are headed by young girls dressed in white, bearing garlands of flowers, with the men and women who are present all singing, in full chorus, the old Bohemian hymns in honour of the martyr. The night is devoted to this choral and musical chanting. From the Ross Market I made my way up to the bastions, which are no longer used as defences for the city. And here, as well as anywhere else, it may be mentioned, that many of the fortifications in Germany cease now to exist. They have been converted into boulevards for the recreation of the inhabitants; they are generally tastefully planted and laid out in gardens and pleasure grounds; the bastions are converted into terraces, and the ditches into ornamental sheets of water, so as to form delightful belts of verdure around the town. My object on this occasion was not to see these promenades and pleasure

grounds, because such were familiar to me, but to court the shade and fresh breeze, after having been so long under the meridian sun, and in the polluted atmosphere of wretchedness and rags. I was also desirous to luxuriate for an hour in rest, and in the enjoyment of antique Asiatic grandeur. The terrace having been reached, I had only to turn myself round and lay me down, when my eye commanded the view over the whole town and country around. Looking back, over my right shoulder, I recognised a portion of the road I had travelled from Vienna, and on the other hand, and in front, that which I was about to take for Toplitz, climbing one of the very steepest hills which girdle the city, at the foot of which was the majestic Moldau, flowing on with a clear and gentle current among a thousand seats of Bohemian magnates, and the palaces of the Kleinsseite, and the countless oriental towers, spires, minarets, and domes, past these hanging gardens, under its noble bridge, and around its large and exquisitely wooded islands. The Strahou hill, and the most ancient and picturesque parts of the Hradschin, were seen to great advantage. The battle field, too, about three miles eastward, so famous in the history of Frederick the Great, and familiar to our musical daughters at home, contributed its share of interest to the spectacle. Around me were the aged and infirm, gasping for breath on the benches, and gathering health along the banks. The walks were crowded with citizens, and the plots of verdure

on every side were creeping with children, superintended by nurses and nursery maids. The hum from the city at our feet rose strong on the breeze, and died away in the distance. Every bush had its choristers; high in the air the warbling larks were, on hovering wing, sounding their hymn of gratitude and gladness over the scene, while the never-wanting band of Bohemian musicians ever and anon drowned the feebler notes of music from their feathered rivals. The sights became indistinct before my eyes, and the sounds died in my ears. I fell fast asleep, and dreamed of home and the society of my own fireside and vicinity. When I awoke, I could not think at first where I was. In a minute I recollected myself—felt for my passport and my sovereigns. On starting to my feet, and casting a glance on the children, the town, and country, I was anxious, and actually sorrowful because the sights and sayings of the last half hour were but a dream. I wound my way down the steep to the Graben. Entering the Schwarzes Ross I stepped into the Spice Saal, and found it empty; but a servant led me out to the garden, where at least a hundred gentlemen and ladies were gormandising under an awning. My friend hailed me to a seat, which had been reserved for me, beside his lady and a small circle of Englishmen. Some of my acquaintances were well known to some of them, and some of their acquaintances were known to me. In three minutes I felt myself quite at home once more, and what with the food I had both for the body

and the mind, and my little bottle of delicious claret, I laughed at the silly tears I had shed when rising from the bank on the bastions. But even yet I can affirm that never was a dream more deeply engrained on the fleshy tablets of my heart and head than that of this forenoon.

The distance from Prague to Toplitz is nearly sixty English miles, and the eilwagen starts, or then started for it from the corner of the Königsplatz, at four in the afternoon. Instead of taking this road into Saxony, I might have left at the same hour on the following morning by a public conveyance, which runs to meet a steamboat on the Elbe, at a village about twenty-five or thirty miles from Prague,\* and which, on the same day, drops down the stream to Dresden. But notwithstanding the satiety of sights, and the desire to get home, which was already at times haunting my fancy, I at once determined to devote a day or two to the most fashionable and best ordered watering-place in all Germany,—the favourite resort of the king of Prussia, and the centre of attraction for the nobility of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and for the aristocrats of the German principalities in general,—the place to which princes, nobles, citizens, officers of every class, natives, foreigners, soldiers, civilians, and diplomatists, and all but Englishmen, resort to enjoy health and happiness. To accomplish this

\* Near Leitmeritz at the foot of the Moldau, or Aussig at the foot of the Bela, I forget which.

I had no other alternative than to travel one other night in the dark; but I became reconciled to this egregiously foolish method of *seeing* a country, by being assured that the district to be traversed was not interesting in a picturesque point of view, after getting out of the vicinity of Prague. After rattling up the street, and across the long bridge, the number of our horses was doubled at the foot of the steep, and for a time we toiled up the hill on foot, while the horses had enough to do in dragging up the empty carriage, with their noses lowered almost to the ground, with the whole weight of their bodies leaning forward, and with steps steady, slow, and short. Having passed the large convent of St Margaret, and arrived at the crest of the white mountain, three miles from Prague, we paused, according to custom, to take our last look of the capital of Bohemia; "For," says Gleig in reference to this spot, "a finer scene of its kind you will rarely look down upon in any country of the world;" and Turnbull says, that of all the cities in Germany no one can boast a position or a general aspect so grandly imposing. This position is well known, too, in history as the field of a memorable battle, when the imperialists, commanded by Tilly, decided the fate of the Protestant cause in Bohemia,—drove Frederick, son-in-law of our own James I. from his throne, and transferred his dominions to his Popish opponent. A pilgrimage church, erected by the conqueror on the spot, commemorates the event. We had supper in the

old curious-like town of Schlan, which very necessary but common-place circumstance would not have been mentioned, had it not been to remind the reader, that the brave but unfortunate Mourreau died here of the wounds received in the battle of Dresden. His body was embalmed at Prague, and thence transferred to St Petersburg for burial. Thus snugly littered up for the night, with the constellation of the Great Bear shining clearly over the horses' heads, as it had done during our journey from Vienna north to Prague, I set my head, neck, and shoulders into the corner for sleep, and awoke not again till the morning had dawned, and we were going rapidly down from the heights of Wachholderberg, between the outlayers of the Erzgebirge on the one side, and the Mittelgebirge on the other, over moderate ascents and descents, till we reached the city itself, with just as much light as to let us see its spacious and cleanly kept streets; its neat mansions, often slightly detached from one another; its platz, and its hotels, and lodging-places, endless and innumerable.

After hastily dressing and despatching breakfast, I left the hotel where we were dropped, for the eilwagen went on by Kulm to Dresden, just about the time the sun was rising. Already was life awake in Toplitz, and the streets were beginning to be filled with people of rank and of the humbler classes, the former straggling to their private bathing-houses, and the latter to the public establishments, where the waters are had gratuitously. I expressed my surprise at see-



ing so many people a-stir before five o'clock in the morning, but I was told that although the height of the season was past, the demand for baths was still so great that the bathers were compelled, however contrary to their inclinations, to get out of bed to secure a vacant bath in the earlier part of the day. Thus from sunrise till late in the evening, were the people going to and from the baths, and assembling about the pump rooms of the *Garten quelle* to drink the water. I followed on to the Steinbad house, without knowing to which of them I was going. Here there are three public baths, one for men, another for the wives and daughters of the citizens, and a third for the female peasantry and servants. There are besides these vaulted baths, situated in the lower part of the building, a number of very comfortable private baths, and throughout the town there are nearly a hundred such. At the entrance hangs a table advertising the hours at which every bath is engaged. First a clock strikes to tell you that the bath is ready, at the end of three-quarters of an hour a bell rings to tell you to dress and to give up the bath to the attendant, who must clean it for the next customer at the house. Although the thermometer indicates 90° or 95° Fahrenheit, the water feels far hotter than a bath of the same temperature in common water. The waters seem to be green, but they are quite colourless; they are said to be alkalo-saline, and take their rise among the Erzgebirge mountains in the neighbourhood. They are very efficacious in curing rheumatism, stiff

joints or crippled limbs. It has been said that Toplitz and Carlsbad are built on the lid of a vast kettle covering a subterranean reservoir of boiling water so enormous, that in 1727, after a rupture of the caldron, a pole thirty fathoms long was thrust in at Carlsbad without reaching the bottom. What a fire must be under it !

From eleven till one, when everybody dines, the people stroll up and down the great promenade of the gardens behind the palace of the Prince of Clary. These noble and delicious retreats are laid out in long umbrageous walks, with tall forest trees in exquisitely dressed lawns, in bowers, alcoves, and a lake extensive and well kept. Bands of music play here and there amid its tall groves and long alleys. The theatre too is here, which in the morning serves as a reading-room, at mid-day as the Saal, and in the evening as a ball-room. At the saloon attached to the garden, a table d'hôte is served at one o'clock, and there are such also at all the principal hotels, where the company meet on terms of the most easy familiarity. Sometimes too the people dine separately, either alone or in family groups, but very many in the same room, and around even the same table. In these cases the dinner is served *à la carte*. To enhance the pleasure of the feast, there is music of different kinds, and on some occasions Bohemian minstrels ; not unfrequently women come and sit down in the Saal while you are eating, and sing and play with exquisite taste and harmony. While this is going on within, dense crowds collect about the

doors and windows in the street, who are attracted by their genuine love of music merely. After the meal has come to a close, the guests sally forth to enjoy the fresh air, to sit down on benches along the trottoir, and smoke their pipes in contentment. About this time of day every vehicle public and private is put in requisition for excursions of a few miles in the fine country around. The hills which border the vales abound in beautiful and romantic sites, in several of which there is a house of entertainment with surrounding gardens. It is the custom to visit some one of these on successive days, and thither may be seen the stately equipage of the feudal prince, and the humble cart-like omnibus with its load of traders, following each other in long and dusty procession, and each depositing its charge to enjoy in common the rural loveliness of nature. Rude tables are laid beneath the broad dark foliage of the elm, the chesnut, and the oak. No ardent spirits may be supplied at these places of sober recreation, but the neat bright-eyed damsel supplies coffee or tea, or possibly light thin effervescing beer, alike to the prince and to the mechanic, the *élégante* of Berlin or of Vienna, and the homely wife of the honest farmer. There some of them sit in tranquil unenvying enjoyment until the shades of evening warn them to return, when they repair to their homes, take a light supper, and are in bed by ten, to rise before five on the following morning. For the amusement of such as do not go to the country, there are repre-

sentations in the theatre which begin at six, and close at eight. These are generally first-rate, so long as the Berlin company remains here, that is usually during the stay of the court, and there is generally music in the gardens from eight to nine or ten; and in fact at all times the street minstrelsy is excellent, everywhere are bands of harpers and violinists to be seen, and sweet voices are heard, and pleasant faces admired. And after that hour not a person is to be seen in the streets, —all are sound asleep. Public gaming-houses are sternly kept down, and all manner of private gaming. These great magnets of vicious attraction at the baths on the Rhine are forbidden, and everything of that sort is altogether out of the question on Sundays.

In fact, in the whole town and cast of society there is an air of easy dignity, an absence of all formality, a happy conventional equality, an amiableness of disposition, and propriety of conduct. There is everything to please, and nothing to offend. And it is creditable to the character of the continental aristocrats, that this wholesome state of society is mainly owing to the presence, during the months of July and August, of not only the nobility of Prussia, Russia, and Austria, but of the sovereigns of those countries, and of the princes and dukes of smaller states, as well as of the members of most of the royal and imperial families in Europe. Here these, divested of the burdens of etiquette, release themselves for a season from the state and cares of royalty, the intrigues

of courts, and the turmoil of their own capitals. Here these may be seen walking about the town unattended and even unnoticed, or riding about on indifferent horses, or driving their wives and daughters in carriages so shabby as to be mistaken for hackney coaches. Among these the king of Prussia may be regarded as the patron of the place. But he, with all his extreme simplicity of manner and seeming aversion to ceremony in every shape, still keeps up at Toplitz a courtly sort of formality. The instant he appears on the great gravel walk, every head is bare, and circles are formed of those who expect to be honoured with the royal notice. His majesty, bareheaded, takes his position in the centre, attended by the Prince de Wittgenstein and his grand chamberlain, and there he deals out his words of courtesy. Whenever he emerges from the living enclosure, and passes up the walk, every one falls in behind and follows in his train, with hat in hand, perhaps for an hour and a half. But it is not to be supposed from these descriptions that the whole society at Toplitz are so formally occupied every day, as if they thus walked and talked on stately stilts. On the contrary, many are seen every hour of every day luxuriating in an easy manner in these delightful gardens, loitering in the shady walks or lying in their secluded thickets free from all intrusion. Thus many read and meditate, and enjoy the quiet scene around them with none to cross their path save some cogitative stranger, or a group of children bearing a

little store of provisions for the fish in the reservoirs.

Animating as such spectacles are at first, they soon become tiresome enough; I therefore left Toplitz next day at six o'clock in the morning, by a covered conveyance open at the sides, for the flourishing little town of Tetschen. The distance is not great, but the road is steep; the coach was loaded with families and luggage going home from their watering season, and one or two stops of an hour each were cheerfully submitted to on our part, yet we were on the romantic banks of the Elbe by mid-day. And were I to select any small portion of my tour as being the most interesting, and as raising and keeping up my mind to the very highest point of mental elevation, I would select this short distance and these few hours of real and rational enjoyment. Never did rural scenery of mere hill and dale, of wood and water, or historical recollections of fields and fights, call forth feeling altogether so gratifying as this tract of classic ground. There was no fatigue nor anxiety, nor any unsatisfactory impression that I was hurrying over a country which required a slower pace. On the contrary, we moved so leisurely that I was enabled to walk most of the distance, especially up the thrice memorable battlefield of Kulm, and to stop and enquire, or admire, without falling behind. It added to my joys too, that the whole company, men and women, were Prussians, who gave me every information, and who seemed quite delighted with the ecstasies of

my emotions ; all, I say, with one solitary exception ; but whether he was French or Saxon, whig, tory, or radical, I had no means of ascertaining, for he did not utter one word in my presence. He sat silent and sullen, and I noticed particularly that when he approached any one of the monuments, which have been erected by Austria, Russia, or Prussia, to commemorate their victories, he seemed almost to shudder, and he actually set his shoulder to them, and turned his surly countenance to the right and then to the left, and to the right again, as if making a vain attempt to make us believe that he saw nothing at all worth noticing. On the last occasion of the kind, I waved my hat in the air, and raised a hearty hurrah, in which all the rest joined ; he looked at me as if with daggers in his eyes, but he prudently kept quiet, and I took care to offer no personal provocation, but on the contrary, to show him every mark of respect.

In leaving this quiet orderly region of joy, you pass through a species of the gayest and most magnificent suburbs, still carried forward as straggling sorts of streets. Then the road comes to be lined on both sides by neat mansions, which are farther removed from one another. Then passing into a lovely valley, with mountains on each side, several picturesque villages are seen on the left, basking in the sun at the base of the hills. Here and there are modern schlosses and ancient ruins, among which the remains of the castle of Dux, one of Wallenstein's numerous mansions, is

especially remarkable. You thus proceed from Toplitz as if from the centre of a huge amphitheatre. The ascent is long and gradual, and the range of hills, on the northern base of which the village of Peterswald lies, opens gradually before you. Huge forests clothe its rugged face, out of which bold rocks protrude.

Kulm is a neat village, with a modern schloss beside it, and a church, which crowns a low green hill in its centre. There are some extensive plantations near; the Pala flows among them, and between it and the mountain on the left, there is a space of less than two miles. As you wind your way upwards, the view becomes at every step more and more interesting, till Kulm is gained, and there may the traveller turn round to enjoy a sea of mountain peaks in the distance, and nearer a view glorious in the extreme. "You look down upon a valley, of which it is scarcely too much to say, that the eye of man has never beheld anything more perfect. Deep it lies, enclosed on every side by mountains, which sloping away one from another, resemble so many prodigious cones, and open out to you the gorges of countless glens,—each, as it would appear, more exquisitely beautiful than another. The vale of Toplitz itself may measure perhaps where it is widest, some six or eight English miles across; where it is least wide, the interval between the mountains is scarcely one mile. It is in all directions fertile and luxuriant in the extreme,—waving woods, rich corn-fields, vineyards, meadows, and groves,



are there,—with towns, and villages, and castles, and hamlets, scattered through them, even as the hand of the painter would desire to arrange them. Nor is the running stream, that most indispensable of all features, in a landscape of perfect beauty, wanting. The Pala rolls his waters through the valley, and if he be inconsiderable in point of size, yet he is limpid and clear; with width enough to catch the sun's rays from time to time as they fall, and throw them back almost brighter in the reflection than in the reality. Altogether it is as striking a panorama as any which even in Bohemia one will easily find." The scenery is indeed first-rate, and this description of it by Mr Gleig, as an eye witness, is by no means inferior to the thing described. And here too let it be mentioned, as it is a somewhat curious fact, that the northern portions of Bohemia, mountainous as they may be, are by much more fertile and beautiful than the southern regions are.

So much for what has been said as to the mere scenery of this locality; but still more interesting are its historical reminiscences, as scenes of mighty strife, where the fate of Europe was twice decided in one summer. Napoleon's spring-tide of victory had rolled on from Dresden, after the fugitive divisions of the allies, to within half a league of Toplitz. Here he expected to cut off the retreat of the enemy on Prague, to intercept their guns and baggage, to catch the persons of two emperors and a king, and the members of their whole cabinet, and the whole depot of the

head-quarters of his enemies. Had his operations been completed, the allied armies would have been totally disorganised, and the road would have been opened to Vienna. With an army of 40,000, Vandamme had already advanced within a hand grasp of his prize. Toplitz was in great consternation, and the emperors of Russia and Austria were attempting their escape. Count Osterman's feeble but firm columns, of 8000 imperial guards, were retiring before the French, when the king of Prussia advanced at the head of what forces he could collect on the emergency, to support them. The Russians were given to understand, that the safety of their father, as they affectionately term the emperor, depended on their maintaining their ground; and it is also said, that at Toplitz the Prussians intercepted the retreat of a large body of Cossacks, and compelled them to return to the field, by drawing up a column of 2000 men across their path, with orders to fire on them if they did not fight the common foe. They at once wheeled round, and presented a living fortress to the enemy. Osterman halted like a wild boar brought to bay, and commenced the most obstinate resistance. All stood firm as a grove of pines opposed to the tempest. Vandamme led down from the heights above Peterswald, corps after corps, to repeat his furious attacks. Osterman lost his arm, and his guards were almost cut to pieces, but they were not routed. He had gained the time necessary for the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian columns to advance, so that Vandamme,

in his turn overpowered, retreated to Kulm as the night closed, but merely to embrace that village in his line, to renew the conflict with increased advantage. The battle was renewed next morning by break of day, and the French were attacked not only on front, but on both flanks, their right being overlapped, and their left so closed in by the mountains, as to render any movement in retreat completely useless. The allies pressed upon Vandamme with about 80,000 men, and the battle raged with indescribable fury till two o'clock. The odds were irresistible, and Vandamme tried to retreat to the heights of Peterswald, but to the horror of the French, Kleist's corps of Prussians, who were retreating before St Cyr, suddenly occupied Vandamme's former position on the heights over Peterswald. These descending by the only road which Vandamme had counted upon as open, placed him entirely in a *cul de sac*. For a time, over the whole slope of the defile there was one ceaseless combat of man to man, and the quantity of dead that covered the hill side was so prodigious, that it took the country people, who were pressed for the purpose, two whole days to bury them. Never was defeat more complete. The general-in-chief, the whole army, except individuals who escaped without their arms through the forests, all the artillery, ammunition carts, and standards, fell into the hands of the allies.

This tide of victory, which had two days before flowed so fiercely against them, was now turned in their favour; and the allies, who had been on

the very eve of falling out among themselves, were, in consequence of this success, re-united. Bonaparte, seventeen days after, came along the road to this ridge of the hill, to gaze on the field, and to look across the valley of Kulm to Toplitz. On these heights above Kulm, another battle was fought between Napoleon in person, and Prince Schwartzenberg. The affair was not quite so brilliant, but its results were most decisive, in as much as it compelled Bonaparte to abandon his position at Dresden, and retreat on Leipsic, where he sustained a final and fatal disaster. While standing there, somewhere near this very spot, and looking forth over the battle-field below, I remembered the fact, and I even felt it to be a simple incident of interest at the time. How changed was the scene now! Kulm, which suffered dreadfully during the *melée*, its church and castle which were burned, and its cottages which were blown almost to pieces; but now the neat and modest-like house of God, the proud castle, the clean cottages, and the well-trained vineyards, were all fresh and blooming under a bright and burning sun. Far and near the outward forms of nature doubtless retained their identity, but wood, and ravine, and defile, and sweeping level, all lay under me as quiet and as peaceable, as if the sounds of war had never been heard among them. The inhabitants too, unmindful as men ever are of evils that have befallen others, and even themselves long ago, delight in nothing so much as in replying to the questions which curious tra-

vellers like myself may chance to put to them. Three monuments have been erected. The first on the left hand coming from Toplitz, by the emperor of Russia. It is an obelisk, in excellent taste, about sixty-nine feet high, with a lion at the base, and a figure of Fame on the top. The next, on the same side of the road, near to where the Tetschen and Dresden roads meet, by the Prussians. It is a small but singularly neat obelisk of cast iron, surrounded by a little flower-plot, and fenced in by an iron railing, and bears the inscription, "A grateful king and country honour the heroes who fell." The third, about a hundred yards farther on, and at the right hand of the road, by the Austrians. It is more massive than the other two. At the junction of the roads between the two monuments, the fighting was very desperate. There the Austrian commander fell, and a little below to the east, (as the old veteran who had borne his part in the battle, and fought it o'er again with me, and to whose care the charge of the monuments is entrusted, told me,) was Vandamme made prisoner. The good king of Prussia never passes this spot on his way to or from Toplitz, without leaving his carriage, visiting the old cicerone, and squeezing him by the hand.

In descending into the gorge through which the Elbe pours its waters into Saxony, the soil seems to be so sterile, as scarcely to yield any return to the industry of the inhabitants. They therefore are poor, and beggars are frequently seen asking, often

on their knees, an alms, for which they express their gratitude, by kissing the hand that bestows it. But there are already fewer madonnas or saints to meet the eye along the roadside, and fewer salutations are made by the passing peasant, to the gaudily painted figures of our Lord, suspended on the decorated cross. The dress and language too, come to be distinctly different.

The size of the Elbe, when first seen a little above Tetschen, rather fell short of my expectations. Is this the river, thought I, which fertilizes in its course the plains of Bohemia, Saxony, Prussia, Mecklenburg, Hanover, and Denmark? But Mungo Park could not have been happier to see the Niger than I was to welcome the Elbe. Now, said I to myself, I have railroads and steamboats all the way home. Jumping down from my conveyance, I bid adieu to eilwagens, diligences, fiacres, bancs, schnellposten, hauptwagen, voiturier, lohn kutcher, vellino carriage, caleche, and all such. With my mantle-sack in hand, I gained the interior of the Gasthof, Zum Goldenne Krone, in the market-place. Tourists think that it is scarcely possible to conceive a view more beautiful than Tetschen and its "glorious environs." It is certainly very interesting and pretty. The Elbe appears here winding down between mountains, sloping gently away from it, till their half-green summits appear to mingle with the clouds. Thick woods of birch and pine clothe the scene. The river sweeps past with no great volume, yet with very considerable

rapidity of dark and troubled waters. At the very bottom of the hollow, and close beside the river, nestles Tetschen, with its 2000 inhabitants, under the shadow, as it were, of the castle which crowns the summit of one of the rocks overhanging the Elbe.

I had heard and read so much of Saxon Switzerland, that I resolved to take a peep into it. I was aware that it should have been visited not after but before the Tyrol, yet I resolved to make allowances on the authority of Mr Russell, who says that it may be visited with astonishment even after the wonders of the real Switzerland. Had it been to look at huge and high mountains, with their white night-caps, and to traverse their glaciers; and also, in the recollection of Wordsworth's remark, "had it been to ascend their thals, or to penetrate their dark and never-ending forests, no consideration would have induced me to mar the impression which such scenes had already made on my mind." But I entered it as if it had been a mere toy shop, where there was an immense collection of innumerable trifles, all very interesting after their own fashion, that is, like the rude model of some gigantic city, or the ruined abodes of the true *terrae filii*, or even, if you will have it, the skeleton or the throne of a perishing world. The rocks are cut in all directions, as if the chisel had been used to hew passages through them. They should rather be called lanes, they are so narrow, so deeply sunk, and so smoothly

perpendicular do the gigantic walls of rock rise on both sides. These perpendicular masses, again, are divided and grooved horizontally into layers like blocks, regularly laid upon each other to form the walls. The extremities are seldom sharp or angular, but almost always rounded, betraying the continued action of water. They generally terminate in some singular form. The abyss, which lies deep sunk behind the summit of the Bastei, is the most wonderful of all in the horrid boldness and fantastic forms of its rocks. The Ottawalders Grund is so narrow, and its walls are so lofty, that many parts of it can never have felt sunshine. Its pavement below is everlasting snow and ice, some small cascades are literally hanging, frozen in their fall. Here the walls are not more than four feet asunder, and there a huge block, in falling from the summit, is jammed in between them, so as to form a natural roof, beneath which you must creep along. In one of these lanes, you find an alley striking off on one side, and having squeezed your body through it, (no easy matter for Mr Russell, I guess), you find a similar lane is crossed by another of the same sort.

The Bastei commands a prospect which, in its kind, is unique in Europe. You hover on the pinnacle, which is reached from the main land by slight wooden bridges, spanning the chasms, and wooden galleries, and staircases, at an elevation of more than 800 feet above the Elbe, which sweeps round the bottom of the precipice. Be-



hind, and up along the river, on the same bank, rise similar precipitous cliffs, cut and intersected like those already described. From the farther bend, the plain gradually elevates itself into an irregular amphitheatre, terminated by a lofty but rounded range of mountains. The striking feature is, that in the bottom of this amphitheatre, a plain of the most varied beauty, huge columnar hills start up at once from the ground, at great distances from each other, overlooking, in lonely and solemn grandeur, each its own portion of the domain. The most remarkable among these are the Lilienstein and Königstein, which tower nearly in the centre of the picture, to a height of above 1200 feet above the level of the Elbe. The access to the top of the Lilienstein is difficult, but that to the Königstein is artificial, for it has long been a fortress, and from the strength of its situation, it is still a virgin one.

The best way, in going down from Tetschen, of seeing the Saxon Switzerland, is to catch the opportunity of a boat to take you to Hirniskretschchen. The river in its course here is pent up between bold cliffs and huge natural battlements of rock, clothed in rich foliage, wherever it is possible for a tree to hang, and broken by smooth plats of verdure, leading away into romantic dells. In fact, to my mind, the scenery on the Elbe, from Tetschen down, is upon the whole preferable to that of the Rhine. The pedestrian should land at Hirniskretschchen, if he can either pronounce or spell it. It is a small town, about a mile and a

half within the Bohemian frontier, by a wild and fine combination of deep, dark glens, terrific precipices, and abrupt cliffs, and a most magnificent curvature of the Elbe. From this he may visit the Prebischthor, which is a singular natural arch—the greater Winterberg, bold, and frowning, and celebrated for its view—the Kuhstall, another natural gate or cavern, and to go down, as I did, the Elbe at once to Schandau, the capital of Saxon Switzerland, with its tall church-spire, its modest buildings, and its busy little wharf, which is nearly in the centre of Saxon Switzerland, having eight or nine miles of the district, both above and below it. From Schandau to Dresden is about twenty miles. In going down the river, the traveller may land at the foot of Lilienstein, Königstein, and the Bastei, and explore these spots with little fatigue. The Elbe almost encircles the hill of Lilienstein. It passes the village of Rathen on the right, and follows a tortuous course as far as Pirna; a little above which stands the castle, fortress, or state prison of Sonnenstein, so obstinately defended by the French in 1813. Soon after we passed Pillnitz, with its palace, along the side of the river, the summer residence of the court of Saxony. I was fortunate enough to see his majesty in passing. He was waiting to cross the river. At last, and a little before sunset, after making another of the magnificent bends of the river, two young gentlemen of my own country, who were returning from Saxon Switzerland, called my attention to the rich massive domes of

the German Florence. Whether we had been too late in arriving at this point for scenic effect, or whether the sun, to disappoint us, had gone too early to bed, need not be stated, but the darkness was rather dense; but even in the dusk of twilight, the first sight of Dresden was really magnificent. A few minutes more brought us to the pier, and in three minutes again, I was introduced by my young friends to the landlord of the Stadt Rome, on the market-place, and opposite the gallery of paintings, where I found another waiter, expert in speaking English, and where I was very comfortably accommodated on reasonable terms.

## CHAPTER VI.

## SAXONY.

It is a very common and somewhat careless sort of affectation on the part of tourists, to say, "Every body has been up the Rhine, and therefore I need say nothing of its scenery." Now, writers of this class should, of all others, be matter-of-fact men, even to minuteness, and as such they ought not to affirm that every body has been up the Rhine, when in truth every body has not been up the Rhine. When others reach the great capital of Austria, their words are, "What shall I say of Vienna—nothing, or next to nothing." Another dismisses Berlin with the single observation, that he admired this Athens of the north; and in the same sentence, he tells us he passed some time at Dresden, amid treasures of art far superior to those of the Prussian capital. Again, it is said, I have seen this place and that, yet I will not describe any of them. Why? "Because the task has been executed so recently and so well, that nothing could proceed from me save idle repetition, and I do not think that to indulge in such would either redound to my own credit, or add to the edification of my

readers." This is wrong. Had the statement been, I have not time or space to describe the whole world visited by me, and therefore I make my own selection, or if the object of writing works of this sort be to establish the celebrity of the author merely, there appears to be some kind of reason in this rhyme. But, gentle author, is it not rather provoking for a person of limited income, who is desirous to know something of Germany, with a view to visit the country, when he purchases your book, and when he is carried along by your vivid delineation of scenery and society from place to place, to be thus dropped, as it were, by you who profess to be his guide, into a deep and dark coal-pit, while you have enjoyed at several most important places the splendid sights there, and might describe them, if not in your own language, at least in that of those whose writings you admire so much that you will not enter on the lists with them. Almost as consistently might a traveller say that he will not visit or look at a city after he has reached it, because so many have visited it with so much pleasure and so recently. And, let it be asked, whether will a reader prefer to meet with a few pages here and there of repetition from the writings of others, or with such disappointments as those which compel him either to remain ignorant, or to purchase another and another work, so as to have all the links of his chain completed. In kindness to my readers, if any such there ever be, I prefer my own plan of giving a general idea of every principal position, and

of what it contains. However common-place it may be to some readers, and however idle it seems to many thus to use the language of others to a certain extent, to a few, at any rate, it is extremely convenient and gratifying. Therefore, here follows something even as to Dresden.

Not excepting even the voluptuous gaieties of Vienna, and the fluttering amusements of the orderly visitors at Toplitz, Dresden is the place to be preferred either by a transient visitor or a residenter for a time, and if he have a family of daughters especially. Long before my opinions were likely to be influenced either by reading or conversation, my sentiments of curiosity and affectionate regards to it were formed somewhat in the same way that a Latin scholar becomes naturally desirous to visit Rome, or that a devout Christian would be delighted to travel in the Holy Land. My first approach to it when floating down the majestic stream, did not by any means damp my ardour; on the contrary, it was greatly increased when I neared the landing-place under the terrace of Brühl, brilliant with a thousand lights from the restaurateurs and cafés, in which the people were enjoying their coffee and their pipe. When I saw so many gay and well-conditioned inhabitants promenading along the boulevards over my head upon my left hand, and passed so many public places of resort, such as Findlater's vineyards, tea gardens and coffee-houses, abounding in alcoves and white villas, the retreats of opulent industry, and vineyards, whose slopes are turned to the

southern sun, with the picturesque hills rising from the edge of the river high above the Elbe, and topped with the richest woods, I felt my heart as if swelling within me. Neither were my expectations disappointed when I landed within hearing of excellent bands of music which were playing among the shrubberies hard by. When I stepped on a few yards, I found myself at the bridge, the first structure of the kind in Germany, striding across the river with its eleven noble arches, and in front of a splendid new theatre, beaming brightness from all its portals, with the palace and court church standing in sombre magnificence as a perfect contrast to the more glittering splendour of the other. When I turned the corner I found myself in two minutes in the midst of the market-place crowded with roots, and fruits, and fish, and all the other varieties of manufacture and merchandise, and streaming with busy crowds coming in and going out of the square at every hand. In all this, Dresden sustained its reputation to the full. But next morning when I stepped down to the street soon after six, I felt as if much of the externals at least of my former fancies had vanished. The square before me was a mere market-place, in the least interesting acceptation of the term. I found the streets to the left, on leaving my hotel, to be narrow and crooked, and in less than half an hour's time I began to suspect that the town itself was but on a small scale, and after a model altogether of a common place. I afterwards found else-

where some of the principal streets of ample breadth, and lined with buildings stately enough, but not adorned; but even where the houses were lofty, the style of building was simple, austere, and by no means imposing. The picture gallery, which is acknowledged by all to contain the finest collection of paintings to be found north of the Alps, came to be uppermost in my mind after I had looked at a little of the city, merely in the face, and gone two or three times as if through it, suburbs and all. On inquiry I was directed back nearly the road I had come. When I entered the square where it was said to stand, I found it to be the one I lodged in. Thinking at the moment of the noble edifices erected at Munich for its pictures, parchments, and statues, let the reader conceive my utter astonishment when my attention was directed to an old, long, large granary sort of building on my left hand. I thought my German had failed me, or that my guide was some sort of wag, but I soon found there was no mistake, and in revenge, I refused to look at the building a second time, and turned my steps past the end of it to the palaces and churches, whose towers and domes had looked so imposing, magnificent, and massive, from the river above the city. But here again one disappointment after another awaited me. The palace is as heavy a lump as country stone-masons could erect, were they to build for years without plans, architects, or superintendants, and merely for wages. Air, character, or decorations, good, bad, or indifferent,



it has none. Ranging up one street and down another, one sees no order,—the eye traces no connection among the masses of which it is made up, and seeks in vain for a whole. The church that adjoins it is in the worst style of Italian architecture. Masses of ill-hewn statues surmount its innumerable buttresses, and look down upon you in all directions from the edge of the parapet that environs the roof. In like manner the Dom Kirche when viewed by itself, is said to resemble a huge old-fashioned pepper-box. It is not only a pepper-box, but a well-peppered one, for so solid is the construction of the dome, that when Frederick the Great during the seven years' war directed his shells and balls against it, they merely rebounded off it, as if they had been a shower of hailstones, without making any impression. The new theatre is a light large edifice, combining all the features of ease and elegance, suited both to the outside and inside of such a building. The walks were empty. But here is the bridge, and both sides of it were crowded with torrents of people, the one stream crossing on the right and the other coming, with an official between the two to direct strangers how to turn in, so as to prevent collision and compression. The best engineer or architect Britain ever produced might be proud of such a production of surpassing symmetry and strength. The inundations which come down in winter from the Bohemian mountains, when the ice breaks up into immense masses three or four feet in thickness, and when the

snow melts in the narrow vales above, are irresistible in their fury. The accumulated mass of water, bursting like a cataract from the northern gorges of the Saxon Switzerland, rolls and roars for eight or ten miles to Dresden, in a channel very confined, and without breadth of plain over which it might spend its irresistible impetuosity, in such a style, that perhaps no other bridge in the world would survive the battering rams to which it is exposed every winter. It was originally built with money raised by the sale of dispensations from the pope for eating butter and eggs during Lent. But Davoust in 1813, to facilitate Napoleon's retreat to Leipsic, destroyed in one moment what the lordly Elbe could not in a hundred years. A piece of artificial rock surmounted by a crucifix, raised by the emperor Alexander, with a suitable inscription, marks the arch in the centre of the bridge, which was blown up by the French, and thus restored at the expense of the Russians. Mr Russell says, "The prospect from this position on the bridge is celebrated all over Germany, and deserves to be so. Whether you look up or down the river, the towers and palaces of the city are pictured in the stream. A lovely plain groaning beneath population and fertility, retires for a short distance from the further bank, then swells into an amphitheatre of gentle slopes laid out in vineyards decked with an endless succession of villages and villas, and shut in towards the south by the summits of a branch of the Bohemian mountains, conspicuous among which is the

impregnable fortress of Königstein, as if bidding defiance to the face of both heaven and earth."

Across the bridge, and you enter the new town by one of the finest and most fashionable streets in Dresden, and which runs in a right line along the road to Boutzen and Breslau. Mr Russell thinks that if this street was properly planted, it would rival the Linden of Berlin. But never, never, even although the incomparable pair of horses were to leap from the hand of their driver, and carry not only their car of victory but the whole magnificent portal, and set it quietly down at the entrance to the bridge. Several English families of the first rank reside on this side of the river, and in the fair suburbs, stretching along the road to Pilnitz. On one of these gentlemen I waited, and while I remained in Dresden, not only the hospitality of his table, but his time in showing me the environs on foot and in his carriage were at my service.

But Dresden has its charms not a few, and a multitude of gems of the purest water. Its charms are to be found in the natural beauties of its situation and scenery—in the religious and sober character of the inhabitants—in its love of the arts—in its being the residence of so many men of learning and talent, and the resort of all such from every corner of Europe—in its mild balmy climate of a summer's evening—in its cheap lodging, food, and clothing—in the purity of its language, its morals, and taste—in its being the place, where of all others parents with

their sons and daughters, and tutors with their pupils, may reside during a period of their educational curriculum, with far more safety and success, than at either Paris or Vienna. In Paris and in London vice presents itself at every corner of the street; in Vienna it is to be sought out like a snake in the grass; and in Dresden it is not to be found. There it is obtained in the rarest proportion. There the inhabitants seem to enjoy peace and plenty. They are fond of society and its amusements, and while they live, they laugh in all the light-hearted gaiety of the German temperament; but with none of the gross sensuality of the Viennese and Parisians, nor with the unblushing effrontery of the inhabitants of Munich. Let the wandering stranger ascend the elevated platform which overhangs the river called the Brühl terrace. Its approach is from the southern extremity of the bridge, by a flight of steps. It is the favourite resort of the loungeur on a summer's evening, and offers numerous attractions to the idle and the luxurious. Let him pass under the shaded rows of pollard trees along the front of the palace of the Brühl and round all the boulevards. Let him next turn into the Japanese gardens, which are also extremely beautiful, and command a noble view of the most striking edifices of the town. Let him next pass along the picturesque road which conducts by the Linkische Bad, and Findlater's vineyard, towards Pilnitz. Let him next cross over to the Zwinger garden, and then traverse the park with its shady avenues,

extending almost to Meissen. Then perambulate the Grosse Garten, on the road to Pirna. Let him take what direction he may, and he will see on every hand, and at every turn, plenty of mirth, and abundance of music and laughter, but an immodest look, gesture, word, or action, there is none, and he will as soon fall in with a Hottentot, as with a drunk man. These, then, are some of the charms of Dresden.

What are its gems? These, whether of the palaces, the gallery, the green vaults, or the Rust Kammer, need not be minutely described, because we could only transcribe a new catalogue of names, without finding either instruction or amusement. The pedestrian therefore, needs only be told here, that a valet de place is indispensable in this department, to reach the when, the how, and the where. Besides, the keepers of these numerous collections seem to have some free-masonry communication between them. In other words, if a stranger proceed to the spot by himself, he meets with many difficulties, which one of the guides surmounts in a moment; twenty-four good groschens is the usual pay for a day's service.

What then are the gems of Dresden? Are they the green vaults, with their ivory cabinets, and elaborate trinkets of wood, Florentine mosaics, gold and silver plate, vessels formed of precious stones, as agates, chalcedony, sardonyx, lapis lazuli, uncut Peruvian emeralds, costly jewels, sapphires, rubies, pearls, diamonds, and brilliants, amounting in value to several millions of money.

(besides the *pretium affectionis* of Martin Luther's gold rings), and like the magic productions of Aladdin's lamp in the eastern tale. Yes, these are some of its gems, and they are more brilliant than the dazzling magnificence of an oriental despot. But it has a gem richer and rarer still than these,—its *picture gallery*, which contains several pictures, such as Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, Correggio's far-famed picture of the Virgin and Infant Jesus in the Manger, a divine piece of poetry, and hundreds besides, with which no collection out of Italy can compete. The recumbent Magdalen is one of the sweetest and most pleasing, as well as most faultless pictures ever painted. Another gem, but far inferior to either of these, is the Zwinger, an enclosure surrounded by buildings one or two stories high, and occupied by the historical museum—the museum of natural history, and the cabinet of prints and drawings, which is one of the most complete collections of copperplates in Europe, containing everything that is interesting in the history of the art, or valuable from practical excellence, to the number of 250,000 engravings. The Japanese palace on the right bank of the Elbe, near the Leipsic gate, with its grotesque ornaments and oriental figures, is a sort of Dresden gem too, after its kind, with its museum of antiquities, its collection of porcelain, consisting of more than 60,000 pieces of china, one single set of which was given to one of the electors, by Frederick I. of Prussia, in exchange for a regiment of dragoons fully equipped; and its library contain-

ing about 300,000 volumes, 2800 manuscripts, and a very large collection of maps.

Wherever you are, at home or abroad, a visit to the churchyard has a soothing, self-searching, and subduing effect on the mind. Contemplations within these, the portals of eternity, calm every earthly passion, and elevate the mind to those regions where the souls of believers whose bodies may be under your feet, are singing songs of triumph over death, hell, and the grave. But ten thousand times more affecting is the visit to a field of battle, where the very essence of revenge, ambition, deceit, and destruction, and of every unhallowed passion, has been at work on a scale of horrid sublimity. Should your own country have been engaged in the struggle,—should the slaughter have been made in the morning of your own day,—and should a few of your earlier companions in your native village, have been actors in some of the death scenes of the tragedy, so much the more are your reminiscences softened into piety, penitence, and prayer. Having so often in the course of my jaunt, been thus on these occasions melted into tears, I purposely reserved my visit to this arena of mighty strife at Dresden, till the Sabbath day. Having swallowed a cup of coffee, I was on the verge of the place before six. The thick misty mantle of the morning was spread over the whole scene. All was silence and solitude, and sacred mystery. But everything around me, on the fearful field of still and peaceful graves, indicated that the “wicked had now ceased from their troublings, because

to them life's vain tumults were past. The once weary there, were now at rest, for their passions raged no more. There the prisoners rested together, now released from slavery's sad abode. They hear not now the voice of the oppressor, nor dread the tyrant's rod. The small and the great are there partaking of the same repose; and there in peace the ashes mix of those who once were foes—all levelled by the hand of death." With some difficulty, and by the help of people from the country, who were already straggling towards the city, I found my way to the heights of Räcknitz, which form a wide semicircle, extending from Plauen to Strechler, sloping down towards the town, and not much more than a mile from the walls. This ridge was the position occupied by the forces of the allies, amounting to 200,000 men. On the tame plain below, with the city at his back, and the walls and wooded walks of the Grosse Garten protecting his left, were disposed the forces of Napoleon, which, on the second day of the battle, were increased by concentration to 200,000 also; the lines and batteries of the two were distant from each other about three quarters of a mile. After almost groping for it in the mist, I found the lonely monument of Moreau, on the spot where he fell. It is not rude, but plain and imperishable as a square mass of solid granite can possibly be, and it is quite military, being surmounted by the sword and helmet. The architect seems to have judged wisely in trusting more to



the powerful and painful reminiscences which the locality itself would awaken, than to any sculptured urn or monumental bust his hand could erect. Its very inscription is affecting: "The hero Moreau fell here by the side of Alexander, 27th August 1813." Both his legs are buried beneath, and the impressive spot is encircled by a few straggling oak trees, which have evidently been planted on purpose that the solitary wanderer may linger under them in the shade, and muse with the deepest feelings of veneration on the deeds and the fate of the departed; and around the bottom of the solid monument, which is not more than six feet in height, a sufficient number of rude, rough blocks of granite have been laid, apparently for the purpose of enabling visitors to carry away a portion of these without effacing the column itself. At any rate, hammers had been applied to the boulders below. Although I pronounced them to be sacrilegious, I could not resist lifting a chip, which I observed, about the size of a dollar, and which I would not now give for ten. I also gathered a few of the acorns which had dropped from the oaks, and which have since been planted in Britain. By this time (about eight) the mist had cleared gradually away, and now the field of conflict, and the capital for which 400,000 mortal beings contended, even unto death, were spread before me like a map. The spectacle was altogether one of the most imposing which it is possible to conceive. There lay the queen-like

city, in the centre of the plain, belted on every side by an ample theatre of low hills; her domes and gilded spires were flashing back the rays of the morning sun, which had at length, like another mighty conqueror, dispersed his foes; and her proud river was sweeping round his beautiful bends with noiseless majesty. The spot where the child of destiny stood to watch and to direct was pointed out, and the position of the battery which fired the fatal bullet could be distinctly seen. It came from the station of the young guard. Napoleon had observed that this battery had slackened fire, and sent to enquire the cause. He got for answer, that the guns were placed too low, and that most of their balls were lost in the earth. "Fire on, nevertheless," said the emperor, "we must occupy the attention of the enemy on that point." The fire was resumed, and an extraordinary movement of the troops on the hill told the experienced eye of Napoleon that a person of high rank had been struck, and he thought that it was Schwartzenberg. But next morning a peasant brought more precise accounts. The officer had both legs shattered by the fatal bullet. He was transported from the field on a bier composed of lances. The emperor of Russia and king of Prussia had expressed the greatest sorrow and solicitude. The man ended this account by bringing the fallen officer's dog, a greyhound. Napoleon eagerly looked at the name on the collar, when he pronounced, "Moreau." He said, "Surely the finger of Providence is here." I was

thinking over these events in melancholy mood, when, as if to direct the current of thoughts to Him who ruleth in the armies of heaven, and doeth according to his will among the children of men, all the steeples and domes of Dresden began simultaneously to break the Sabbath silence of the scene, by swelling the air with the heavy deep tones of their bells. This simple incident of every Sunday occurrence at that hour was extremely affecting, and I have often thought that of all the music I heard in Germany this was the sweetest and most sublime. Besides, every bird and bush around me, the cattle, the hamlets, and even the town itself, indicated by their silence and solemnity that the country was protestant; there was no holiday mirth, or parading of the people. I returned just in time to dress for church, and I found myself not the less prepared for it by my morning solemnities. In conclusion, I only remark that this dreadful battle, in which, according to some accounts, 50,000, even of the allies, fell in two days, proved the last favour of an un-mixed character which fortune reserved for her ancient favourite, and it had all the dazzling rapidity and resistless strength of an unexpected thunderbolt.

My friend by appointment came to my hotel to take me to church. The service was in our mother tongue, and in the episcopalian form of worship. The congregation was not numerous, but extremely select, and there were probably carriages with more splendid equipages there than

at any other church in Dresden. The cause of protestantism has Colonel Dundas of Carron Hall much to thank for their accommodation, and also for the able services of one of the most powerful Lutheran preachers I have heard. The Colonel, who has been for a time at Dresden for the education of his daughters, who, like their mother, are artists of considerable proficiency, has been at much trouble in the whole affair; and it has been so entirely successful that few Englishmen come to visit or reside, who do not take a seat for the time. In the afternoon I went round the Grosse Garten, and had several other positions of the battle pointed out by the finger and eye of a soldier, who remarked, when standing on the spot where the battery was planted, and looking to the monument, that the fatal bullet must have been carried one English mile at least before it took effect. He told me also that the monument stands about ten yards above the exact spot where the Coriolanus of modern times was hit.

It remains to remind the reader that although Saxony be a protestant country, yet the king and the royal family are catholics. About a hundred and fifty years since, Augustus II., as the price of obtaining the crown of Poland, abjured the religion of his fathers, who had been the earliest and most faithful supporters of the Lutherans. Hence the service in the court church is catholic. High mass is performed here on Sundays, from eleven to twelve, with the utmost splendour. Du-

ring the ceremony the domestics of the royal household, armed with enormous batons, patrol the pavé and aisles to prevent the solemnities from being disturbed. The music of this church is celebrated over all Germany. The organ built by Silberman is considered very good, the voices of the choir, adorned by those of eunuchs, are sweetness itself, and the music of the band, which, on these occasions, is merely transferred from the orchestra to the organ loft, is such that no stranger should miss hearing it even at the risk of meeting with some disappointment. During the service the male and female parts of the congregation are below, arranged on opposite sides of the church.

Everybody leaves Dresden with regret. On the night before my departure for Leipsic, I took a farewell walk round the places and promenades which had afforded me so much delight, and which have acquired to Dresden the reputation of being surrounded by more delightful environs than any other European capital. The evening was beautiful, but not so balmy as the former had been, yet I felt sad when I saw it closing down for ever, as if to my eyes, over the splendour of the scene. But I had one other peep from the centre of the bridge, about half-past five next morning, merely from the windows of the railway omnibus, and I was sorry for it, for the prospect seemed raw and lifeless as contrasted with the gaieties of former evenings.

The distance from Dresden to Leipsic is near

eighty miles now-a-days, although formerly it was only about sixty. But, notwithstanding, it is now traversed in four hours, whereas of old, when posting was the order of the day, it occupied from ten to twelve. The plains now, which I travelled during the rest of my jaunt in the north of Germany, for hundreds of miles, not only up to Berlin, but onward to Dantzic, and down again to Magdeburg, Hamburg, and Cuxhaven, may be characterized as very wearisome, always well cultivated, sometimes as sterile as dry sand can be, and not unfrequently, as on the margins of the Elbe, of a deep rich loamy soil, productive of enormous quantities of wheat and fruits. There are, however, some alternation of hill and dale, some beautiful featherings of woods, and prospects of water with a fair disposition of villages and hamlets not a few. But, upon the whole, it is a level and monotonous flat, poor in natural beauty, but rich at times in its historical recollections.

I reached Leipsic soon after ten, and pitched my camp in a cheap and comfortable hotel, lately built within a hundred yards of the railway station. I had already passed through that portion of the slaughter-field of the nations, as the inhabitants call it, which is near the village of Paunsdorf, where Bernadotte measured his sword, and where the Saxons went over to the side of the allies. I had another portion of it to pass through on my way to Berlin, where Blucher and Marmont performed their portion of the dreadful drama.

Besides, I remembered that the operations of that tremendous series of actions, where half a million of men fought for three whole days, extended over the plain to a distance of nearly ten miles on all sides of Leipsic. I resolved, therefore, at once to ascend one of the steeples, for hills there were none, to obtain a bird's-eye view of the different positions. I was directed to the observatory, which is an uncouth-like heavy building in the midst of the town, but high enough, of course, to embrace the whole horizon. It is better known by the name of the Schloss Pleissenburg, at the south-east angle of the city walls. It was anciently the citadel, and withstood the attack of Tilly, during the thirty years' war, for some weeks after the town had surrendered. It has this magnificent advantage, too, that it is well provided with telescopes of very considerable magnifying powers, and one of the best of them is kept for the purpose of showing the field. The superintendent is intelligent and untiring in his efforts to gratify a stranger with every conceivable information, not only regarding the affair of 1813, but also as to those of an earlier period, and at a little greater distance, but still within his range. In marching up the endless stair, I overtook a Hamburg merchant, who turned out to be a most zealous battle-field hunter, and still better, he spoke English and German with equal fluency. With these advantages, I spent two hours on the top of the observatory with as much pleasure and profit of its kind as I ever felt. Every event and position of

this "volkerschlacht" was gone over by the stargazer in a clear and plain style, and he ended by telling us, that it was the longest, the sternest, the bloodiest, and the largest battle ever fought on the face of this planet. He was but a boy at the time, and mentioned that he saw Napoleon the night before the first day of the battle. It was in front of the Konigshaus which he occupied; he was surrounded by his generals all laughing and talking to each other. How altered were the circumstances when he had his last and hurried interview there with the king of Saxony, and when the allied sovereigns entered the square almost at the one side when he fled out at the other.

No sooner did our zealous cicerone finish the battle of Leipsic than he pointed his telescope towards the west. Had it been a cannon aimed at a field-marshal he could not have been more scientific. Laughable as his formality might be, it was nevertheless laudable in the extreme. His object now was to give us a view of the battlefield of Lutzen, where Gustavus and Wallenstein, each of them as yet unconquered, brought their skill and prowess to the trial against each other, like Napoleon and Wellington at Waterloo, for the first, the last, the only time. We saw the monument which marks the spot where Gustavus was found under repeated wounds buried beneath a heap of dead, piled above his corpse in the dreadful conflict which took place for his dead body. Here too, Napoleon and Blucher fought a



dreadful battle, 2d May 1813, memorable for no other result than this, that it was the first occasion in which the Prussians measured their strength successfully with the French after the fatal battle of Jena. Our observatory friend detailed eight dreadful and decisive actions which had from first to last been fought within sight, and said that probably not less than half a million of soldiers had fallen in battle, and were buried in the vicinity of Leipsic.

I could not help remarking that the enormous plain spread out like a fan, of which Leipsic was the centre, looked as if it had been formed by the Almighty for the purpose of enabling all the hosts of Europe to meet there at any time in hostile array. We could not fail to admire the point too at which Napoleon had placed himself. It was a few yards in front of a wind-mill which has since been taken down, but a stone somewhat in shape and size like a large tub has been placed on the exact spot, on a little eminence called the Thonberg, commanding a prospect of the whole field. A considerable way back, even behind their own lines and in a wood, were the allied sovereigns cooped up for three days, somewhat after the same manner as the terrified inhabitants of the town buried themselves in their cellars. I asked the astrologer how it happened that Napoleon stood in the very heart of the carnage, while the others were so far in the distance. He laughed and said that Alexander got a "start" at Dresden, when Moreau lost his legs, and that at Leipsic instead of seeing,

he was contented with hearing the battle. But the moment the French began their flight, Schwarzenberg galloped back to them and announced the happy intelligence.

My next object was to repair to the western suburbs of Leipsic by the road towards Frankfort which crosses the bridge over the Elster; but in this I so far missed my way, that I was led into what is called Gerard's garden, outside the walls. I suspected we were wrong, and kept constantly asking for the bridge, and my director seemed as determined to convince me that he was right. In time we came to a door, rang a bell, paid a trifle to the porter who opened it, went along a garden-walk flanked with flowers and fruits in great profusion, and at last with an air of triumph the guide pointed to a neat wooden bridge which was thrown over a lazy-like dirty ditch; I roared out "*Nein, nein,*" but taking me to the centre, he pointed to an inscription which intimated that it was named after Alexander of Russia, in commemoration of his having crossed it in pursuit of the French. Without spending another glance on this garden toy, I followed the conducteur round a corner or two of the walks, when I found myself once more by the side of the Elster, and in another minute I was looking with the tear in my eye at the small humble cenotaph close to the margin of the Elster, and I did not require to be reminded that this was the identical spot where the dead body of Poniatowski was found. The inscription is long, and written in Latin, and bears,

that the stone was erected by his affectionate companions in arms, to the memory of a warm-hearted and brave soldier, the last of the Polish chiefs, whose body was found here covered with wounds. But for the personal bravery of Macdonald and Poniatowski it is doubtful if Napoleon would have escaped. "Prince," said Napoleon, "you must protect the rear and defend the southern suburbs." "Alas! Sire," he answered, "I have but few soldiers left." "Well, but you will defend me with what you have?" "Doubt not, Sire, but that we are all ready to die for your majesty's service." Thus parted Poniatowski and Napoleon, never more to meet in this world. The prince fought so long that he found he could not retreat. He drew his sabre and said to the few Polish cuirassiers around him, "Gentlemen, it is better to fall with honour than to surrender." He cut his way therefore through the opposing troops, and was wounded by a musket shot in the arm. Other bands appeared, he cut his way among them also, and was wounded again through the cross of his decoration. He then plunged into the Pleisse and crossed the river with difficulty, in which his horse was left. Exhausted he mounted another and reached the Elster, which is a stream tranquil and still, and flows in a level lazy bed, very much indeed like a narrow canal. The bank at which he entered is about eighteen or twenty inches above the lip of the water. His horse refused to make the plunge, reared and pressed back. A Cossack seeing the prize, rode up and dealt another stab with his lance,

first to Poniatowski and next to his horse. Both fell into the Elster, and there the second horse remained. In the agonies of his expiring moments Poniatowski bore himself through the water, and even up the bank on the other side, lined as it is with dales, and three feet higher than the surface of the river, which is also here two or three feet in depth. His obsequies were performed with great military pomp, both the victors and vanquished attending him to the tomb with every honour which could be rendered to his remains.

"Now for the bridge which was blown up," said I to my valet de place, and glad was I at length to hear his *ja ja*. We went back towards the Ranstadt gate, and along a narrow street down which the Elster scarcely moves. At the head of it, where it turns round an elbow, there stands a low level arch paved across like the rest of the town with causeway stones, and having parapet walls about three feet in height on both sides. I had scarcely noticed it, and was passing along, when my friend stood still and uttered the word *Brücke*. Again I doubted and denied with the best German I could muster, but he answered me like a dumb man, not by words, but by throwing his arms into the air and imitating with his voice and countenance the noise and surprise of a tremendous explosion. The sight of the reality was far below the sublime fancy which my imagination had conjured up of a catastrophe which effectually intercepted the retreat of 25,000 men with all the guns

and an immense quantity of baggage belonging to the French.

Little need be said of the town of Leipsic itself, so celebrated for its fairs, its merchandise of English wares, and its prodigious trade in books. It is a heavy imposing sort of a city, with an air of comfort and substantiality suited to the occupation and character of the inhabitants. English manners and manufactures abound much here. There are such regiments of bales, such mountains of wool packs, such firmaments of mirrors, and such processions of porters, which indicate more of industry and activity than of the arts and elegancies of life. On a small scale it may be said to be a mixture together of Manchester, Huddersfield, Leeds, and Sheffield, in as much as it is the mart and exchange of central Europe. And again Hamburg is to Leipsic what Liverpool is to Manchester,—its mouth-piece.

The town in itself (or personal liking has prejudiced me) has a quaint, cheerful, and friendly appearance. Within the walls, high richly decorated houses and old churches seem almost toppling over each other, so thickly are they set. Without, where the ramparts were, is an irregular pleasure ground, spreading out in some places to such respectable amplitude as to secure privacy for the walker. Beyond this belt is another ring, made up of houses, some of them set in gardens, richly dressed and full of flowers; the prettiest, most inviting residences which kind hearts and

distinguished musicians could find. The town is rich in both. There I found that cheerful, simple, unselfish, and intelligent artistic life which many have been used to imagine as universally German. Leipsic has no court to stiffen its social circles into formality, or to hinder its presiding spirits from taking free sway; on the other hand, it possesses a university to stir its intelligences, a press busy and enterprising, and a recurrence of those gatherings which bring a representative of every class of society in Europe together.

Many parts still bear distinct traces of the obstinate conflict. The houses in the principal streets of the suburbs are riddled with shot, and the inhabitants, far from wishing to obliterate these memorials, have carefully imbedded in the walls cannon-balls which had rebounded. The Elster, literally choked up with dead bodies, had its waters so dammed back, as still more effectively to impede the retreat after the destruction of the bridge, and the streets in the suburbs actually, I was told, ran with blood. No stranger can go wrong in seeing the sights in Leipsic, if he merely go up one street and down another till he tires. It has neither fine buildings nor any collections of art to arrest the attention. The grand market-place is of considerable historical celebrity, and Auerbach's wine-cellar near the market-place may be visited if the pedestrian be thirsty, as being the place where Dr Faustus worked his pranks, and where Goëthe has laid the scene of his tragedy of Faust.

## CHAPTER VII.

## PRUSSIA.

IN passing along the railway from Leipsic to Berlin, the tourist should start by the first train in the morning, so as to reach Wittenberg and then come back and take another train on to Berlin, thus affording himself an opportunity of seeing the protestant Mecca as it has been called. It is a lifeless fortress, but extremely interesting, from its many associations in church history. It was once famous for its university, at which Hamlet is said by Shakspeare to have studied, and of which in all certainty Luther was professor of theology and philosophy. Against the door of the church here Luther hung up his ninety-five theses condemning the doctrines of papal indulgences, which accordingly he offered to defend. He often preached in the Stadt Kirche, and baptized children at the font. Luther's cell is in the ancient Augustine convent; the chair on which he meditated the Reformation, the table at which he wrote, and the very jug from which he drank are still preserved. The name of Peter the Great,

as written with Luther's own hand, still remains entire on the walls. In going from this cell to the opposite end of the town the house of Melancthon is passed; it is inscribed, "Hier. wohnte lehrte und starb Melancthon." The two friends and fellow-labourers are buried in the Schloss Kirche. Two tablets of bronze inserted in the pavement mark their graves—Peace to their ashes! All these may be seen in two hours, and there is nothing else to look at in Wittenberg, unless it be the tombs of Frederick the Wise, and John the Stedfast, electors of Saxony, and the friends of Luther and of the reformation. The person who shows Luther's grave and cell lives near the Stadt London, and opposite the post.

The country between Wittenberg and Berlin was the scene of a very severe battle between Oudinot, when he advanced on the Prussian capital, and Bernadotte, in which the French were defeated at Gross Beeren, about the same time the battle of Dresden was fought. Irritated at this result, Napoleon appointed Ney to the command of the northern army, with strict injunctions to plant his eagles on the walls of Berlin. But at Dennewitz a decisive battle was fought, in which Bulow and Tauentzein put an end to the endeavour of the French in marching towards Berlin. This affair cost Ney 10,000 men and 40 pieces of cannon, and abundance of warlike trophies. There is nothing remarkable either about the field or village, but they are worth noticing in passing.



Berlin, which derives its name from Berte, a word of the Slavonian vends, implying uncultivated land, stands in the midst of an immense sterile sandy flat on both banks of the Spree, which divides it into two nearly equal portions. Whatever may be the air of elegance and aristocratic character about some of the vicinities of Berlin,—however long continued its succession of groves dotted at brief intervals with villas and country houses, in approaching the capital of Prussia from Charlottenburg, nothing can look more stale, flat, and unprofitable, than the approach to it from Leipsic; and even the city itself when first entered presents little in the least degree gorgeous or effective; indeed the streets are broad and the houses handsome enough, and there is nothing monotonous, but there is a regularity that is tiresome, and the repetition of dull sameness and tameness is constant. Everything in fact within the town bespeaks the same dreary character and condition as the sandy desert around. The streets are so low-like, and so very long and so lifeless, that the first look of one of them is more than a stranger would care for. There are not even shops or show of business. Of sounds or sights of variety of any kind, from objects dead or alive, there are none, and if your eye does happen to catch a carriage a mile in the level straight line of stone alleys before you, ten to one but it turns out to be the mere pill box of some eminent Esculapius making his rounds. There are few carts or conveyances of any kind to be seen anywhere, and of people on

the streets there are not many. The pedestrian hirples along that portion of the street set apart for him, on each side, by being either somewhat elevated above the centre, or separated from it by a kennel. If the whole streets be wretchedly paved, this is sure to be the worst of all the causeways, formed of so many small rough sharp pieces, that walking with the thermometer at 80° is exquisitely painful. Should the pedestrian get off one of these *trottoirs pavés* into the desert of a square, he finds it like the streets, spacious in extent, and surrounded by handsome enough buildings, but it is a mere vacant area, without ornament or signs of life. They are generally only a dead surface of loose parched sand without pavement, turf, or shrubbery; and the only decoration they can ever boast, is a row of stunted trees. Wilhelmsplatz, the finest of them all, the abode only of princes and peers, plunges you at once ankle-deep in sand. And should you turn to the Spree, you find it a broad, deep, muddy ditch: everything there is as slow and sluggish as the water in the drains which stagnate in the streets. Amidst the languor and disappointment of his first impressions, the pedestrian naturally wonders how the foundations of a capital of so great an empire, should ever have been laid in a spot naturally so very destitute of beauty and fertility; and also, he asks, how it could have extended itself to a circumference of ten or twelve miles, and have become the residence not only of the king and court, but of a population of about 300,000. But the cha-

rafter of its founder opens up the whole mystery. In all matters whether military or civil, he (Frederick) was the man of a moment. His career had been long and brilliant as a soldier, and his conquests of territory very extensive. The idea flashed on his mind with the rapidity of lightning, that there should the capital of Prussia stand, and that in its extent it should be proportionate to the rapid increase of his dominions. At once the word of command was given,—what he said was done, and done quickly in the lump. With military haste a certain extent of country was squared off. At once it was inclosed with walls and ordered to be filled with houses on one wholesale plan. But the population was so scanty, that the new city could not be properly stocked with inhabitants. To remedy this objection the houses were built low, and stretched out over as wide a space as possible, so that some even of the first hotels are only two stories in height, and have as many as twenty windows in a line.

I had for a whole forenoon passed up one street and down another, merely as if to take off the keen edge of my curiosity. I had seen the extensive edifice of the palace, with its state rooms, and all its odds and ends, which in their time belonged to the great Frederick, to Gustavus Adolphus, to Peter the Great, to Napoleon, and to Blucher. I had seen the square called Wilhelm Platz, near the Potsdam gate, in which are the statues of the six heroes of the seven years' war. I had visited several of the churches—the new

museum, and all the museums, natural, Egyptian, and anatomical—the arsenal—the iron-foundry—the School for Trade—the Academy of Architecture; and in all these I found nothing peculiarly worthy of very great admiration in comparison to what I had met with before. The town itself was like the city of the plague—dreary and deserted in comparison to the life of Vienna. The pictures, both in number and in value, were never to be mentioned with those of Dresden. And even the public buildings, some of which are really above all praise, are not to be put into competition with those of Munich; while the situation was, in every thing of the sublime and beautiful, a perfect contrast to that of Prague. In every feature, then, of Berlin, I had, in one word, been disappointed, that is, till I found myself in the well-known street, the Unter den Linden. Here, as if by the shifting of a screen, I was introduced at once to a scene, of the gorgeous magnificence of which no one, till he shall thus have seen it, may hope to form any conception. Now I felt that all the rest of this extensive city had been constructed as a foil to heighten the effect of this, the most splendid affair of the kind in Europe. Take this street as a whole, or examine it in details, however minute, and the admiration and wonderment are equally unbounded. Stand at either end, and look along to the other, or walk down to the middle, and turn to the right hand or to the left, and still the admiration does not abate. The genius of classic taste, instead of per-

vading the whole city, and thus scattering its perfumes in the desert air, seems to have been concentrated here into one view, and that not a mere paltry peep, but wide and spacious, open-fronted, lofty and long, taken as a whole; and when taken in detail, every house might be mistaken for a palace, built with just enough of uniformity to show that the architect of each was not left to indulge his own unfettered humours, yet completely exempt from that sameness, which, if too closely observed, as in Edinburgh, never fails to displease and fatigue. At last, you find in this street what you have found nowhere else, what is indispensable to every city, and what every traveller delights in—*bustle*, not the bustle of business, but of Berlin—the bustle of idle persons amusing and enjoying themselves, and of lovely women seeking admiration. Once more you begin to remember Vienna, as you see the street filled with crowds of well-dressed, comfortable-looking people, religious and sober, yet merrily streaming along in both directions, or sitting on the benches which are ranged beneath the shade of the lime trees, with an ice in their hand, laughing at the heat. “Now and then the king comes lounging up the alley, attended, if attended at all, by a single servant, in a very sober livery, his hands behind his back, and his eyes commonly turned towards the ground, enjoying the shade with as much plain heartiness as the meanest of his subjects. The loungers rise from their bench as he passes, the gentlemen take off their hats, the ladies make their curtsy, the

Strasenjürgen, a class for whom Frederick entertained greater respect than for an Austrian army, do all they can to make a bow. The king has a nod or a smile for everybody, and passes on in the well-grounded assurance that every one he sees would shed his blood for him to-morrow."

I entered at the eastern extremity, and took a bird's-eye view of the far vista of broad space, with its double rows of lime trees, divided into five separate avenues. This the most splendid street in Germany, or perhaps on the face of the earth, runs due east and west, for about three quarters of a mile, from the royal palace, terminating the street where I stood, to the Brandenburg gate, which closes the perspective at the other extremity. It is divided into five parallel walks, by double rows of lime trees and horse chesnuts, and from the predominance of the former, it has its name *Unter den Linden*. The central alley, the most spacious and convenient of all, is appropriated to pedestrians. The other four are common to all the world, but carriages generally confine themselves to the outermost on each side, formed by the external row of trees and the houses. Many of the buildings which line the sides of this mixture of town and country, though unambitious in point of ornament, are ample and imposing,—the abodes of courtly and diplomatic pomp, of an expensive hotel, or of a restaurateur celebrated for its kitchen. After my eyes had again and again devoured the whole "strasse," I

set myself to the work in detail, and here I found as much for wonder and admiration as before. I gazed at the massive Schloss, I admired the light and beautiful colonnade of the Museum, and went round and round the gigantic basin of polished granite, which actually measures twenty-two feet in diameter. I turned myself back to the grand guard-house, itself an admirable specimen of architectural elegance. I paid my respects to the statue of Blucher, (" Marshal, forward," as he is here called), a spirited figure, and well executed, to that of Bulow Von Dennewitz, who defeated Ney, when he was sent by Napoleon to plant his standards in Berlin, and with no less veneration also to that of General Scharnhorst, the reformer of the Prussian army after the battle of Jena, and the founder of the present admirable military system of the country. And I enquired for that which I naturally supposed had been erected from gratitude and respect to the memory of Frederick, the greatest among the great, but found that no monument had been set up to him, probably in imitation of that of Sir Christopher Wren, under the dome of St Pauls, *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. The Italian opera, a regular and handsome structure, next rivetted my attention, and then the university, undoubtedly one of the first academical establishments in Germany, and it brought into my mind the moral and political condition of the people of Prussia, the whole state of educa-

tion and of religion throughout the entire dominions, and the fatherly care and candour with which his Majesty treats his subjects.

But much as the street is to be admired, the principal entrance to it at the west end is still more to be wondered at. If the Unter den Linden be the concentration of all the architectural taste and splendour of the whole city, so is the Brandenburg gate the very focus or essence of that of the street itself. It surpasses far the celebrated prospect from the quay of the Louvre at Paris. It is acknowledged to be the most splendid, the most simple and majestic portal in Europe. Here, too, as in looking to the whole street, the eye never tires of examinations, whether as a whole or in part. I was fortunate in my first approach to it. The evening sun happened to be casting its glorious drapery over the scene, and the alternations of shade and golden gleam which were playing around the lofty fluted Doric pillars, displayed to advantage its chaste masonry, built after the model of the Proseleum at Athens, but on a larger scale. The six pillars support an entablature without any pediment; a gate-way not arched passes between each couple of pillars. On the entablature stands the bronze figure of Victory, drawn in her chariot by four horses. This group, which crowns the whole, is not only pure and classical, but it is executed so as to give a lively impression to the spirited work below. Victory, in her car, drawn by four horses, and bearing aloft in her hand the Prussian



eagle, surmounted by the iron cross, makes a splendid finish to the whole. The horses are finely executed, and seem as if they would actually spring out of their harness in their eager haste to hurry along past the houses occupied by "Marshal, forward," and amid a hundred memorials of Frederick, among the statues of Bulow and General Scharnhorst, and the long line of Prussian warriors in marble and in bronze, on the streets, squares, and bridges. All the poetical fancy of Ovid himself could not have given more spirit to the chargers of Phaeton than the artist has done to those on the Brandenburg. Everybody remembers that Napoleon carried the whole of this exquisite group to Paris as a trophy, after his victory at Jena. And however mortifying this insult must have been to the Prussians at the time, it was well worth their while to submit to it all with patience, till the turn of their tide, and of Napoleon's, enabled them to recover it after the battle of Waterloo, and thus to make it not an unmeaning bauble only, but a real car of victory, gained after one of the most severe and protracted contests in which a nation ever was engaged. The eagle, and iron cross which she now carries, were added as emblems to the principal figure, to commemorate their final triumph.

The environs of Berlin are all as flat and uninteresting as the imagination can well conceive,—long, straight, macadamised roads, shaded on either side by rows of poplars, or by extensive and gloomy plantations, chiefly of fir trees, with open

spaces here and there, not unlike the Champs Elysées at Paris, but dull as a sandy level can well be. The action of the sun in summer on their sands gives the heat a sultry and vapoury quality which renders it most oppressive, but then there are plenty of coffee-houses, and ponds of water, and benches, and shades, and crowds of people of an evening, more especially in the park called Theirgarten. But be all these as they may, a visit to Charlottenburg must on no account be omitted. The road to it is a straight avenue, about three miles long, through a wood, and parched levels, on which money and industry have done much to make a park and to have it dotted by many country seats of the citizens. Charlottenburg itself is a small village on the Spree, consisting mainly of villas and taverns, the summer residences of the rich, and the summer resort of the middling classes; there is, however, an air of elegance and a character of aristocracy about the village. It is the Vauxhall of Berlin, with its banks lined with coffee-houses—its benches and tables fixed beneath the shade of trees—its beer, coffee, and tobacco—its crowds of pipes, ready to be stopped, piled up like stands of arms—its numerous itinerant venders, wandering from place to place, displaying seductive layers of cigars and the like. Charlottenburg has also been a royal residence since the time of Frederick the Great, and it has ever been the favourite abode of the royal family. The gardens behind the palace are exceedingly beautiful, and they are at times open to the pub-

lic. The entrance to them is through the orangery, at the extremity of which is the theatre. This pretty retreat is varied by the windings of the Spree, and by the sheets of water, which abound in carp of large size and great age. Visitors are in the habit of feeding them with crumbs, and they collect them together by the ringing of a bell, at the sound of which the fish may be seen in shoals popping their noses out of the water. Beyond the river, the country is entirely open, yet it is more pleasant than the sandy alleys and stiff marshalled trees of the grounds themselves; it is monotonous, to be sure, but it is fresh and green.

“In a retired corner of the grounds,” says Russell, “where no sounds can penetrate from the world without to disturb the repose to which the spot is consecrated, a small Doric temple is seen lurking beneath the melancholy shade of cypresses and weeping willows. It is the tomb of the late Queen of Prussia, the fairest, the most amiable, the most interesting, and the most unfortunate princess of her day,—a princess whose misfortunes, no less than her virtues, will long be remembered in the land of her adoption. The place is so well chosen, and its accompaniments are so much in unison with the sacred purpose to which it has been applied, that even the ignorant stranger feels he is approaching a scene of tender and melancholy recollections. The castellan residing in the palace, keeps the key and shows the monument to strangers. The figure of the Queen, with a per-

fect likeness in every feature, reclines at full length on a sarcophagus. It is a form and face of the most exquisite beauty ; the expression is not that of dull cold death, but of undisturbed repose ; the hands are modestly folded on the breast ; the attitude is easy, graceful, and natural. Only the countenance and part of the neck are bare, the rest of the figure is shrouded in ample and extremely well-wrought drapery ; the great charm of the statue is the decent, simple, tranquil air which pervades the whole figure. Nothing can be more perfect, because nothing more touching, than the effect produced. There is no tinge of that unfortunate striving after effect which disfigures so many monumental piles. There is no inscription, no pompous catalogue of her titles, no parading eulogy of her virtues ; the statue tells its own tale. The Prussian eagle alone, at the foot of her sarcophagus, announces that she belonged to the house of Hohenzollern ; and the withered garlands which still hang above her, were the first offerings of her children at the grave of their mother ; and cold and unfeeling must be the nature of him who fails to be moved within the area of this mausoleum of melancholy." She said of herself, shortly before her death, " Posterity will not set down my name among those of celebrated women ; but whoever knows the calamities of these times will say of me, She suffered much, and she suffered with constancy : may he be able to add, She gave birth to children who deserved better days, who struggled to bring them round, and who at length suc-

ceeded." It was her influence that brought Prussia into the field in 1806, and it was her fate which made every corner of that country burn ever after with hatred against the French. High in hope, she accompanied the king to the army, but retired to a place of safety immediately before the battle of Jena. She and the king parted in tears, and they never met again in happiness. The battle was lost, and Prussia was virtually effaced from the number of the nations. Louisa went down to Tilsit during the negotiation that followed, much, it is said, against her own inclination, but in the hope that her presence might be useful in softening the conqueror, who had declared that in ten years his own dynasty would be the oldest in Europe. Napoleon treated the idolized queen with unfeeling insolence. "The object of my journey," said she, "is to prevail on your majesty to grant Prussia an honourable peace." "How," answered Napoleon, in a tone of sovereign contempt, "could you think of going to war with me?" "It was allowable," replied the Queen, "that the fame of Frederick should lead us to overrate our strength, if we have overrated it." In the venom of his hatred to her, and with the coarseness of a brute, Napoleon caused every tongue and pen he could influence to utter unmanly slanders against her virtue. She tried to conceal her keen feelings, but they only preyed the more deeply upon her health. She lived just long enough to witness the utter degradation of the monarchy. "My sons," said she, when she

felt the seal of death was upon her, "when your mother is gone, you will weep over her memory, as she herself now weeps over the memory of Prussia. *But you must act.* Free your people from the degradation in which they lie. Show yourselves worthy to be the descendants of Frederick. God bless you, my dear boys. This is my legacy: save your country, or die like men." They did act so as to save their country. After the retreat of the French from Russia, the king gave the signal for war. In his proclamation from Breslau, he told his subjects frankly, "I want men. I have no money to meet any great outlay. I must trust to you for both. You know for what we are fighting." Squadrons sprang as if out of the ground, and men joined them from the shop, the desk, and the plough, and even from the class-rooms of the university. No age, no sex spared to accompany this splendid burst of national enthusiasm, in the holy war of liberation. The ladies sent their jewels and ornaments to the treasury for the public service. They received in return an iron ring, with the emphatic eulogy, *Ich gab gold um eisen*,—"I gave gold for iron." And now this piece of iron is valued a thousand times more than even the gold could have been.

The next object of the pedestrian should be the Peacock's Island, Pfauen Insel, the Virginia water of the king. Let him go along by Schoneberg and Zehlendorf, and about two miles before reaching the bridge over the Havel, let him take the road striking off to the right, and he will come to

an oasis in the midst of a wilderness of sand and firs. It was originally a rabbit-warren, but it has been converted by taste and art into delightful pleasure grounds, ornamented with trees, gardens, shrubberies, and lawns, filled with rare plants and animals. You land on the island at a picturesque cottage, covered with creepers, and almost concealed by the number of beautiful hot-house plants with which it is ornamented. The palace is small but comfortable, and should be seen for the simplicity of its furniture and interior decorations. In the circle of about three miles, there is every variety of building which enlivens English or French gardens. Menageries, pavilions, and farm-yard and dairy lawns, adorned with clumps and groves of the most beautiful oaks, elms, beech trees, and limes. The Havel often expands into little lakes, and this island is in one of these lakes.

Returning to the high road from Berlin, you proceed to Potsdam. In this quarter, the whole scenery is much improved; the artificial hills which begin at the head of the lake are continued almost to the gates of the city, intersected here and there by valleys very tastefully arranged, while from amid the groves that shelter both hill and vale, many palace-looking mansions protrude, all of them white, as if built of freestone, and at once elegant and apparently convenient in their proportions. If the pedestrian remembers to look out for it, he may see the spires of Spandau, which, in the time of the great Frederick, was

and still continues to be the state prison of Prussia. It was the scene of Baron Trenck's captivity, and the ancient residence of the Electors of Brandenburg.

Potsdam is the Prussian Versailles—the most splendid garrison anywhere to be seen, and the town of palaces not only from the four royal residences in and about it, but because even the private houses are copied from celebrated edifices. It is a city with 35,000 inhabitants, built by Frederick the Great, merely for the sake of making a handsome town. It is full of architectural parade, fast falling into decay, with splendid streets, in which scarcely a human being is to be seen, except the lounging military. The pomp and circumstance of war is all the pomp and circumstance of which this huge barracks can boast. But the Garrison Kirche should be visited to see the sarcophagus of Frederick the Great, which stands just beneath the pulpit. It was meant to be quite plain, but it had a gem which the Prussians justly valued with a regard which fell little short of superstition—the sword of Frederick, which used to rest above the coffin-lid. When Napoleon entered this church, he walked up to the tomb of Frederick, and bowed the knee before it, saying, “Hadst thou been alive, I never should have been here.” But in rising, he stole the conqueror's sword from the conqueror's grave. “It was a base deed,” says Mr Gleig, “which has neither been forgotten nor forgiven by the people whose feelings it outraged. Most unfortunately,



all traces of it have now been lost, but over the tomb, on each side of the pulpit, now hang the eagles and standards taken from Napoleon's armies by the Prussians, a fitting retribution, and as it were, an atonement to the shade of the hero for this paltry theft. When the captured eagles are pointed out to the stranger, care is always taken to make him aware that they are suspended where they hang, as trophies of the vengeance which Prussia took on the violators of her mighty monarch's grave.

The next lion at Potsdam is the suite of apartments which Frederick inhabited, and which, with great good taste, has been preserved in the very order which used to prevail during his life time. It is approached from the main street by a colonnade, along which, on either hand, classical statues keep guard, and you are conducted into the state apartments through a gallery into the interesting chamber, where are seen, exactly as he left them, Frederick's writing-table, ink-stand, music-stand, book-case, filled with works in the French language, and the very chairs and sofas on which he was wont to sit, with their covers much torn with the claws of his favourite dog. Here, also, is shown the truck-bed on which he slept, behind gorgeous balustrades, which he seems to have endured merely because it was necessary. Another curious and characteristic apartment is shown, to which Frederick was in the habit of retiring when he desired to eat a confidential meal with a friend. This small cabinet has double doors ; in

the centre of the room stands a circular table, which, being placed on a trap-door, was lowered down to the kitchen, and lifted up again at pleasure, while plates and dishes were removed by another trap-door. In this way, he took care, when occasion required it, to be neither overheard nor overlooked, and he was thus independent even of the presence of a servant. Exactly opposite to the window of that cabinet and across a narrow street, is the house which Voltaire used to inhabit, where he often received by signals, invitations which no man more relished, or knew better how to improve. Napoleon visited all these apartments, and paid the most scrupulous regard to all the arrangements of the mighty dead. He suffered no article of furniture to be moved from its place,—but he plundered the palace of its choicest pictures.

To the west of the town, a few hundred yards beyond the Brandenburg gate, the gardens of Sans Souci begin. They are laid out in the stiff, formal French style, with alleys, cut hedges, statues, basins, all now in a state of neglect and decay. The new palace stands at the extremity of the broad avenue. This large and clumsy pile was built by Frederick at the termination of the seven years' war, merely for the purpose of convincing his enemies that his resources were not exhausted. It is scarcely worth visiting. Near to Potsdam, on the right of the avenue, is the palace of Sans Souci, which occupies the last of a series of terraces which rise one above another like a grand

staircase. It is a fantastical sort of building, looking to the east over upon the island of Peacocks, the lake, and hanging gardens. The terraces are fronted with glass, and beneath these, vines, olives, and orange trees were planted by Frederick. He once complained to the Prince de Ligne of the climate, and said all his vines were pining. "Sire," replied the courtier, "it appears that with you nothing thrives but your laurels." In the rear there is a semicircular colonnade, within which, when infirmities bowed him down, the greatest monarch of his day used to take exercise till even that exercise became too great for him, and his walks were limited to the picture gallery. His decline was gradual and easy: he never lost the vigour of his mind, and he continued every inch a king. At last, around this his favourite resort, the old warrior was brought out in his arm chair, surrounded by his dogs, to bask in the sun. "I shall be nearer him by and bye," said he, as he gazed upon the luminary, and these were nearly his last words. Within the building may be seen the bed where he breathed his last: a clock which he always wound up with his own hand, but which being forgotten, at last stopped at the moment of his death, and still remains with its hands pointing to the hour of his decease, twenty minutes past two. At the extremities of the terrace are the graves of Frederick's favourite dogs and of his horse, with which he desired in his will he should himself be buried, thus intimating that his passion for his favourite charger had

been carried to an extreme ; for once, however, Frederick's command was disregarded. His remains were carried to the garrison church at Potsdam, where they now rest, and the iron gate of the colonade, through which the procession passed, was locked after them, and it has never since been opened. Napoleon visited all these palaces and apartments, and paid the most scrupulous regard to all the arrangements of the mighty dead. He suffered no article of furniture to be removed from its place. So struck was he with the coincidence of the watch and the warrior running down together, that he would not permit the time-piece to be set a-going. He wandered about the haunts of the mighty dead like one in whose mind a superstitious feeling had been excited, and he took no more away with him than a strip of cloth, which he cut with his own hand from one of the faded and blasted covers of Frederick's writing table. This feeling of reverence was to his honour; and what a pity he could not resist the temptation of lifting Frederick's sword from off his coffin !

Having walked from Berlin to Potsdam, and seen all the objects of interest by the way, the pedestrian may either return to Berlin by the railroad in forty minutes' time, or if he has so arranged matters, he may walk across to the other railway, which will take him down to Magdeburg, a distance from Berlin of about ninety miles, through loose dry sand, and presenting no single object to relieve the eye, but now and then some remains of languishing and stunted fir wood planted so very

thick that many of the trees are about the height and thickness of the shaft of a carter's whip. Industry and penury have laboured here against reluctant nature, to gain even the appearance of a scanty crop, equally melancholy and miserable with everything around it. But as you approach along the territory of Magdeburg, stretching by the banks of the Elbe, you enter on some of the most fertile corn lands in Germany, but still it is an open and uninteresting plain without almost a hedge or a tree to be seen. The extreme richness of the soil has been caused either by the depositions of the inundations of the Elbe, or from its having been reclaimed from marshes which they had left behind. The railroad runs down the level bank of the Elbe, till you reach the capital of the Prussian province of Saxony with its 50,000 inhabitants; and seven pairs of steeples are seen rising above the level lines of its green ramparts. Even when hurrying forward in the railway train, you see every indication that Magdeburg is a fortress of the first class, and one of the strongest and most imposing in Europe. Such is its extent, that 100,000 men, it is said, could not now invest it, since its late improvements and augmentations. As you are carried along you see nothing but ramparts, and ditches, and draw-bridges following in fearful array, while on every hand cannon are placed, one range behind another, and one range above another, and one range opposite to another; and on both sides of the Elbe, and especially in the citadel, on an island in the midst of

the river onward and onward still, till you reach the very heart of the city. It is an old, crowded, bustling town, with only one fine street,—the Bre-  
itweg, and in it only one fine building,—the cathe-  
dral, which is certainly one of the noblest gothic  
edifices of northern Germany. It is a place of con-  
siderable manufacturing industry, as well as of  
commerce, being the entrepôt of the merchandise  
which either enters or leaves Germany by the  
Elbe. It exports a great quantity of grain, which  
is both grown in its neighbourhood, and brought  
to it from a distance inland.

In coming along I fell in with two English  
clergymen, who had been in the north and at  
Copenhagen, and as we had all seen cathedrals  
innumerable, we contented ourselves with admir-  
ing the outward architecture only. We then  
strolled around the fortifications on both sides  
of the river, and saw the place where General  
Lafayette was confined, and also the star bas-  
tion where the famous Baron Trenck was long  
imprisoned. It is outside the Sudenbergen Thor,  
and is considered to be one of the strongest points  
of position. What with the two almost invincible  
fortifications of Ehrenbreitstein and of Magde-  
burg in her frontier towns, Prussia seems to  
have made herself very secure indeed from another  
French invasion. But in consequence of the very  
strength of its fortification, Magdeburg has endur-  
ed the miseries of war at different times to a ter-  
rible extent. During the thirty years' war it  
resisted the army of Wallenstein for seven months,

but was taken afterwards at the end of two years by assault, when the ferocious Tilly sacked it, and massacred 30,000 of its inhabitants, without distinction of sex or age. The atrocious brute said in his despatches announcing the capture, "Since the destruction of Jerusalem and Troy, such a victory has not been." The gate by which he entered the town still continues walled up, and upon the house of the commandant, whom he beheaded, may be still read the words, "Remember the 10th of May 1631." In 1806 the fortress, though garrisoned by 20,000 men, was basely surrendered to the French, by General Kleist, after a fortnight's siege, in consequence of either cowardice or bribery. It also endured a long and obstinate siege in 1813-1814. Luther attended school here, and he tells us in his writings, that being a poor scholar, he often sang in the streets and at rich men's doors, to earn something to support himself, as is still the custom with poor choristers. It deserves also to be stated, that the French republican General Carnot, received an asylum here from the Prussians, after being banished from France, in consequence of the restoration of the Bourbons.

Every pedestrian should if possible witness one of the continental fairs. Hitherto I had been unfortunate in this respect. At Frankfort on the Maine I was late by two days, and saw the booths taking down; at Dresden I was too late by a week; and at Leipsic I was too early by a fortnight; but we luckily found ourselves in the throng

of it at Magdeburg. But, after all, I was disappointed; the crowd was enormous, and the collection of wares beyond anything I had ever witnessed—all men were happy and harmless, but there was nothing national, or even novel. Of toys from the Tyrol—fiddles from the Bavarian Alps—shoes and shirts—crockery and clogs—implements of husbandry and of art—booths and bazaars, with looking-glasses, shaving-boxes, and brushes for the chin, the hat, the hand, and the clothes, and such nameless trifles, there were great plenty,—with Jews, and jugglers, and rope dancers not a few; but after all there was a want of life, and still also an entire absence of intoxication. We went through the whole of the encampments, which were set off in hollow squares fronting within towards each other, and without to the alleys by which they were skirted. Each stall sloped from the centre, down upon both sides, like the roof of a house, and there were attendants on both sides of the store, with smiling faces to entice you to purchase, and there were the coarser sorts of music in every variety; but altogether there was nothing like an affair of the sort on the Thames or at Donnybrook, and at night the scene became dimmer and duller still, in everything but the ceaseless streams of on-lookers.

We got down to Hamburg for a sovereign, by one of the steam-boats, than which nothing can be more miserable. The ship itself was one of the old hulks which had been built before the construction of such had been so much improved as

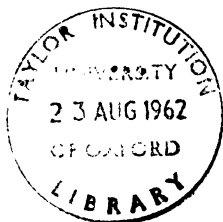


it now is. From the first it had been huge and unwieldy, and more than that, it had served its time to the full on the coast of England, and been bought by the Germans for little money. The captain was ignorant, careless, and even rude, and the whole crew were totally inexperienced. The navigation of this portion of the Elbe is throughout very difficult, and in some turns next to impracticable, for a steamer drawing so much water. We were fairly afloat at seven in the morning, and had dropped down about a mile, when check the first occurred. It was a compound fracture in one of the limbs of the machinery, so that our motion became somewhat hesitating for a time, and then we came to a dead stand. Half an hour was lost in looking and consulting what should be done, and in several vain attempts by increasing the steam to send round the paddles *volens volens*. After a time an old British tar, who was on board with his lovely daughter, told the captain in plain English, that he would sooner face these batteries with all their cannons in full blaze, than remain on board if the pressure of the steam was thus to be increased, on a boiler which he suspected to be cracked at any rate. Whether the captain would not, or did not comprehend his meaning, I could not tell, but he still took his own way of it. With those who knew their danger there was silence, and "the boldest held his breath for a time." At last the steam was withdrawn, and a boat despatched, and it returned in half-an-hour, with blacksmiths, and hammers, and bars of iron, all

in formidable array. And then there was much beating and heating of metal, roaring and trying of the steam to get the ship in motion, till about mid-day, when she actually started again, partly to our joy, and partly to our terror. Ten or fifteen miles farther down and the steam-boat came round a quick bend in the river, and found the narrow navigable neck fairly blocked up with three or four broad, flat-bottomed boats, filled with grain. They were all at anchor, and most of the crews seemed to be asleep; at any rate, they were deaf to all the German oaths which were volleyed forth. Instead of taking off the steam for a few minutes, till matters could be adjusted, the captain kept moving down upon the fleet, when one of their crew cried out, very coolly, that the current of navigation was changed, as it often does there and elsewhere on the Elbe, and that our course was to the north side of them. The word was passed to the man at the helm to port a little, and in ten yards we went bump into a sand bank, and then how our captain raged and roared, and how the enemy laughed for a time, and then coolly hauled up their anchors and moved out of our way! And here every man, passengers and crew, and steam too, wrought with planks, and prises, and pushing, and drawing, and carrying of the luggage behind, to effect an escape, which we did in about two hours' time. Then again it began to get dark upon us, and all made up their minds quietly enough for a long halt. By the dawn of day

sounds and signs of life revived, and the treadmill-like movement once more began. We were all on deck to enjoy the cold raw morning of the season and climate, when the captain stepped down to breakfast, and the steersman, apparently as if on purpose, fairly put the ship half about, and ran her smash into a bank of willows. The thing was so apparent that we began to conjecture what the motive could be, and on inquiry we began to see through it. The captain furnished the food, on which he would certainly have more or less of profit, and we imagined that his object was to fatten us by cramming as many meals down our throat as he could in all kindness. We stormed and threatened, and I believe actually took notes of what was going on, till we saw again that our main chance was to get off. For hours every effort failed, and we had almost made up our mind to rest contented till another day, when another steamer might be expected down, provided she had not fallen in with a similar calamity, of which there was every probability. We talked of going ashore, and walking it, or hiring a conveyance by land, or a boat to row and float down the stream, when at last it began to appear as if there was an actual possibility that we might get off. Had the vessel been sinking in the deep sea we could not have been more united and untiring in our efforts, and by about ten o'clock all was right once more. So much had by this time been threatened, that the captain did all any man could to keep matters from going

wrong, so that, after that day and another night's rest on our oars, we reached Hamburg in the course of the following forenoon, all tired at our 150 miles' pleasure sail. A flat weaver's shuttle-sort-of affair, with a steam-engine in good working condition, and with an active crew, would have made the voyage in the one half of the time.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## HAMBURG, HOLSTEIN, AND HANOVER.

WE ascended an oak staircase, at the summit of which there was a guard of soldiers, but there was no appearance of any vexatious vigilance on the part of the custom-house officers. One of the officials merely gave us a look and a nod, as much as to say, You may pass on. We also passed a sort of wooden barrier, but there was no demand made for our passports, but we were surrounded with porters innumerable, and coachmen too with red noses, all clamorous to be employed. We produced a drosky, and drove up a steep narrow street, and along bridges innumerable, principally over canals, amid the bustle of wharfs, quays, and store-houses, at which hundreds of cargoes were loading and unloading, into antique squares, surrounded with houses evidently of a date not later than the fifteenth century, and past tall, gable-fronted, grotesque-looking edifices, with small highly decorated windows, the stone moulding of which gave an air of solidity and pretension to the dark red brick walls on which they are engrafted, till at

length we stopped in front of the British hotel. Having had a hot bath and a thorough scrubbing, and a change of flannels and linens from top to toe, we sallied forth to have a peep at the natives. Wherever we turned we beheld evidences of prosperity on a scale somewhat like that about the custom-house stairs in London. The streets were crammed with all sorts of moving machines, excepting gentlemen's carriages, such as carts, waggons, hurlies, barrows, porters with their burdens and bags, and boats floating along the canals which flank the streets, with seamen and landsmen, Jews and Gentiles, all boiling and bubbling as if in a caldron. There were, especially in the old town, crowds of country people in all manner of grotesque costumes, bearing fruits and vegetables from Vierland, and domestic servant maids, dressed in long red gloves, lace caps, and splendid shawls, with cradle-shaped baskets suspended from the left arm, as their solitary badge of office. These baskets, when covered, as they generally are, with the shawl, look somewhat like infants' coffins, but when the wind happens to blow, this delusion vanishes, and there is an exhibition of dirty linen, beef or butter, and other articles little in keeping with lace-caps and kid gloves.

The merchants, bankers, and burgomasters of the greatest eminence live in the very heart and heart of the bustle, in flats above their ware-rooms and counting-houses, which they occupy from nine till three. But the clerks and foremen who are not married generally live in lodgings.

The middling ranks, such as shop-keepers, ship-captains, and the like, have little self-contained houses in the upper parts of the town. By far the largest portion of the inhabitants live like rats in cellars, always under the houses, and sometimes almost under the water; their principal occupations being to carry burdens, to fill and empty warehouses, to load and unload waggons, and to navigate the small craft which are constantly plying up and down the town. Instead of sitting with their faces to the boat's stern, and pulling backwards like their brother functionaries in England and in other parts of the world, the Hamburgers stand upright in their skiffs, looking to the stern, and plying the oars by pushing its handles from them. With us a seaman pulls and hauls, if on board of a man-of-war, to the notes of the boatswain's whistle, or if in a merchant vessel, to the yo-he-vo of his leader; but here they move along, animating one another to their task by singing in concert snatches of merry tunes. In winter, and after a prevalence of west winds, which drive the waters of the North Sea into the mouth of the Elbe, the tide sometimes rises twenty feet at a start, inundating all the streets near the river; or in spring, when the melting snow from the mountains floods the Alster or the Elbe, an inconceivable amount of suffering is inflicted for a long time on the labouring classes who live in the streets through which the canals pass. On such occasions, the swollen waters gush into the poor people's cellars, often in the night

time, and so suddenly that they have scarcely time to escape. Here they remain for days, and the people are driven from their houses for whole weeks at a time. To such an extent are these evils felt to press, that even private beneficence cannot keep pace with it. The law, therefore, compels the inhabitants of the upper stories to give shelter during the flood to their neighbours below, and a tax is levied on the community at large for the purpose of making good to the sufferers what they may have lost by the inundation. "All this," continues Mr Gleig, "is very humane, as well as politic, but the mischief done to health no pecuniary aid can remove, and it is impossible to provide against the recurrence of the same calamity from time to time, because the surface extent of Hamburg is by no means proportionate to the amount of the population. The poor, having no other habitation to return to, are obliged to re-establish themselves in their cellars long before they have had time to dry ; fevers, and agues, and catarrhs, and rheumatisms, are the inevitable consequences."

Hamburg is merely to be seen by the tourist ; it is not to be enjoyed. Its gratifications are animal, and not mental, and in the same way, every pursuit of the inhabitants is money rather than mind. Their living is not coarse, but it is more sumptuous and stuffing than that of any other place I visited on the continent. Every meal is substantial and enormously overloaded. In Hamburg, they do not rise so early as the Germans



do generally. No sooner are you astir, than a question is put, answered in the affirmative, and followed by the return of the servant, who sets before you on the dressing-table a sweet cake or fine roll, a china cup and coffee-pot, a few lumps of sugar in a saucer, and warm milk in due proportion. A stranger may think that there is extreme moderation in this affair of breakfast, but soon after he is dressed, he finds that the coffee and morsel of bread were intended only as a whet for a more substantial meal. At breakfast, we had oceans of tea and coffee, both excellent, a cold round, cold roast beef, hot beef-steaks and mutton chops, fish, eggs, bread in great quantities, hot rolls, hot toast, dry toast, and large loaves, brown, black, and very white, and every thing disappeared as if before the wand of a conjuror ; and then to crown the whole, a big-bellied bottle of brandy stalked leisurely round the course, to afford to every gourmand a large and lusty caulker in the last cup. Thus fortified against the battle and the breeze, forth they all go to the store, the wharf, the desk, or the cellar. I say all, with the exception of clergymen, soldiers, and birds of passage ; for here is no class of polished loungers—literati or loiterati—there are no colleges, galleries of paintings, or elaborate specimens in architecture, or in statuary, excepting in so far as they may be seen and admired in ships, or in promissory notes, bills of lading, invoices and permits, or in bales of goods, heaps of gold, or huge granaries of corn. Thus the Hamburger

toils at his trade-mill till three o'clock, the great hour of the day, when the merchants meet in the exchange. It is a hall of large dimensions, the roof of which is supported by numerous pillars, and the walls set round with benches. Closets are about in great numbers, each shut in by its own partition, and cut off from the great hall by a glazed door; so that the parties engaged within can enjoy all the advantages of private conference, and yet be able to observe the movements of the crowd without. Everywhere each portion of space is set apart. Of the many hundreds who crowd it from all nations, every one knows both his own place and that of those with whom he may be desirous to transact business. There is no confusion, no jostling, no clamour; but amid a ceaseless buzz of tongues, men passed hither and thither, now halting to confer, now conferring while they walked, and anon returning to their respective stalls. "I have seldom," says Mr Gleig, "witnessed a more animated and striking scene, for the costumes of the trades were as varied, as the dialects spoken were numerous, and the spirit of commercial enterprise appeared to be alike powerful in all. But four o'clock strikes, business ceases, and the hall empties faster than any church. The living stream flows first into a little square, where knots and groups still linger, and then, on to the Borsenhalle, there carefully to ascertain from their newspapers how their own schemes might best be advanced in other quarters of the world."

And next for dinner, which is to be characterised not as a German dinner only, but as something far beyond it,—a Hamburg dinner, hot and heavy. Everything good and great excepting the bouille, which here, as everywhere in Germany, is entirely destitute of fat, and boiled to tatters. In a hotel here, a traveller lives in family even for a single day or two, as if he were a boarder, and he pays only a certain sum by day, whether he eat much or little, take his meals or want them, be in the house or out of it at the time of them. This he may not know till the bill comes to be paid, but such is nevertheless the fact. Hence it is, mine host seats himself at the head of the board with his wife at his right hand, and every guest more or less removed from the chair, according as his sojourn in the hotel may have been longer or shorter. A tureen of soup is planted before him, and at proper intervals according to the number of guests. It is eaten leisurely and with relish. Then come mountains of dried boiled beef with sour sauce and putrefied cucumbers, but even these the Hamburgers devour. Fish is then set down before the landlord, which goes also round the long table; next comes roast beef, first presented entire, then removed to the sideboard, cut into slices, and handed round. Then follows a plum pudding; and last although not least, a haunch of venison, with stewed prunes, which might have dined the whole party. Be it remembered too, that beer, wines, biscuits, and bread, puddings, and tarts, all appear and disappear like vi-

sions of the night for the long period of no less than two hours and a half from the beginning to the end of a Hamburg dinner. Neither do the guests linger altogether over their several morsels; they devour them one after another, as if it alone had been the only mouthful they expected to taste from sunrise to sunset again. Latterly, indeed the havoc slackens a little, then the waiters, fairly worn out by the fatigues of the combat, sit down at the foot of the table, not to rest or refresh themselves with a glass of wine or a draught of beer, but actually to dine with you at the same board, and on the same fare. Having swallowed a cup of coffee, the man of business goes to his ledger, or if he be aged or rich, or has sons, he takes his pipe, or cigar, or game at cards, or his siesta, or the play, or the opera; or should he be young and active, he mounts the boulevards and marches along the summits of the ramparts over the salient angles of the bastions, or downward through the ditch to the glacis, taking each of the endless varieties of walks which twist and turn in every direction, and when the weather happens to be bleak and cold, there is shelter in a bower, or a coffee-house is at hand, and music and waltzing may be enjoyed. And again, believe it or not, good reader, at nine there is a hot supper, with all the accompaniments as before, of bread, beer, wine, and comfits; and finally, in case of starvation, after all the pipe is plied with zeal and activity, being emptied and filled again and again, till the hero doses asleep, or drops down in apoplexy.

Nay, Mr Gleig mentions the fact which every traveller may see, that some Hamburgers actually carry after all the services of the day as thus described, their meerschautms along with them to their bed, and smoke on till sleep catches them with the pipe puffing in their mouth, and the whole apartment is filled with dense clouds of tobacco smoke.

Of sights worth seeing in Hamburg there are literally none, but what I have mentioned as illustrative of the locality and of the character and condition of the inhabitants, of whom also it ought to be mentioned, that a more active, enterprising, upright, and successful class of merchants, Europe does not produce. They are so hospitable too, and polite, that an introduction to any one of them is an introduction to all; not only are their tables and purses at the disposal of strangers while they are in Hamburg, but should he be on his way to Magdeburg or Berlin, an inhabitant of Hamburg will send forward letters of introduction to his own friends all along the interior, although he knows no more of the stranger than what a few lines from England may have told him. The charitable institutions of Hamburg are on a most munificent scale. The Orphan Hospital provides for 600 infants, and after rearing and educating them, it binds them as apprentices to some useful trades; and the great Krankenhaus contains 4000 or 5000 sick, and costs about L.17,000 yearly to support it. The churches are destitute of architectural beauty: that of St Michael's stands, or rather once stood in an antique unpaved square in

the upper part of the town. It had one of the highest steeples in Europe, being 456 feet in height, and about 100 feet higher than our own St Paul's. Near the top of it, and through glass of red, green, and yellow colours, the town, the Elbe nearly as far as the sea, the plains of Holstein on the north, and Hanover on the south, presented themselves advantageously to view. This position was occupied by a sentinel, who was continually on the outlook night and day, to discover and give the alarm of fire as soon as it broke out in any quarter. The intelligence is conveyed to the inhabitants by the firing of cannon, and the quarter is indicated by holding out a flag by day or a lantern by night in the direction in which it has been seen. These fire-watchers are very necessary guardians of the public safety in such places, where, from the general use of wood as a building material, fires are very frequent and fearfully destructive, as was so lately evinced in Hamburg itself. Besides this precaution of the fire-guardian posted on the steeple, the streets of German towns are constantly perambulated at night by a watchman, who chants in a doleful tone, a few admonitory couplets of doggrel, addressed to all fathers of families, whether sleeping or waking, recommending them to be on their guard against fire, and ending with a caution to look sharp after their wives and daughters. The church itself is a huge clumsy mass of red stone, apparently much neglected. It has been said, that where the outward badges of religion are neglected, religion itself is not

very highly accounted of, and where there is no religion earnest and sincere, there can be no such thing as sound morality or virtue. It is to be feared that both of these observations are strikingly applicable to Hamburg. Of scores of facts which daily present themselves in proof of these premises, I shall only mention, that immediately before our landing, a naked man had the atrocious effrontery to present himself to the view of all our passengers on deck, and of hundreds besides, yet the disgusting spectacle did not call forth a single observation from a native inhabitant of the place. Had such an incident occurred as near any harbour in England, the beast would first have been tossed into the sea, and then kicked, and lastly handed over to the police.

I visited the old fashioned and very picturesque town of Altona, the most commercial and popular town in Denmark, next to Copenhagen. Between Hamburg and Altona there exists considerable prejudice. Having passed the narrow strip of neutral ground called Hamburgerburg, which is entirely occupied by low taverns and dancing-rooms, a sort of Wapping, you reach the gate of Altona, where the uniform of the sentinel, and the Danish coat of arms, mark the frontiers of Holstein. In the church-yard by the side of the road, is the tomb of Klopstock, the author of the Messiah. Here also is a monument to about twelve hundred inhabitants of Hamburg, who were marched out of the town by Davoust, during his occupation of it in 1813-1814, to perish without

food or shelter, among snow three feet deep, merely because this French general chose first to plunder these families of their food and raiment, and then to turn them out of the city gates at the point of the bayonet, because they had not provisions for their sustenance during the winter. Further on is Rainvilles garden, the house here was inhabited first by Dumourier, and next by Bourrienne.

Little was said of the Hanoverian territories on the one side of the Elbe above Hamburg, or of the Danish on the other, including the Duchy of Lawenburg, or of the dominions of Mecklenburg Schwerin. These, as seen from the river, presented all the varieties of comfortable hamlets and clean villages—fertile corn lands, and pasture fields crowded with cattle—extensive orchards, and market gardens. Sandy deserts and flat commons, on which there were immense flocks of geese, which are reared to furnish Europe with quills, and goose breasts smoked and cured like bacon, and tractless heath and plains of sand, dotted with scanty and stunted plantations of firs, and scattered over with rounded boulders of granite, riven from the mountains in Norway, and transported over the Baltic by the floods of the deluge, or some other vast current of waters.

The navigation down the Elbe to the North Sea, being a distance of about eighty miles, is narrow and intricate, but the steamers are in excellent trim, and in the hands of captains and



crews whose nautical experience qualifies them for any sea or river navigation on the face of the earth. There was, and I believe is still, a competition between two different companies in Hull and Hamburg, and in this way I got over to Hull in the best cabin for a sovereign. The accommodation was first rate, and nothing could exceed the civility of the captain, or the attention of the steward, or the urbanity of the passengers. And but for seasickness, that deadly foe of all earthly, or rather waterly comforts, nothing could have been altogether more gratifying than the scenery on both banks of the Elbe. On that of Hanover, there is a wide extent of plain as before, dotted here and there with churches, and well feathered with trees, chiefly pollard willows—but on the Danish side, there are first-rate villas, gentlemen's seats, and hamlets without number;—the hamlets built along the margin of the river, now swelled into a prodigious volume of water;—the villas ranging back and crowning the heights that rise, it may be one or two hundred feet above. Back towards Hamburg, with its tall spires, its sharp roofs, its pointed gables, its numerous store-houses, its dwellings composed partly of brick, partly of timber, with its succession of wharfs, and its roadstead crowded with ships, I often looked with regret, as the last of the German metropolitan friend and free towns; and as the little fishing village of Blankenese, with its houses scattered along the slope, and among the trees, one above another, was first passed, and

then the town of Gluckstadt the capital of Holstein, and above all the light-house of Cuxhaven, standing on a small angle of territory belonging to Hamburg, at the mouth of the Elbe; and last of all, when the island of Heligoland, about twenty-five miles into the North Sea, was passed, and as the whole continent faded from my long and lingering gaze, I felt that my connection with Germany was now cut off, probably for ever. To me, often a solitary pedestrian among its Alps and valleys, down its rivers, and along its crowded streets, my jaunt had been a period, the most healthy and active, the most interesting and anxious, and altogether the most joyous of my journeying days. In all parts and from every class, I had met with honesty almost throughout, with the homeliest courtesies very often, and with friendship far warmer, I blush to say, than an unknown wandering German would have got in Britain. Although, therefore, I had become by this time intensely anxious to get home, and although the novelties of new scenes and cities had been long enjoyed, even to a surfeit, yet I could not help bidding farewell to the hospitable shores and kindly inhabitants of Germany, north and south, east and west, with a multitude of grateful feelings to God and man, and with many reminiscences, in which sincere and affectionate regret were uppermost for the time. And even now, I make it my last sentence, as I trust it is my abiding sentiment, that I am fond of

Germany and of the Germans;—and may health and happiness, peace and plenty, ever be with them all.\*

\* There was meant to have been given in the Appendix, a minute account of the late religious movement in the Zillertal, but the idea has been relinquished with reluctance, on account of the size to which this work has already been extended.

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